

# Abby Travis, October

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...