2nd October Poem

the scarecrow stands
where the garden was

shirt full of wind
hat pulled low

two sticks crossed
inside an old coat

and still the crows
keep their distance

not because they believe
he is a man

but because they know
some forms are warnings

even empty ones

October teaches this

how a face cut into a pumpkin
can frighten no one
and still be watched

how children become wolves
princesses
ghosts
men with axes

and are praised
for returning by dark

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2nd October Poem

I have worn names
that kept me safe

poet
failure
friend
good man

each one stuffed
with weather

each one flapping
in the field

while something hungry
circled overhead

waiting to see
which one was real

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