

In September,

nine month's deeds are hung,
pinned in the crisp air; laundered sins
now bleached clean in the eleventh hour.

Mothers thumb
breakfast from the delicate cheeks
of school bound children,
polish their scrubbed, blushed cheeks
with spit and peck, then depart
for home, with a cached cry.

The innocent—
their freshly soled feet strike
in soft, mangled rhythms, then jet
across plied pavement to rest
on the ribbed concrete
of a mature society.

A society where scholars
will hustle awareness,
ripped from the monochromatic
pages of antiquated text; grant token
marks for students of a wakening world,
virgin-jacketed this fall,
where snow once fell like blind privilege,
in September.

—*Michael Pracht*