

August. Summer is waning.
Crowded streets and parks
thinned to a trickle.
Sweaty physiques tumble
into nighttime's coolness.
Blossoms become dead heads.
Cicadas rumble and whirr.
Night falls and crickets chirrup their farewell to love.
Monarchs blaze their flaming wings,
Pausing for nourishing sips
Before their heroic journey southward.
Overgrown weeds win out over Spring and Summer plantings
Causing gardeners to moan
As they succumb to the inevitable.
Still warm breezes
Nuzzle and cajole.
Each day
a step,
a nudge
toward September.
The mind
The heart
Try to turn away from
The deep blue sky's
Memories
Of the hard truth
Buried in the contradiction
Laid before us by its beauty.
The mournful moaning of bagpipes
The woodpecker rap of the snare
The resolute rush of waterfalls into blackened abyss
Wrench us back to a day of heartbreak.

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