

Continued from Page 19

of the dead costumed in mischief, high jinx and dread.

Make believers and pretenders, with paper and string, pitchforks and pumpkins where candy is king, masks to scare shadows or simply raise hell and conjure the spirits with curious spells,

Some say imposters of goblins and ghosts summon the wicked with their childish boasts, turning tables and monsters from pillars to posts, fear of bad luck from diminutive hosts.

As if a wee witch conceals in her basket, a whiff of the Sulphur or a trick of the masque, it's like holding a mirror to the darkening night we see only ourselves in the role-plays of fright.

So on the Prime of October, that ominous day, beware the hobgoblins, zombies and fay, and remember – curses of evil are always undone by the antics of fools and the play of the young.

— John Ciminello

Autumn

Lying in these leaves at dusk For a little while Breathing in the heady musk Autumn makes me smile. Merrily I'd formed that heap Though it was a trial Yellow, orange, hundreds deep Autumn makes me smile. Did I slip, or trip and fall Right into the pile? No, it wasn't that at all Autumn makes me smile.

— Janice Thompson

Autumnal Sensations Willapa Bay

First cut of southwestern winds Whip the back of my neck; Shivers signal Go-along-days of summer

Gone

Sunbreak Flashes autumn jewels Amber, ruby, emerald, coral Set in evergreen Worms, microbiota, birds Feasted summer long On grey whale washed ashore Skeletal remains tell-tale

End-of-season flowers bloom brilliant Seed set to scatter Cranberries float crimson on bogs Salmon migrate to natal waters Squirrels pelt the roof with pinecones A mouse scurries The bear gobbles berries

Insects lay eggs then repose Nights lengthen — days shorten Resistance is futile Invest in spring surprises Change marks time Transition in this space I claim mine

— Jane Adrian

Fall Fall is silent as the wind gently pulls the leaves to the ground Fall is colorful all around Brown, Orange, Green and Yellow are about Fall brings cool air to my side Fall is a beautiful place to be if you walk with me as we silently walk side by side Fall is a special time for me.

— P. Marshall



Kathleen Dudley



Mary Lou Mcauley

THE ROOM

Deeper and deeper into the fog. Misted undulating figures appear, Disappear, Reappear. As I approach they disappear again. I call out; But no one hears. Completely alone I scream to no one. Night comes and I sleep; Wet, cold and alone In this never ending fog. When I wake The fog has lifted a little. Rays of light break through; Causing a shattering, blinding pain. The fog settles heavier.

This morning I awoke: No fog. Warm. Dry.

Two men were with me. Awestruck, Unable to speak, I walked with them.

As we entered the room The fog drifted in; Heavier, darker than ever. Nevermore to lift.

The only thing I see now; Implanted; Visible through the night and fog Is the sign upon the door: SHOCK THERAPY ROOM

— Dan Gleason

Autumnal hands

It happens like this There you are one day Commuting home And suddenly Your mother's hands Are steering the car You stare Almost forgetting That you are the one driving The skin papery The veins suddenly prominent You pinch the skin Hoping it will pop back Even as you see the ridge Decline at glacial speed When You wonder Did this happen? Inside my heart beats like springtime But these autumnal hands Belong to a reality I am unprepared to face

— Constance Waisanen

Northwest Fall

The streets are strewn with gold, Plum purple, cinnamon, and tangerine. The wind whisks the leaves to frolic, A mayhem like I've never seen.

Stepping out, like a marching band Or soldiers in bright colors dressed, The leaves perform the ritual parade, Putting summers' days to rest.

The roadway's shine sets the stage The backdrop is the sky, Raindrops falling make the curtain. As the chorus line swirls by. The trees line sidewalks slick and wet, Their naked branches sway. They pledged their hearts and like tiny flags, Their children sail away.

— Judith Gorham