

Crickets

28 June 2019

Up upon a hill I heard
the crickets chirping words:
O boy, come here, come near,
and stay and talk awhile.

My answer was to smile,
and I did no more favors then,
but crossed the valley of denial
and arrived within their ken.

O boy, I heard more echoing,
and sat, and stayed, and then
felt all around a queer commotion
stir the leaves, and break, and end.

And oh, 'twas cool November,
and the birds did softly sing,
and if there's one thing I'll remember,
it's my softly taking wing

Upon the backs of those cold crickets,
on the hill, who chirped with words,
for as they chirped about salvation,
they made sure that I had heard.