

Morning Poem

September is the month for spiders,
spread of threads across the skylight,
weave of wondrous nets in nooks and
shrouds across the brittle heather,
ghostly in a silver sunrise.

September is the month for almost-
hardened dew in misty dawns,
so-nearly-frost in shivering sunrise,
snapping bright as Christmas baubles
over cars and autumn blossoms.

September is the month for phantoms
rising up from morning slumber,
hovering just beyond awareness,
half a blessing, half a warning,
fragile as forgotten fears.

18th September 2019