

FIELD CRICKETS

This afternoon, lying in tall grass,
I hear a chirp, so constant,
it's almost a hum...

Of course, it's the field crickets.

They're like two cupped palms,
dipping water to my lips
after many strenuous miles.

They penetrate the air;
they pour calm over my body
like a waterfall.

A peace that almost makes me ask:
Ah, are you the river?