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Halloween

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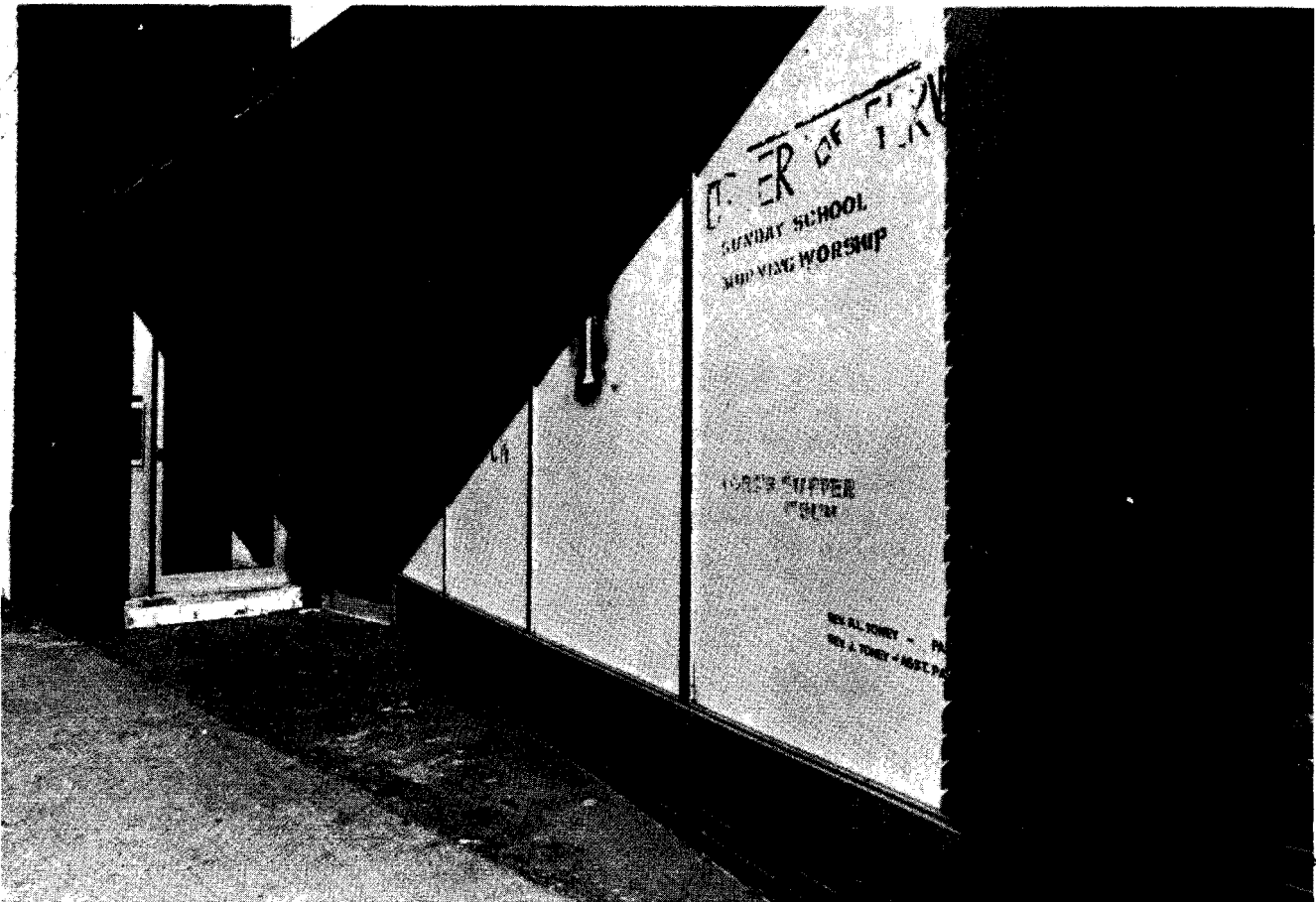
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Halloween

by Kevin Griffith

Oh stop your screaming sweetheart,
two little boys disappeared in the Halloween funhouse
As if I didn't expect it.
I used to go there.
They'd fix up the old YMCA building
which sat like a humped skull
with November's feathery maggots
blowing through the sockets.
Members of the Salvation Army
and crumbs of the lower crusts
would construct the theater of the macabre,
and we would wait in a room
painted dirty cream green,
the color of Van Gogh's madness.
The children's eyes would just wet into jewels
while they adjusted the cuffs of hand-me-downs
as if expecting a flood of tears.
And when we were through,
I'd drip with sophistication.
But I knew it had scared the hell into me.



Untitled photo, by Bob Stofer