

# The Last Cricket of Summer

*by* Carl Santoro

Through my open window  
I heard the last cricket of summer  
pack it in at 5:27 a.m.

The rate of it chirps,  
far and in-between,  
its solo performance sad  
as each chirp was long and slow.

The weather, mid-sixties now,  
will take its toll on  
this singular voice.

Hurrah, now a song from the  
first bird of morning  
floats through my screen,  
as though assigned to carry on,  
to carry the torch,  
to bring a new voice  
to the dark atmosphere.

The cricket wings will rub no more.  
The Mourning Dove will take it from here.

