

“CRICKET HUNTS ARE ALSO IN THE
EVENING”



Claire Malroux

Cricket hunts are also in the evening
when the first stars
emerge from their den
our buttocks down on the teeming earth
(for to capture a cricket
you have to deluge its hole with urine
then the insect dislodged by the hot flood
will teeter on the edge of its shelter)
noses in the weeds
or eyes lifted towards the sky's protecting headdress
whose edges grow lighter
like the grey temples of an ancestor
It's a very peaceable hunt
mostly spent waiting
We don't speak, scattered in the field
instead, we live moments of prayer
listening to the dark worship
tapped by the night from earth's entrails
Pathetic in the Grass
A minor Nation celebrates
Its unobtrusive Mass
Perhaps the last sound to be silenced
when the planet gives up the ghost
for, in case of apocalypse
we imagine that birds
would choose suicide
throwing themselves all at once against the sky

Translated by Marilyn Hacker