

“The Cricket’s Call”

Libretto by Cheryl Leah

*All life woke in the soft and the green and jumped to the cricket’s call
Stepping aside for the seeds in their time
while the leaves fell down in the fall
All life awoke
Prisms from flowers made patterns in the pools
alighting spirits bathed in the dew
Winged things upon the breezes blew
in the forest of the peaceful rain,
in the forest of the peaceful rain*