

Sky in September · *W.S. Merwin*

In spite of the months of knowing
and the years
autumn comes with astonishment
light held up in a glass
the terrible news in a haze
caught breath in the warm leaves

in spite of gathered dust and the vast moon
the day comes with a color
its words cannot touch
so it is when I see you
so is the moment when I see you
after the years when the ailanthus leaves
drifted unnoticed
down the gray wall

they have disappeared and nothing is missing
after their rocking and clinging
they have vanished with the thieves and shufflers
and the words of the dealers
taking nothing
they have fallen like scales from the eyes
and at last we are here together light of autumn
clear morning in the only time