

# Summer's End

*by Janice Waddy*

FROM MY WINDOW I WATCH SEPTEMBER

Rippling through the golden grasses.

The last sunlit poppies

Are like bright summer memories,

And I sigh.

Weary routines are gray masks

That hide the autumn sun

And dim the brilliant leaves

That drift, of hammered gold,

And leave the trees naked and cold.

Their bare branches reach out

To encircle my sombre mood,

And cage it tight for winter's keeping

But I shake my head to

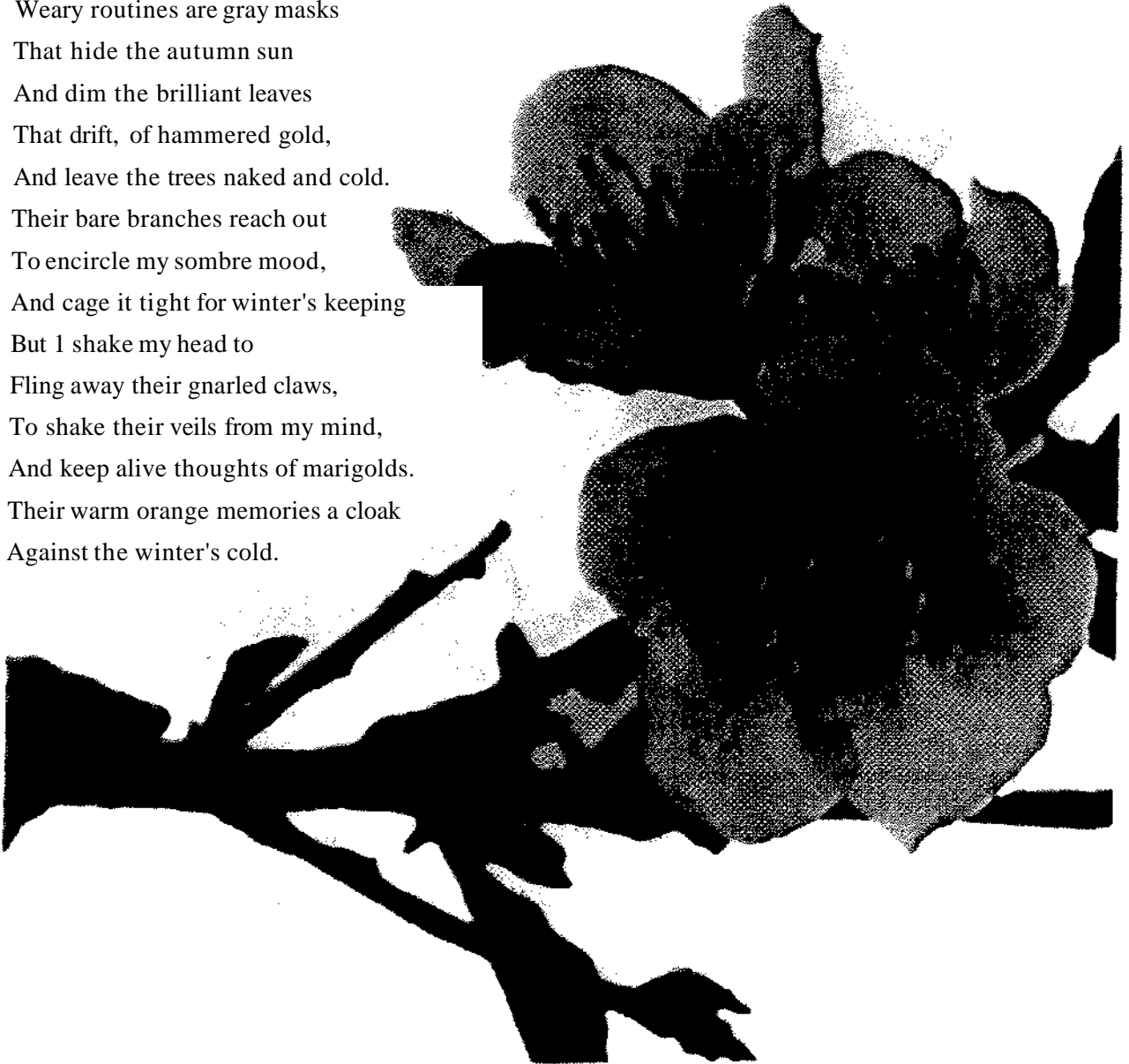
Fling away their gnarled claws,

To shake their veils from my mind,

And keep alive thoughts of marigolds.

Their warm orange memories a cloak

Against the winter's cold.



Photograph: Bob Zebic