

Brimstone, Smoke, and Fire

By Gianna Presto

Brimstone, smoke, and fire

Fill the Autumn night air

Witches, ghosts, and ghouls

Cackle, moan, and scare

Crypts filled with soulless corpses

Unearthed eerie beasts

Drooling ferocious appetites

Don't get caught and become their feast

Children dressed in chilling disguises

Trick or treat their only focus

Sinister, dark, and morbid

Is it really just Hocus Pocus?

Haunted houses on every corner

Dark chilling scenes

Take a deep breath

It's only Halloween!



Partial Harvesting
By Brandon Swarrow

There's **ONE TYPE** of Halloween mask this year,
a guise for emotion, hooked 'round your ear.

An ocean of bots so distant and numb,
no one can tell if you're joyful or glum.

A Smile? Scowl? Which grin do you hide?
scathing thin-lipped, or mischievously wide?

That glossy luster, your indifferent sight
Does it match underneath your muzzle so tight?

Pull up that blind, adjust your protection,
bury your character, thoughts and affection.

Dodge passion, and ascension ever so bright
the same exact you comes home every night.

A faucet of thoughts your brain won't subside
Finally succumbing - carbon dioxide?

"This is Phase One," the muffled voices said,
eyes pop open and you shoot out of bed.

"This is Phase One" the tone thrums down the spine,
The chip in your wrist emits, "Silence is mine."



HAPPY
HALLOWEEN

