



Volume 1
Issue 1 Fall 1992

Article 17

12-1-1992

Pumpkin Seeds and Gin

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Recommended Citation

Falk, David Robert (1992) "Pumpkin Seeds and Gin," *The Promethean*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 1 , Article 17.
Available at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol1/iss1/17>

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Pumpkin Seeds and Gin

Autumn brings a harvest of friends
On a cold dark night.
winter may finally be coming...
Coming like some dark secret
That your mother never told you...

Warm gin and pumpkin seeds feel just about
right.
Orange ceilings don't understand.
When I say attack Mongolia, I mean it!
Busted brothers congregate on the gray porch.
(I wonder if they sense the hopelessness
That sinks into my heart when I see the flag...)

I wonder if politics are too political.
I wonder if enough voices scream
The exact same thing,
At the exact same time,
Will Washington be brought to its knees in
shame?

It does seem as if the fall is about here.
My skin detects a chill in the air.

I'm leaving some place warm and safe
For the cold of the night.

So much for my ideas of the fall...
Man falls
The world falls
You fall...
Orange intestines cry out from dead pumpkins
Like the dead of a thousand tribes,
And as winter approaches,
I sit in a dark room and eat the seeds
That will carry on their race.
Gin flows like the blood of some worlds'
Brave soldiers.
In America, Wars...
In America, Wars...
In America, when wars grow tiresome,
We just pass the chips...
And put the board game away...

David Robert Falk