A MOUTHFUL OF CRICKETS

How do you expect to die
with a song like that, with a riot
of black fiddles among your teeth?

To sleep, to brag of eating them
conjures legs, populations, dusk,
threadbare light binding the valley.

The dream of the cave is a means,
a must, a smell crawling solid
through the foglike arms of trees.

The cavern purges its hollow ice,
a quivering tonsil. Sickles of tar
scan every river of the lips
and it’s this thousandth elsewhere,
these well-to-do’s, dear. Close up.
Something gleams when you speak.