

# Screaming Pumpkins

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A poem

by Lori R. Lopez



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What if you woke  
And found yourself cursed —  
The clock ticking backward  
Your reflection unreversed?  
If the canary were tweeting  
Dead-battery-chirp babble  
And you drew only blank tiles  
When trying to play Scrabble?

If tricksters arrived  
To pelt you with treats  
While the Sun was still glaring  
They swarmed the streets  
As if walking dead  
But a lot more hyper  
Squealing for chocolates  
Like a berserk bagpiper

Then the asylum called  
To cancel your vacation  
So there was nowhere to hide  
During the infestation  
Of candy munchkins  
And drooling rugrats  
Until day morphed to night  
And was gone to the bats

If things took a dark turn  
Down the most awful alley  
With a claw-scratching gait  
Might the wicked woes sally  
From a pit of depression  
And the humorous tone  
That had once been narrating  
Reduce to a moan?

If an element of doom  
Waiting around the corner  
Waged a plot against you  
With the veil of a mourner  
To be blamed for such things  
That you haven't done  
Condemned, your name tarnished  
Though you injured none

If sharp fingers should point  
In your general direction  
From biased perspectives  
That leave no protection  
But the affection of those  
Who would not forsake  
No matter what  
False accusers could take

Who denounced your best efforts  
And bluntly denied  
The good in your heart  
That there's more than one side  
Casting doubt upon all  
You do or may say  
And by holding your tongue  
They might wrest it their way

What if they mocked you  
For things they knew not  
Despite your intentions  
The battles you've fought  
To withstand the darkness  
And guard those you cherish  
Yet all you've achieved  
Was dismissed and nightmarish

A barrel of ridicule  
Aimed at those you hold dear  
As the creeps twisted facts  
Until nothing was clear  
What if all you've endeavored  
Would be misconstrued  
Your life loudly defamed  
The edges unglued

Held at fault for the deeds  
And misfortunes of others  
For the choices and circumstance  
The mistakes and druthers  
Belittled for your income  
When you've given your all  
To countless crusades  
Then were treated with gall

When all you could be  
Is who you've been from the start  
All you could stand for  
What lay in your heart  
If the sky opened up  
And swallowed you whole  
Each word you have uttered  
Would speak for your soul

What if they attempted  
To erase your path  
Obliterate your steps  
With an acid bath  
Eliminate the respect  
The esteem you have earned  
Out of an envious desire  
To leave you burned

Such rivals and haters  
Are prone to attack  
In a one-sided war  
Aimed at somebody's back  
Heaping lies, innuendos  
To damage repute  
Until you're left as bereft  
As a knight out of suit

It would be terribly scary  
An Un-Hallowed Eve  
Should the world turn unkind  
Fraught with Make-Believe  
If the pigeon flew the coop  
The glass wasn't looking  
And stood neither full nor empty  
While the crackpot was cooking

So be careful when you get up  
Not to choose the wrong side  
Of the bed as you climb out  
It could be a stormy ride  
A cockeyed haywire act  
Of teeth-rattling superstition  
Complete with mindless intellect  
For the price of admission

As you carve your Jack-O-Lanterns  
You may hear the pumpkins scream  
There might even be some blood  
As if you're having a bad dream  
A realm where everything is screwy  
And truth is but a lump of clay  
What you know is upside-down  
And Halloween is not your day.

*~ Published in POETIC REFLECTIONS: THE QUEEN OF HATS, 2014; also in  
"The Halloween Gathering 2014" on SERVANTE OF DARKNESS*

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[Darkverse: The Shadow Hours](#) containing "screaming pumpkins"!

Lori and her talented sons have a creative company at [fairyflyentertainment.com](http://fairyflyentertainment.com).  
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