

## October Sonnet

Sit with me awhile in the kitchen at five o'clock sunset,  
you splayed on the table, bleeding orange string and pulp  
the full length of my dullest knife.

Condolences to your hollow smile, your seeds,  
all that sprang from them.

Stop trying so hard with your skeletons and spiders,  
your tombstones and witches. Terror  
is a lie. Your death, fake--a pulsing hand thrusting  
from the plastic skeleton's chest.

Drunk pumpkin, let me introduce you to my father,  
true ghost, buried six years.

Properly dead. Lain out in fireman's dress blues.

Cast your spell, hallow month, candlelit mouth.  
Bring me the head of someone I love.

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