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## September's Grapes

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### Abstract

There's grief from harvest early, or too late: bitter, hard, or over-ripened fruit.

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# September's Grapes

by Sheila A. Murphy

There's grief from harvest early, or too late:  
bitter, hard, or over-ripened fruit.  
The time is now. September's grapes won't wait.

Behind the barn, Grandpa would cultivate  
vines whose clusters we would loot,  
oblivious of harvests early, or too late.

Then, tag or hide-and-seek would dictate  
our hours, weeks, and days, excused by youth  
from labor when September's grapes won't wait.

Now, we watch weather's moods dictate  
crops, but age and wisdom don't dilute  
the grief from harvest early, or too late.

Some years the clusters wither, touched by blight,  
but when abundance blesses our pursuit,  
our arms reach out—September's grapes await.

This week, in baking sun, we celebrate  
with purple brimming baskets that will mute  
the grief that comes from harvest early, or too late.  
The time is now. September's grapes won't wait.