

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

What I Wonder when I Wonder about September

by Saffron Swansborough

Upturned for a hit of orange
Specks appear on outstretched leaves
Like Sun spots on a hand

Hybrid month
With its satchelnessy new smell
Skips along in ankle socks
Around a deflating paddling pool
Saturated by dew

Clock-splitter

Daddy Long Legs
With their ridiculous stilts that cannot hold their weight
Bend like reeds

Moths flatten themselves against walls
In surrender
And singe their wings on lampglow

Turquoise-ness of evenings
Stretch, then burn out

Melancholia sounds like the name of a tree
Giving glue-cheery sap to my palms
Sticking to me like mascara-clumps
As if I've been crying

Haystacks roll the year over
Swifts arc, tying a bow
Before stars come
And they go
End without Ending
We would grieve
Were it not only. just. still. warm.

Dew on scorched senses
The cooling stone
Black pips
Lazy corn
Tantric tractors

Gold, we swarm up
With our Icarus wings
Blossom in our eyes
Spring is wrenched from us

School days refracted through new protractors
Leather shoes and other stories
Spiderholes, apple cores, rust puppets, conker mud

Bonfires are bacon-smelling beacons
Lighting the misty hills
A glowing pen line under summer
Orange
Inked.