

# The Imprint of Necessity

*by* Jerry Ratch

I'll tell you what I think, I think  
Its hopes of a brush with love  
Is what keeps the simple cricket  
Awake all night

If you find a baby cricket on its back  
Fallen on the sidewalk  
Struggling with its legs  
In the air

Help it to its feet  
And it will sing you a  
Louder song tonight  
From the bushes beside life

You should try to think of this  
As your opportunity  
It has the imprint of necessity  
Written all over it

