

## HALLOWE'EN

Sharon Ashton

On All Hallows' Eve I drive through a painting of England  
curve down a morning canvas of white layered upon white  
drive through a poem of England where shifting mists hang  
above lawns dimpled by apples toffeeed and buzzing  
see a Sycamore shudder itself free of pox-marked leaves  
hear an Oak groan to lose its bald withered limbs  
wave at an old couple in matching tartan hats  
swerve round crows in dinner jackets dining on fresh squirrel  
come home beneath a moon whose face grins pink as the giant's  
sniffing and waiting for me at the top of a bean-stalk.



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