Halloween: Rain

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss2/13
Like the rain melting from the sky,
so does my makeup.
My puffy pant legs
have soaked up the mud, browning
their light pink circles
and dark blue zigzags.
Pirates are using their swords
to battle the rain, their drawn-on
beards dripping to the sidewalks.
Royal princesses cry at the thought
of their tiaras— no more sparkle,
no more hopes of meeting prince charming
on the doorsteps.
I peer into my pillowcase
filled with candy, realizing the raindrops
are dragging my bag to the ground—
the stains matching my puffy pants.
Porch lights are turned off
one by one— parents realizing
it is more important to undress
their kids from the soaking costumes than
to allow them one night of fantasy.
Standing on the shadowed sidewalk,
I realize my clown days
are over.