

THE PUMPKIN PARTY – A POEM

By Sophia W.

The jack-o-lanterns late at night they get up off the street
and run with their tiny-viny feet.

But when a car goes past or a person walks by, well the
pumpkins, they hide.

And slowly after the noise is gone, they run off into the
pink fading dawn.

When they get into the clearing they start to dance and
music plays.

Are the spooky spirits in a trance?

And they sing, “The pumpkin place before the big scene,
what a fun thing! Cause the pumpkin party the pumpkin
place, and a time to be kind and not a disgrace.”

And the song it goes on and on, and out into the
sparkling sunrise.

Then they stop. Don’t move. And then they run, back to
their homes down on the streets.

And I start to wonder, I start to think, is that *their* version
of Halloween?

HAPPY HALLOWEEN!