

CRICKETS

in an un-mowed field e
 c r i c k t s . . .
 rain
 the bow's
 at edge—c r i c k e t s . . .

as dusk
tramples
down
summer
heat . . .
 crickets . . .

with a new moon
serenading earth rhythms—
 crickets . . .

beyond a first date's
midnight kiss:
 crickets . . .

abstract lunacy—
starry, starry nights of
 cricketscricketscrickets . . .