**My Pumpkin**

**By**

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**My pumpkin is the merry metamorphosis**

**of being hollowed and carved,**

**And it’s the lonely one among**

**The orange-tufted spheres,**

**In pyramids beyond.**

**My pumpkin is the glow of October’s children**

**developing daydreams,**

**And it’s their fear of many a vicious visage,**

**sharp and cold.**

**My pumpkin is acorns and brown leaves**

**spiraling together on hilltops,**

**And it’s an unstuffed scarecrow**

**plopped in the gutter.**

**My pumpkin is the counting**

**of Hersheys and Milky Ways,**

**And it’s the candy bag ripping and emptying,**

**on a dark street.**

**My pumpkin is edible shades of orange,**

**And it stinks when the candle inside**

**Is lit,**

**My pumpkin is smashed in the ivory black**

**of the autumnal equinox.**

**My pumpkin is not.**