

Classic Poetry Series

Geoffrey Hill

- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

September Song

born 19.6.32 - deported 24.9.42

Undesirable you may have been, untouchable
you were not. Not forgotten
or passed over at the proper time.

As estimated, you died. Things marched,
sufficient, to that end.
Just so much Zyklon and leather, patented
terror, so many routine cries.

(I have made
an elegy for myself it
is true)

September fattens on vines. Roses
flake from the wall. The smoke
of harmless fires drifts to my eyes.

This is plenty. This is more than enough.

Submitted by anne berton

Geoffrey Hill