

If the stars had voices

BUFF WHITMAN-BRADLEY

If the stars had voices
They would surely sound
Like cricket song
Throbbing with passion and yearning
And tinged with melancholy
As summer's blue canoe
Drifts toward autumn.

If the stars had voices
We would sit every evening
Out on the front porch
To hear their fervent, achey airs
Just as we do now
In these tail-end days of August
Talking quietly about today's heat
And tomorrow's
And enjoying the hubbub and spectacle
Of whole galaxies of crickets
Twinkling in the grasses.