

RAY AMOROSI

Crickets

Did you ever hear crickets chirp under cement.
Or owls on your barn at noon waving.
So why expect your loneliness to excite God
into helping.

Take very long walks alone.
Shoved off a causeway onto mud is the first word.
Not another till you write back.
Pen on paper, no thinking.

Then you'll be shoved against the barrier.
Same causeway. Can't be helped. It's just God.
Back to the pen.
Some God things.

After the longing, no shore.
Just ache.
Who knows what happens next.
Me, I listen for the cricket's blue song from the heaving.

The cracks left over, on my knees, right ear to the ground.