Halloween Poetry

This poem comes from a webpage called “10 Poems to Old-School Your Halloween,” by Annie Neugebauer. It is highly recommended. https://litreactor.com/columns/10-poems-to-old-school-your-halloween

The note she attaches to this poem is instructive, so I’ll reprint it here verbatim:

“I have to tell you guys: it’s not easy to find a modern rhyming poem about Halloween that doesn’t suck. This one fits the bill. In fact, the more I read it, the more I love it. It has enough classic imagery and ideas to feel genuine, but enough fresh turns of phrase and interesting thoughts to be truly original. It also feels like it has more important things to say than just “Boo! Halloween is creepy,” although it feels that way too. It’s the best of all worlds.

Reading tip: Go slower than you think you should. No, even slower. Twice as slow as feels comfortable. Yeaaaaah. Now you feel it. That’s the good stuff.

Poet, playwright, and actor Maurice Kilwein Guevara was born in Belencito, Colombia, and raised in Pittsburgh. Kilwein Guevara’s honors include a Fullbright Scholarship in Colombia and awards from the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts and the Pennsylvania Humanities Council. He is a founding member of the National Latino Writers’ Association and has taught at U of W1 and at Indiana University of Pennsylvania.

“A Rhyme for Halloween” by Maurice Kilwein Guevara

Tonight I light the candles of my eyes in the lee And swing down this branch full of red leaves. Yellow moon, skull and spine of the hare, Arrow me to town on the neck of the air.

I hear the undertaker make love in the heather; The candy maker, poor fellow, is under the weather. Skunk, moose, raccoon, they go to the doors in threes With a torch in their hands or pleas: “O, please . . .”

Baruch Spinoza and the butcher are drunk: One is the tail and one is the trunk Of a beast who dances in circles for beer And doesn’t think twice to learn how to steer.

Our clock is blind, our clock is dumb. Its hands are broken, its fingers numb. No time for the martyr of our fair town Who wasn’t a witch because she could drown.

Now the dogs of the cemetery are starting to bark At the vision of her, bobbing up through the dark. When she opens her mouth to gasp for air, A moth flies out and lands in her hair.

The apples are thumping, winter is coming. The lips of the pumpkin soon will be humming. By the caw of the crow on the first of the year, Something will die, something appear.

Recipe of the Month: Goblin Eyeballs
(for Brett Cheuvront)

These are appropriate for Halloween, of course, but they can also be used to celebrate the death date of a favorite horror film star, or even as ironic comfort food after you’ve gone blind staring a computer monitor all day.

Ingredients

12 eggs
Red food coloring
3/4 cup mayonnaise
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
Salt and pepper to taste
12 large pimento-stuffed olives, halved widthwise

Directions

1. Place eggs in a single layer in a large saucepan; add enough water to cover by 1 in. Cover and bring to a boil over high heat. Remove from the heat; cover and let stand for 15 minutes. Place in ice water until completely cooled. Gently crack eggs (do not peel).

2. Fill a large bowl with hot water; add food coloring to tint water a dark red. Add eggs, making sure they are completely covered by water; let stand for 30 minutes. Remove eggs from water; peel (eggs should have a veined appearance).

3. Cut eggs in half widthwise; place yolks in a large bowl. Set whites aside. Mash yolks with a fork; stir in the mayonnaise, mustard, salt and pepper.

4. To make eggs stand better on serving plate, slice a small piece from the bottom of egg white halves. Stuff with yolk mixture. Place an olive half in the center of each to resemble an eyeball. Refrigerate until serving.

For All-Hallows the dead return
to dine with the living
@ CCPL’s
Local History Potluck Dinner Program
Bluegrass Murder & Mayhem
Thursday, October 25, 6:15 PM

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