

SEPTEMBER  
by John Updike

The breezes taste  
Of apple peel.  
The air is full  
Of smells to feel-

Ripe fruit, old footballs,  
Drying grass,  
New books and blackboards  
Chalk in class.

The bee, his hive  
Well-honey, hums  
While Mother cuts  
Chrysanthemums.

Like plates washed clean  
With suds, the days  
Are polished with  
A morning haze.

