



1980

## "Somebody told me"

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Somebody told me  
frogs and crickets really can't sing.  
Bassy bulls and creeky altos  
that ease the wilderness into quiet dusk  
are nothing more than mating groans  
echoing on in sleepless nights.  
The marsh melodies and harmonies  
hum the muddy tune from dusk to dawn.  
Chests swell with pride as they flaunt midnight catches.  
Those left empty-hearted  
return lonely with the sunrise  
to drown themselves in muddy morning Tequilla.

Sue Hyde

#### Small Hours

On early iced-over autumn mornings  
I'll nestle among withering golden rod  
and russet leaves  
to watch the wet marsh fog ceiling  
lift high above grey water  
and slender cat-tail stalks.  
The gilded October sun sparks a glint  
in sullen deep black eyes  
of an amber buck  
as he dips his quivering nose  
into an ever-widening circle  
of biting, crystalline clear water.

Chris Weller