

Halloween Hangover

by Mathew Paust

Once upon All Hallows Eve, I'd just ingested my Aleve,
Whence came a tapping at my door, a tap tap tapping,
A damnably intrusive rapping tapping, rappity tap tap
tapping...and nothing more.

Of course, I opened the goddamned door, and there stood
monsters, three or four.

Wee ones, they, bedecked in hideous array as tiny ogres, I must
say,

They held out baskets, expecting pay by way of treats, or tricks
they'd play.

I thought, OK, if that's the game we play this day, you'll get your
treat and then away

From here to stray no more to my front door at this late hour as
before.

In each ghoul's basket I therefore did place an apple, which afore
A needle I'd embedded in its core, with hopes this bother
nevermore would come a'tapping at my door.

And yet next day to my dismay a rapping sent my nap astray, two
strapping cops led me away.

