



2021

## September

Daria Cullen

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## September

Inside—a child rolls around,  
Sticks his feet into your side,

Lies on your lungs and  
Answers to the sound of the father's voice.

Gains an ounce a day and kneads his tiny fist  
By your hip.

A deer in the quiet morning field wanders off,  
Not to be seen again

For a while.  
The small squirrel runs from hollow in tree to tree,

Fixing its patchwork nest of  
Burnt-marshmallow brown.

The stark overbearance of summer blue leads to  
Grey and white,

Fluff and smog.  
A bite and gnawing wind caresses,

The tree branches ripple in  
Stagnant puddles.

The season greets  
Death as

The vivid greens that have been made anew from forest fires  
Are dying.

The color of earth  
Rises up to the sky.

Deep brown and roiling red  
What a strange blending of time—

This month of September.

**Daria Cullen** is an English MA student at the University of North Dakota. After many long years in academia, she looks forward to graduating this spring and reading and writing as much as she can possibly fit into her schedule. In her poetry, she reflects on her childhood in the backwoods of Louisiana, and her subsequent move to an oil boomtown in North Dakota.