

MY OWN SEPTEMBER SONG
Glenna Holloway

It's a long time from crocus to chrysanthemums,
the short-changing days noticed more by leaves
than by me. I preside over interim wealth
like a giddy Midas: country colors scuffling
in zinnia/marigold beds as if it won't end,
as if this time winter will lose its way
and the pale heralds with shrill trumpets will
dally in some distant dimension or stay tethered
to the pole. With so much bounty hoarded in bowls
and baskets, the old written score is ignored;
gold dusts the days, sheens the hours. The key
segues to minor and hurriedly I must recall
how it goes, that colding gray song I forgot.

But survival roots grow on what is lost,
and dormant emptiness is a foil for unsuspected
beauty. Blown blossoms pall and drop;
the browning husk wrankles the wind now scented
with decay. Unseen sadness strengthens,
pushes out a space for new knowing. Unswayed
by perfume, not influenced by persuasive sun,
dark confrontation nurtures enlarging faith.
And living and loving entwines on much more
than just a long long time set to a fading tune.