

A GREAT GREY FANTASY

No need to wound
the pride of witches
with dental pumpkins and
cardboard toots one autumnal
eve each year. Why raise the
wrath of wraiths; why rile
the local spook

or banshee? Let them lie there
sucking the blood of dreams.

You stay indoors. If
your id needs its
lid lifted, flick a
knob in your parlor. You'll
hear electronic chains scrape

and rattle, see
shadows larrup the
Laramie trail and Mike
Hammer's image pound dickens
out of rubber jaws. The
Great Grey Phantom rides
again. Or, I

should say, still: Halloween has
been perpetual now
for several years.
I have been here
in my easy chair
a month myself, bewitched
(i.e., made stone) by the runes

incanted by
fakirs of Commerce,
greatest of nether lords.
Come, I'm bloodless and it's what!
Halloween? October
already? Out, then,
out of coffins;

out on the porch for air,
zombies! The moon's full. Sniff.
What's that wail, werewolves?
No, that window,
and that one, look there,
everywhere one notes tubes
flickering, faces pasted

to squares of grey
glass and gas. The sound!
it's weird: hooves (cloven?), shots,
songs, shrieks (This Is *Your* Life) — what
a devilish din. What
are those black masses
against the moon?

Whither bound? Gad, brooms! Goblins,
ghosts, wizards, ogres! What's
that banner say? "MARS
OR BUST!" In I
go for a good view.
A Mobile Camera
Rocket's up ahead of them.

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