

11-15-2012

Hello, September

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Recommended Citation

Seyferth, Brandon (2001) "Hello, September," *Italics*: Vol. 2001: Iss. 1, Article 16.
Available at: <http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/italics/vol2001/iss1/16>

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Hello, September

BRANDON SEYFERTH

Hello, September,
It's been a year since we've met,
You've grown so much colder,
Lost all the color that once gave you a warmer mood,
And wrapped me in a damned cold blanket that
Shows my breath just to insult me,
Just to remind me I'm breathing.

But that road you've paved underneath my feet
Where a foot cannot be sure and where
No one can stand long without a
Slip
Has chilled me enough to slide.

To your sister, February,
Who just turned fourteen.
To that day of an idiot's revel,
That fleeting pillow of a year of a dreamer
That
Tries to find something in the cold
Like a lion
Like a sham.

But it's still a long March to the day people call a fool
To shower with April
And deflower your cousin and then

Sunrise starts bleeding on your face,
While it weeps on mine.
Its hot blood melts you,
Turns your pale face green

Makes your blanket warm
And for a little while stills
My obsession
My objection
My disposition
My aggravation.

But, anyway,
Hello again
September,

I've missed your cold.

Fall Keepsakes

JENNIFER HARTWICK

Nature's little gifts before the tempest
Preserved by human hands,
These Autumn collections.

Sealed between ironed sheets of wax
Paper shiny leaves of burning ember, hushed
hues of plum, and mallowy butter-yellow

Hung in the window, collecting
Rays of the sun, revealing
Their tiny veins and long arteries
To the cool of the glass,
trailing.