

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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