



1980

Small Hours

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Recommended Citation

Weller, Chris (1980) "Small Hours," *Calliope*: Vol. 1980 : Iss. 1 , Article 8.
Available at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1980/iss1/8>

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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