

SEPTEMBER CALM

by Fauzia Simjee McClure

Summer is slowly drifting away
Yet, some afternoons remain warm, until late into the day
The temperature is perfectly comfortable, amidst the cool lake waters
Not too hot, not too cold, I don't really need a sunhat or my warm sweaters

I think about children, all returning to school
Running and shouting in the now crowded hallways
That remained so quiet during the summer's break
They'll be quite busy with their studies, in the coming shorter days

September in the Sierras may not be as dramatic
But, it is the only place I want to be, where I am always quite active
Gazing at the scenery which is still quite green
I hiked up the mountain today towards the eagle's nest, in my weathered, torn jeans

From up here I can see both lakes with all their majesty, with all their glory
Their colors; blue, green, so vivid, so incredibly clean
The sky was violet blue with big, puffy white clouds
I just saw an offspray dive into the water, catching a trout

It's fairly quiet here at the lake
Most folks have returned, following the Labor Day holiday
I am still here enjoying my vacation
All I can think of now is the upcoming fall season

When I'll return to see the magical transformation
From green to yellow, to gold, red, and crimson
But, that doesn't take away from how I feel right now
Subdued, calm, at peace and filled with imagination

Dreaming about days gone by and days to come
I'll be hiking, biking, and kayaking again
Feeling the comfort within these Sierra surroundings
My heart at ease, my spirit dancing

I think of the chipmunks, jays, beavers and other creatures
I wish them to always be part of my now and heretofore future
For therein lies my very true nature
Singing, smiling, laughing; I am a devoted student of this here, Sierra's bounty, Sierra's nature