

September

by [Johanna Caton, OSB](#) in the [September 9, 2020](#) issue

September steals in on tiptoe—
a shy child, clutches August's hand,
conceals her face. Her lustre's up
before sunrise, though—silken breeze,
glossy darkness, full moon. By day

she grows bold, and throws down
sky-fulls of rubies, topaz, gold-leaf.
Pines lean and bristle dark whiskers,
pop vaulting cones that skitter and roll,
tumble somersaults, scramble off.

Sillies, pine for June, if you must,
but I love that late September
sling of trees, scuttle-sound and scrape
of leaves on pavements, and those shot
seeds scattering resurrection.