September's Grapes
Sheila A. Murphy

Abstract
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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.