

October 2007

It must be October, but that can't be right.
We're still in the 80s – even at night.

The moon was just full, Harvest it's name.
It *must* be October. Am I going insane?

The stores have loads of candy on sale,
And scarecrows that sit on hay in a bale.
Skeletons, coffins, and cobwebs too;
Pumpkins with faces and ghosts that “boo”.

Spiderman, dalmations, and witches' hats;
Pirate swords, Scooby, and flapping bats;
Claws and masks and a wig of blond tress;
My children, alas, are too old to dress.

But what to my wondering eyes did appear –
Stockings and ornaments and plastic deer.
All on the shelves at my local store
Along with the football gear galore.

The trees were not put out there just yet.
But space had been cleared – real soon, I'd bet.
Skirts and garland and miniature lights
Just waiting for those long winter nights.

E'en with the heat, these signs can't be missed.
Look – mistletoe 'neath which to be kissed.

Whew! That saves my sanity *again*.
I know – can't lose what wasn't there. <Grin>

About The Poet

Marie Rice is the founder and editor of PartOfTheWhole.com - wellness for body, mind, and spirit. She enjoys helping others reach their goals. When she's not online, Marie's spending time with her family, gardening, doing crafts, or **most likely** – reading a book!