

## **Song for Late Summer**

(Doris Avshalomov)

Grida! Grida! Grida! The cricket shrills  
Sounding shrill need in his greedy trills

Trill, trill, trill, 'til the warm world heeds.  
All hearts hearken; he plaintive pleads.

Shy skyrocket, his wooing song  
Beat-beats arcing, beseeching long.

With the summer, my heart sang too  
One warm, woeful "grida!" to you.

Heedless of hunger, a step may pass  
Silencing singer concealed by grass.