

Abby Travis "October"

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October: the ashes of summer and the scorpion's sting
Embrace the naked moon of Halloween

It's October again
The autumn leaves are dead
The sun makes way for the bales of hay
To silhouette the dead

It's October again
Orange mates with the ground that breaks
As tree tops twist and bend
The crows eat meat of the long lost meek
And the dark is dressed in red

Something in the air is like a lure
Listen closely hear it stir
The sleeping souls are waking and concur
It's time for Halloween

It's October again
Through Mesmer's eyes
Lost dreams arise
And visit like old friends

The crows eat meat of the long lost meek
And the dark is dressed in red
A farewell feast where the guests, deceased,
Are vibrant and well fed

Something in the air

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