

september

september was always
a welcome month
in a laden life
it was light
and space
a setting down
all that was heavy
of heart and mind

a notebook
to fill with thoughts
wild and free
of paths not yet taken
places not yet seen

even now
in gentler times
I greet september
like an old friend
trusted and safe

nature invites me
into its space
to lie spread-eagled
under sycamore
listening to raindrops
landing

hillsides indulge me
giving way
to feet planted
in squelching mud
every step received
and released
with grace

calm waters beckon me
I enter quietly
held in cool caress
senses awakened
heart singing
skin tingling

skeins of geese
pass low overhead
the noting mutual
and kind

september
is a crossroads
a time to review
and refresh
to gather in
the fruits of one's labour
choose what to keep
and what to let go

a time to honour
all that has been
and look forward
to what will come

but before all that
a time just to be
the seasons turn
with or without me
tidal waters
ebb and flow
september is
the turning month

before rebirth
comes decay
before beginnings
there are endings
before sunrise
must come sunset

late september
signals the coming
of dark nights
and short days
a way into wintering
and new beginnings
nature knows the way
all I need do
is follow