September Poem

There is always one leaf
that lets go early

not from failure
not from sickness

but because some small
untranslatable weather
has passed through it

a yellowing
at the edge

a loosening where stem
meets branch

and all the others
hold green around it

as though nothing
has happened

but something has

the whole tree
feels the little absence

the sidewalk receives it

the first school bus
hisses at the corner

a woman with coffee

Copyright Scott Simpson, All Rights Reserved

September Poem

steps over it

and does not know
she has crossed

the beginning
of another year

Copyright Scott Simpson, All Rights Reserved