

Chirping Crickets: A Sonnet

Oh how the blasted crickets chirp at night
They disrespect my field and crops, those pests
So noisy, loud they come in hordes to fight
and steal they do from Charlotte's silky nests

Like sirens singing songs to charm their hearts
"bring peace!" they say, "lovely they are" says them
Like music free of charge, blind to the parts
In homes and walls, like thread through cloth they hem

Before you know it sits them in your home
they trash the living room, unwelcomed guests
they eat your food, smashing your garden gnomes
they rub their legs to screech, it never rests

in storms they fly with dead black beady eyes
They raid the towns, a menace in disguise