

Sarah Russell

Passing Time

August's languor has given way
to the restless stir of autumn—

good intentions for yard and house
and weekend jaunts half realized.

I pull a sweater on for morning walks,
air out the comforter. The farmers market

is rife with harvest, and I buy orangey mums
with tight buds to see us through first frost.

My herbs have gone to seed, basil bitter now,
cilantro bloomed, leaves yellow. Next year

I'll plant a proper herb garden, I promise.
And tomatoes.

We moved closer to family this spring, leaving
friends and memories, hoping for new ones

with grandchildren who grow despite our wish
for more years of dandelion bouquets

and stories read aloud. The wind last night
brought down a skitter of leaves, patchwork

pieces that will make a quilt by month's end.
Time is my hope. Enough time to finish things.

Sarah Russell's poetry and fiction have been published in *Kentucky Review*, *Misfit Magazine*, *Rusty Truck*, *Third Wednesday* and many other journals and anthologies. She is a Pushcart Prize nominee. She has two poetry collections published by Kelsay Books, *I lost summer somewhere* and *Today and Other Seasons*. Her novella *The Ballerina Swan Lake Mobile Homes Country Club Motel* will be published in Fall, 2021 by Running Wild Press. She blogs at SarahRussellPoetry.net.