The Angle

Volume 2001 | Issue 1

2000

September's Slumber

Kay Renae

St. John Fisher College

Follow this and additional works at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2001/iss1/9

This document is posted at https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2001/iss1/9 and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact fisherpub@sjfc.edu.
September's Slumber

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: November 2000.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2001/iss1/9
The first day of September
Like morning's damp chill, I break from the dream world
Like children who whisper inside the classroom
I can't make out the words (I hear whispers)
Like two flies trying to get outside
Was it a woods I was gently dreaming of?
Like a voice talking to you in the dark, whose voice is it?
Am I still dreaming of your hand in mine
Like two worlds connected with one touch
Like an image in death—we reach for the light-
But something physical brings us back
I lay breathing your breaths
As you breathe like a mother kissing her slumbering babe.
I, too, want to nurture you, caress you, to help you
To live in this tortured world made easy
By being joined in thoughts like sparklers, they
Have energy we shoot
Then out to show one another what
They look like
But
They
Disappear
Like fireflies in the dark.
I want each day to be like the first day in September.