

## September

Greetings to the ghost den  
Of a new Dawn,  
She has not yet come. She is in waiting.  
The world within my reach is  
Impregnable, postponed.  
A shivering stone factory choking  
Up the sky and the hearth and my throat, with First kisses:  
Chilled air and pumpkin spice latte scalding teeth to tongue  
as leaves turn over  
Like the yellowed pages of ancient texts  
Hidden in the woodlands.  
The oaks and evergreen sag as I cross beneath them  
or perhaps they bow  
Forever humbled, forever  
Following me home on my long walks to the comfort of a warm room and cold floor.  
As I sit and think and drink, the pen in my hand smooth as the cloudless sky,  
I measure the madness in my heart,  
The thump of my finger to the page  
By nature's pulse.  
Together we are a drowsy pair. In no hurry to come or go, to live or die.  
This might be the only time  
we are ever truly still.