

Halloween

Poems

Witches

Try
Witches with evil
Twitches, always
Brooming for
Zooming, dressing
Black to
Smack you at
Night and suck
Fright from
Faces without
Traces in blank
Eyes

Vampire

With
Vampires it
Transpires that on a
Fang they
Hang small
Specks from torn
Necks where
Blood like a
Flood leaves
Dots as the
Spots of death's
Pith

Ghosts

Take
Ghosts, they're
Hosts to their own
Haunting,
Wanting
Attention for the
Retention of their
Myth, as
If they
Existed, these
Twisted
Fakes.