Halloween: Rain

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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.