

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.