

## **September's Song**

When summer's visitors leave,  
(You see them flying overhead)  
September's song is calling.  
Go before it's too cold  
And there's no food,  
In this sodden land  
Where I lived once,  
Happily,  
Though not for ever after.  
How I envy those birds,  
Escaping to pastures new,  
Where the sun warms.

Now September's song  
Reminds me of optimism  
Dashed by failure.  
Women I loved  
And then didn't  
Fade in the September sun  
And become skeletal,  
Like trees without leaves.

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