

And Long about Halloween

And long about Halloween we chanced
to meet on the banks of the old *Rio Navarro*
a melancholy little witch named *Happy*
who brought the *Orange Sunshine* with her.
And after she had gone we all agreed
we had seen her before. That night
there was music and stuff and *Redwing*
got into a howling thing and we all
got to know *Mak the Dog* a lot better.
Later on (or maybe earlier),
moonlight angeldusting through the needles,
Preacher dropped over for a spell. Didn't
stay long then went to his tent to shout.
Some boys come by in a car drinking and thinking
of hippie women but they just had to be
turned around because that road just didn't
go no further. Then we all remembered
Ina and a lot was said about her
and some about her sister, *Peanut*
Butter. Blue smoke in the redwoods.
Long about *Thanksgiving* I sharpened
that knife on a fine Arkansas stone,
started slicing apples thin thinking
on *Frenchmen, Redwing, Texas*, wood chips,
gypsy community chest feathers, old
Woody Woodpecker. Then it started
raining again, so I played guitar
awhile, wrote this down and so to bed.

:

