

Frogs And Fugues

Desert rains abate. Now crickets join frogs in fugues.

We dug our trenches, collecting water for trees,

birds, insects, and animals all around.

Our home is an island of hope for many now.

But now the world and its interests encroach.

May spirit and nature protect us all.

How can any evil out-live this eternal creation that is always new?

Our trenches are now a defense in war

against those above who annihilate us, below.

Be careful harming those below, for how low does their consciousness go,

those who hear frogs and fugues?

I wrote the prose last summer after a rainstorm released a lot of tension from the local environment. I contemplated how the hidden power of nature, including the realm of art, helps keep the mind optimistic in face of grave dangers. It sounded as if the frogs and crickets were playing a fugue and I contemplated how it is not just the 'high consciousness' that helps us, but also the "low", that which is from the earth. I re-recorded "[Gavotte](#)" the other day.

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