

CRICKETS

A little like trying to pick out
tunes on a stringless banjo. Practically
that pointless, this sitting surrounded
by a mid-October dusk, the window
open, one dim, hallway light left on,
trying to let the call of crickets
become the mind's single chorus,
listening hard to let the whole body
become only hearing, listening and
listening so fully the mind *is*
only meadow—no matter the street's
muffled car sounds. An autumn meadow
with its long, dry grass, hedgerows,
the loosening stone walls of a farm
lapsed and passing back into wildness.
Motionless, the listener, head
and shoulders erect for the oncoming
night, its coldness, the shawl of cricket-
song lightly stitched but falling, falling.