

MCC READS

# HALLOWEEN

31 OCTOBER 2023  
EDITION

SPOOKY POEMS FOR THE SEASON

DISTANT HOWLING IN THE MIDST,  
OF MIST,  
DENSE,  
SMOTHERING SOUNDS OF SILENCE.

ONE STEP,  
A CRACK REVERBERATING,  
ECHOING,  
NATURE'S GOOGLE HOME.

THEY KNOW.  
WE'RE HERE.  
SHIVERS, HAIRS STAND,  
AND WE WALK.

WITH BLINDNESS,  
TRUSTING NOTHING AND NO ONE,  
WHILE EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE,  
UNTIL WE STOP.

OUR BLIND EYES,  
MEET GLOWING EYES,  
WE STAND AT ATTENTION,  
AND IT PASSES,  
GIVING PERMISSION FOR OUR ATTENDANCE.

WE WAIT,  
WE WALK,  
IN THE MIDST  
OF THE MIST  
OF THE UNCHARTED PATH.

# DARKNESS IN THE HILLS

BY: MS. DINO





# WITCHES BREW

BY: JOY JOSEPH

**WEBS HANG FROM TREES  
THE GROUND IS FILLED WITH BRITTLE LEAVES  
THE WITCHS' POT IS BREWING  
FOR THERE'S A MIND SHE'S UNDOING  
SCATENS ARE HEARD ALL NIGHT  
THIS HOUR IS FILLED WITH FRIGHT**

# SCREAM

BY: SOPHIA

NODARSE



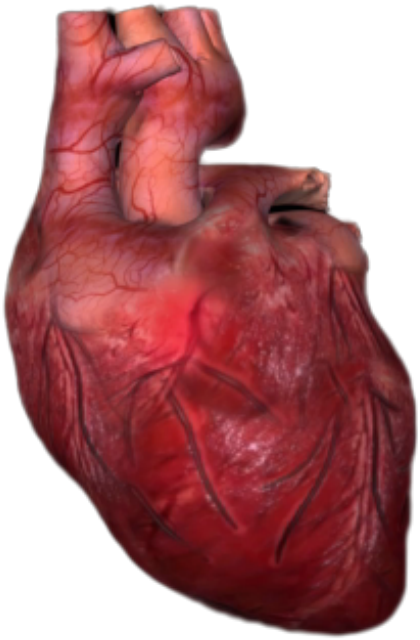
I'M AWAKE. WHY AM I AWAKE. I WAS JUST DREAMING, WASN'T I?  
OH MY GOD, WHAT IS THAT? WHAT IN THE WORLD IS  
CRAWLING UP MY LEG? WHY CAN'T I MOVE? WHY CAN'T I SWAT  
IT AWAY? WHY'S HAPPENING TO ME? THERE'S MORE, OH DEAR.  
I TRY TO SCREAM BUT I CAN'T. I CAN FEEL MY VOICE BOX, I CAN  
FEEL IT STRAINING, SO WHY CAN'T I SCREAM? WHY CAN I FEEL  
BUGS BUT NOT SEE THEM, NOT SWAT THEM AWAY, NOT  
SCRATCH MY LEGS. THIS IS TORTURE. WHY IS THIS HAPPENING  
TO ME? WHAT DID I DO? ALL I CAN DO NOW IS PRAY TO  
WHOEVER WILL HEAR ME AND HOPE IT STOPS. GOD WHY WON'T  
IT STOP? WHY CAN I OPEN MY EYES ANYMORE? I CAN'T FEEL  
ANYTHING. I CAN'T MOVE, BUT THERE'S NO MORE BUGS ON ME.  
IT'S QUIET, THERE'S NOTHING. OUT OF NOWHERE, SCREAMING.  
MY SCREAMING. THE SCREAMS I ATTEMPTED TO LET OUT  
EARLIER, POUNDING IN MY EARS. EVENTUALLY, IT GETS SO  
LOUD I PASS OUT. I WAKE UP BACK IN MY CELL. SOMEWHAT  
WISHING I WAS BACK IN THAT NIGHTMARE RATHER THAN MY  
REALITY.

# SKELETON

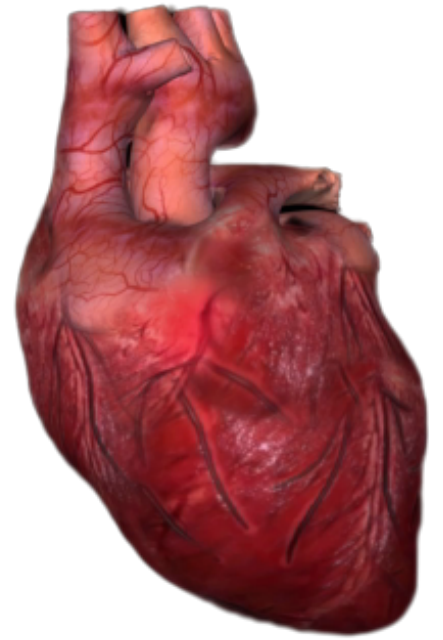
BY: JOY JOSEPH



**THE STREETS HOLD A CHILLING BREEZE  
SHE WALKS ALONG THE LIGHT OF THE MOON  
IN PLACE OF HER EYES ARE TWO BLACK HOLES  
HER HAD FIGHTS WITH HER NECK  
ALL WHO SEE HER JUMP IN FRIGHT  
THIS WILL BE A SCARY NIGHT**



**DONOR**  
**BY: SOPHIA**  
**NODARSE**



**AS I STARED OUT THE WINDOW WITH EYES THAT AREN'T  
MINE, I COULD FEEL THE HOWLING IN MY CHEST.  
MOST PEOPLE'S HOUSES ARE HAUNTED, SOMETIMES EVEN  
JUST THE BASEMENT  
BUT NOT ME. NO, I GARNERED A DIFFERENT TYPE OF HAUNT.  
THERE IS A HOWLING IN MY CHEST  
AND A VOICE IN MY VEINS  
I CAN FEEL HIM, FLOWING THROUGH ME.  
SOME DAYS I'M HIM, NOT ME.  
IT WAS HIS DECISION, YOU KNOW, TO GIVE IT TO ME.  
I WAS JUST THE TOP OF THE LIST, THE (UN)LUCKY ONE.  
YES, I'M TECHNICALLY STILL ALIVE, IT'S A VITAL ORGAN.  
BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME LUCKY.  
YOU KNOW WHAT NO ONE TELLS YOU ABOUT GETTING A  
HEART TRANSPLANT?  
THE DONOR MIGHT HAUNT YOU, LOOKING FOR REVENGE  
ON SOMEONE.**