

## Cricket Song

We must have angered a lesser god,  
to have brought this plague upon us.  
The carnage of inattentiveness is all around me,  
broken bodies littering the ground.  
A feast, for the scavengers of Earth.

A cricket is warbling it's song in the dark.  
A survivor, following the urge of instinct.  
I hear but do not see.  
I am not the one it seeks and so it hides from me.

The song is a call to bliss,  
blaring into the silence of night.  
A burst of high notes pierce the emptiness...  
There is no reply.

I am doomed to suffer the solemn cries of a lonely suitor,  
Who whistles devotion somewhere in the dark.  
The notes continue to fill the air.  
Only to fall; on me, the numerous gorging ants,  
and the corpses of would be lovers.

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