

Poetry Porch: Poetry

Hallowe'en Poem

By Sharon Portnoff

All words are a compromise – each word, as it were
So wrote Stevens (or might have)
Reading poems in the sweet calm of our quiet house –
Our porch light going on and off again
(As some lost poet wrote)
Children scheming for candy
Stevens writing (or not writing) that wisdom is groping by night
Parsing by day
At work making a living, making a life
A trick or a treat