



**'FIRE CRACK,'**  
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**A CONVERSATION WITH MR DOE**

**A FESTIVE POEM  
FOR HALLOWEEN**

**BY  
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# FOR MICHAEL

(star man)





Dear.....,



Legends worldwide talk of  
spirits who reside in sealed bottles.

From the Genie to the Djinn,  
and the  
Demon in Drink!


Be careful what you leave open!  
Especially on  
All Hallows Eve.

You may find yourself with an  
unexpected guest.

Have a Happy Halloween.

FIRE  
CRACK  
Mark.





From the Genie to the Djinn  
He was welcomed in  
Unaware of his origin  
The open bottle  
Was Mr Doe's sin

Sat on his bed  
Tall and black was his hat  
Clutching FIRE CRACK  
Snug in his lap

*“Do you want riches?  
Mr Doe!  
Or maybe you want fame?”*

*“You have until morning  
Before the moon fades”*

He sat, looked and stared  
He wouldn't go away  
Yet Doe consumed  
the FIRE CRACK  
Soothing his mind

*“Mr Doe  
don't fall asleep  
Or you shall be trapped  
As I  
Do you really want a life of  
FIRE CRACK  
in your eyes?”*

The room was spinning  
He tried and tried  
To stay alive  
But FIRE CRACK  
had already filled his eyes

He though of what that wish  
would be?

His body was now all numb  
Alas!

Nocturne made him slump

From the Genie to the *Gin!*  
And from that day in  
No one saw Mr Doe sin

Some say he got his Riches  
Some say he got his Fame

***“But be Aware!! He’s after You!”***

As in this bottle he now resides  
With that distinct taste of  
FIRE CRACK  
Coming from his eyes.





**“I love the sound of,.....**

**“FIRE**



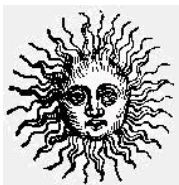
**“FIRE”**



**“CRACK”**  
**“CRACK”**



**....In his eyes”**



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