amelia nason

September

My hometown & I are entangled in
a fake dating scheme, where I pretend
I want to go back & it pretends to want me there.
I've outgrown myself. Dystopian rhetoric:
always too hungry or not hungry enough
& I lost my taste for tourism a long time ago,

but in September, there will be an herb garden
on her windowsill. We have a home together
that doesn't exist yet & I can see it
in the midsummer basil. Rosemary, sage,
lined up like Marines in a holding formation.
I need someone to pull the yellow cord

on city buses for me. I'm going in circles,
afraid to make a scene, & I think
I'll spend my entire life either loving
or missing her. My mother says to stop acting
like I'm married, but I've never been
patient, waiting for gardens to grow. I always
want it to be September, except when it is.