

REPORT FROM GATSBY'S

for C. M.

On Halloween I paused to look around
At those who forged identity with glee;
The Wicked Witch and Riding Hood were found
To mouth with gangster men and Cherokee.
Saw Einstein buzzed to relativity:
"I'm calculating to seduce that nurse!"
His signs out curving Love's capacity
The dissertation proved him quite perverse.
And while I'd ladled sips of cider's curse,
I'm never nipped by fashionable charms
Of last call winks that load the lover's hearse
To dollhouse haunts in Ragged Ann's cold arms.

A thousand wrappers piled upon the feet,
But without you I could not Trick or Treat.

A ruling for the trials
When Jackie O's had cracked their pumpkin smiles
To mock around a fraud that had stretched for miles.

There followed some unrest
All rising from a test, for none had guessed
Exactly the costume in which I dressed.

Charles Rybak