

Fall progression

last summer's sunbeams grew back. the petals smelled like newly mown grass and the crushed fragrance lingers in my hair, tangling around my eyelashes and blurring my vision with the golden haze of dusk in august. when i lick my lips in september my teeth taste like clover honey and lavender and my breath clouds in the sharp cold air that smolders like smoke and snowflakes spill from my tongue and drift to the ground like the leaves from the trees flaming in the october sky. the tang of burnt wood in november coats my lungs and settles in my throat. when i speak, my words spark and i catch ice in between my teeth. last december's icicles grew back, and they freeze in my hair. they melt when i rake my fingers over my scalp and the water that runs in rivulets down my neck smells like newly mown grass.

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