

Razors in Apples

By Virgil Clarke

The sky grows dark and moody.
Leaves begin to rustle and dance.
The time has come.

This is Toby's first year, his mother holds him a little too tight.

A darkness full of mischief and madness
Creeps into the broadening shadow.
Feline and canine; they feel the coming.
The lunar sphere is high and glows with intensity.
All the pieces fall into place on this night of trickery and treats.

Lucy hates life, only her other self prevails.

Children stand in front of mirrors.
The final touches to the macabre.
Masquerade begins in earnest.

This is Jimmy's best face yet.

Neighborhoods prepare for the ghouls.
Jack-o-lanterns with toothy wide grins.
The orange globes flicker and blaze to life.
Porches are bathed in their eerie yellow light.
Plastic skeletons hang from the awnings rattling in the breeze.

Old man Jacobi with false teeth chattering curses the evening.

Soccer moms, hair frazzled screech at children.
Mini vans stand idle, a fleet of silver stretches
Down leave scattered streets.

Natasha's halo skewed, frets over candy yet acquired

Screen doors open, blinds shut and they emerge.
Sinister smiles, crooked noses, pointy ears, horns.
They are all here.
Eyes peer through slits in the curtains as the masses
Pour into the streets, capes and robes move with purpose.

Jeff. He thinks he's too old.

The echoes of knuckle on wood scatter bats from the trees.
Chants of challenge fill the air
All Hallows Eve has begun.

Trick or treat.