

Three Triolets for All Hallows Eve

by Sarah Gibbard Cook

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I

To Pagans it's the turning of the year.
The veil between the worlds is ripped away.
Dead souls rise up to drench the quick in fear.
To Pagans it's the turning of the year.
Clear pools turn murky; murky waters clear.
What dread occurrence makes this such a day,
To Pagans it's the turning of the year?
The veil between the worlds is ripped away.

II

The trick-or-treaters giggle with delight
And hold out sacks for candy by the ounce.
When black cats startle them with playful fright
The trick-or-treaters giggle with delight.
Oblivious to lurkers in the night
Who watch and wait in shadows, set to pounce,
The trick-or-treaters giggle with delight
And hold out sacks for candy by the ounce.

III

Don't tell me why you drove that ancient road
To see the gravestones: mossy, cracked, and few.
You'd not come home yet when the rooster crowed.
Don't tell me why you drove that ancient road.
Who were you meeting? Haunts in their abode?
I may just go insane, my love, if you
Don't tell me why you drove that ancient road
To see the gravestones: mossy, cracked, and few.