

**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*