

## Cricket song

by [William Kelley Woolfitt](#) in the [March 20, 2013](#) issue

My head clangs, my skin congeals  
when I imagine your final terrain:  
the moldering gloom of the cave,  
giant stone corking the mouth  
to seal your body in—  
you bid me to imitate you, even in this?  
Until you rise, Love, I am useless.  
Stretching in a long  
rectangle of wall-shade,  
I pretend my hand crumbles  
dank sepulchral dirt. Listen.  
In the corner, one cricket abides.  
Soft-shelled and tooth-white,  
he chirrs his dwarfed wings,  
persistent song his answer  
to the absence of light.