



KEVIN STEIN

SEPTEMBER FALLS IS NO RIVER'S

drop but my son's name for acorns
 falling from white oak and bur,
 the apples plopping Delicious,
our Cortland's plump thump. You can—
 with risk—walk beneath September Falls
 as you might beneath the watery ones.

Acorns ping through branches, Plinko
 on *The Price Is Right*, but what you win
 just smarts your head. I've never been
 Newton-ed by an apple, but yellow jackets—
those cider-drunk eunuchs—make testy combat
 for the ripe ones still hanging within reach.

I've never been to war either, which is to be
 not exactly Newton-ed but bombed
but plunked in a way more final.

Our world's lucky not to have been Teller-ed
 by an H-bomb, Edward the "Father of,"



who slept with one eye open
for the terrible Russians. Radio says
he died today, though probably he died a bit
when nuking Oppenheimer, his former boss and pal.
Teller, how'd it feel to be hailed the father of maelstrom,
to plant a deadly seed with your brain and not
the old fashioned way Stalin's daddy did?
Tomorrow you'll make *The Times*' obit page,
merely ink and recycled paper.
From the grave, you'll someday slaughter legions of innocents,
or, who knows, save them—your MAD nightmare
made good as any dream.
For you I'll blow this Morning Glory's trumpet,
this bloom, Teller, whose blues blow only gold.