

Season of Mists

Season of mists and money making -
Halloween - haunted by
obese skeletons and
cats with wings -
the stuff of nightmares.
Bonfire Night – money to burn
fancy fireworks, rockets for the rich,
Guy Fawkes exploited for profit.
Interminable Black Fridays.
Forests of artificial trees
overgrow garden centres,
stiff branches pleading for
ostentatious ornamentation.
Boxes of baubles vie for space
with faded fairies and tired tinsel,
left over from last Christmas,
already, in November,
drooping and gathering dust.
Where are the songs of Spring?
Think not of them
as Autumn is played out
to the tinny strains of
the store's seasonal refrain.
Come buy! Come buy!



Margaret Hardy
November 2022