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September

Meg Moseman

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by

Meg Moseman

The Sun, that tyrant, is dead—
we're running away with his gold
(gold's just a crackle of leaves
here in the dusk and the cold).

Hand in hand, we'll fly from his world
to worlds he never could dream.
As we whirl through whirls of leaves,
we'll be nothing but quicksilver *seem*.

Leaves rot, leaf-castles loom.
We'll leave this chill behind.
His grandiloquent joy was a lie—
ours is a joy like the wind.