

September Song  
Aidan Dunkelberg

Summer is over.  
The hordes of cicadas have  
Packed it in for the year,  
And silence drifts down avenues  
No longer clouded by heat  
Or the oppressive glow of humid streetlights.  
A mandolin player sits on a park bench  
Tapping his foot as a mild breeze  
Frees the first wayward yellow leaf.  
Change comes to the seasons  
Just as the steps of students  
Fall into routine,  
School and work and friendships  
Woven into a tapestry of normalcy.  
It is not too late for the birds  
To quit the scene for the winter,  
Or for the squirrels  
To cache hoards of nuts  
To last them until spring takes back the throne.  
But by the time the leaves flee the trees,  
It is too late for us  
To break free of the tapestry,  
To change ourselves in any meaningful form.  
These thoughts surround me  
Like leaves floating on fall breeze  
As I sit playing mandolin  
Watching the first wayward yellow leaf  
Make its way down to the cold concrete.