

Stuff Your Eyes with Wonder

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When I was a child, I read a book
about a pumpkin-covered tree,
and I hoped for a magic October night
where they might really shine down on me—
where I'd search for my pumpkin among all those smiles
of flickering souls in the autumn leaves,
and I'd live on forever if I could just take it
and carry it close to me.
But as I've grown, I realize a harsh reality:
that there is no such thing as this winsome gift of immortality—
unless we paint and write our souls
on canvas and the page,
or capture it with a camera lens and in films that never age.
We must compose, forge, and sculpt our grins—
strike every match 'til the wick ignites,
and we'll surely become eternal spirits
who glow every Halloween night.
So create all you can, my extraordinary friends,
even when doubt clouds your mind,
because you only fail when you choose to leave
that gift of wonder behind.