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September

Linda Paulsen

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LINDA PAULSEN

september

September comes: a respite
From heat-beaten days
That linger long into night
And paint the valley's dusty haze
In tired colors. I'm ready now
To crunch through heaps of leaves that blow

And rattle on the sidewalk, to
Curl in a comfy chair and read
While the wind whines in blue
And orange lamentations. I need
To see rusty colors on the hill,
And watch bird brigades drill

in the sky. It is time
for eating cobs of sweet corn
and pickled watermelon rind,
for cotton sweaters and socks worn
to pick apples, and to pack
school lunch in a paper sack.

I want the air to cool and crack
its knuckles in my ears, to
forget my umbrella and back
into a doorway, breathing through
the rain. Now I welcome autumn's
tawny herald. September comes.