

# “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*