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AINSLEE'S

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OCTOBER MOONS

OCTOBER moons are haunted moons,
October woods hold mystic runes

Written at dusk by hands unseen
Within the great oak's circle green.

Where a late purple aster blooms
The spider folk have set their looms,

And woven for this fairy night
A web of dreams and sheer delight.

In open fields gold pumpkins lie,
Soon to fulfill their destiny,

When, drawn by teams of headlong bats,
Mounted by dames in pointed hats,

They'll whirl about beneath the moon,
And sigh that dawn appears so soon.

The cornstalks whisper overhead,
The maple leaves are gold and red,

The muscats offer yellow wine,
And whoso drinks will be divine,

And read the message of the runes—
October moons are goblin moons!

SUSAN MYRA GREGORY.