

## 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.

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