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Dying in September

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Dying in September

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Author Bio

Ryan Mitchell is a Sophomore English major from Doylestown, Pennsylvania. He is inspired by John Keats, John Kruk, and Lenny Dykstra. He laments the lost art of the mid-range jumper and will forever insist that his peak years were 7th - 9th grade. His mother Joanne is ranked in the top ten in the country, and his father looks like Steven Spielberg. His brother is a beast and they are thankfully, all healthy.

stripped trees and the mosaic of colors that scattered the ground. I could no longer recognize the path from the forest. I turned wiping the snow from my face, meeting the first cold heartless flakes of winter and I embraced the sharp burn.

RYAN MITCHELL

Dying in September

In 2005 I wrote the song you haven't heard,
During the same month on a new night, the twenty-third.
The lines are leather and probably too much to remember,
About what plagues the unluckiest lovebirds in September.
A poem of broken lives, put to deadly music,
Maybe I lost it because I never used it.
Just hearing Earth Wind and Fire mocks all of me,
My song is the sorrow that drowns drunken glee.
In reflection I prefer a poignant deflection,
Trust that my voice would have no inflection,
Only spoken, sung, in a monotone minor,
A key understood as a loss of desire.
I will never again dance innocently,
Only yearn for words of devilry,
Lyrics to label a birthday,
Filthy black, not grey.
The verse is still in me,
A chorus waits eagerly.
My refrain is close,
A deadly dose.
I recall the title,
Not for recital.
Do you remember,
Dying in September?
I'm not sure when I lost my latest sappy song,
All of a sudden the lyrics seem *really* wrong.
Oh yes, surely you'll remember,
That twenty-first night of September?
The lyrics are close but remain underground,
Buried beside innocence, silent, no sound.