2nd September Poem

by September
the garden has become honest

tomato vines blackening
at the joints

zucchini thick as clubs
left too long
under leaves

the sunflowers bow
their heavy animal heads

not from shame

from having carried
all that yellow
as far as they could

a woman at the market
presses a melon
to her ear

listening for sweetness
or rot

as if either one
might answer

and the bees go on
working the bruised fruit

drunk with ending

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2nd September Poem

their small bodies
gold-dusted
furious
faithful

who taught us
to call this decline

when everything
is giving itself away

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