

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.

