

# The Cricket and the Grasshopper

By Dan Beachy-Quick

The senseless leaf in the fevered hand  
Grows hot, near blood-heat, but never grows  
Green. Weeks ago the dove's last cooing strain  
Settled silent in the nest to brood slow  
Absence from song. The dropped leaf cools  
On the uncut grass, supple still, still green,  
Twining still these fingers as they listless pull  
The tangle straight until the tangle tightens  
And the hand is caught, another fallen leaf.  
The poetry of the earth never ceases  
Ceasing — one blade of grass denies belief  
Until its mere thread bears the grasshopper's  
Whole weight, and the black cricket sings unseen,  
Desire living in a hole beneath the tangle's green.

Source: *Poetry* (February 2013)