

# eric sommer

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## endless march

Small crickets  
I turn your head  
small black crickets  
cover the field

swarm and jump  
drive the wind before you  
small black crickets  
I adore you

between a coastal road  
and a swept summer drive  
my small black cricket  
curves the wind  
and the breeze-pulled tall grass

my small black cricket that  
none, it seems, can outlast

woosh! and swing, in bounding style  
my small black cricket carries  
the future forward  
to the edge of the  
asphalt graveyard