**September**

All around me

I feel the season turning--

even as the heat rages on

and storms parade through the skies,

as foliage retains its green

in leaves that dance in the breeze;

as bees thirst on for sweet nectar,

and mosquitoes, for tender veins,

as crickets chirp deep in the grass

and cicadas chatter across treetops.

I see al fresco diners sip cocktails

and restless children play,

hear the gurgle of fountains

and the hum of A/Cs,

feel the heat in the pavement

warm the soles of my shoes---

yet I still sense the change,

the approaching front,

come to coax all to rest

in advent of the new.