

September

Coolness seeps in through the cracks of stifling August heat
Something wakes inside me
Shuffling around in my ribcage
Curling in on itself
The skies darken day by day
I know I am made of stardust; atoms colliding with each other,
Reaching, pleading for a way out
The grass out my window yellows with the frost
I almost despair at the sweetness of it all
All of us breathe the September air
Eyes turned upwards to the sky
Deer fold their legs inward
The soft teeth of new fawns not yet prepared for the harshness of winter
September is the scent of petrichor
The hollowness of our bones
We are all going to die
I heard it in a dream
But it didn't scare me
Because life only continues
Laughing and crying and dancing
September will still come