

HALLOWEEN

Becky Faber

They are flying down the street this morning—
the wind and the leaves—
an hour before dawn

Perhaps they plan to evade tonight's parade of characters
who will be wide-eyed and candy-laden
behind masks and costumes

*I remember only one Halloween from my childhood:
a party in the basement of the American Legion Hall*

*I hated it—suffocating behind a rubber pirate mask,
not wanting to bob for apples,
too shy to enjoy the company of other children*

I just wanted to go home

Perhaps that is where the wind is going, hoping
for one night's rest
before the calendar changes again

The children are probably still sleeping,
soon to awaken for The Day
when they take their costumes to school
for the Class Party,
later followed by the quest for sugar

This day excites them, but decades later
they will have little memory of it

They will try, but these days mostly will be gone

*I have learned to let go of them,
to stop racing to remember everything*

I am too middle-aged, too slow of gait

The wind and the leaves fly south,
pushing toward November,
mocking the slow morning traffic