

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

