

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)