

## August's Music

I hear the August melodies.  
I hear them playing in the trees.  
Cicadas with their tymbals;  
singing Summer's signs and symbols.  
The sighing breath of Summer's death  
is in their song so simple.

I write my August euphonies,  
inspired by these harmonies.  
Katydid with their vibrations.  
Music through stridulation.  
They sing a blend of Summer's end  
that speaks of transformation.

I hear this month so rhythmically.  
To me it speaks intrinsically  
of annual new beginnings;  
and spiritual underpinnings.  
That do their part to move my heart  
to a place that's not forbidding.

Summer dies so gracefully  
while Autumn enters faithfully.  
Life, death, and resurrection;  
I delight in introspection.  
These elegies so thoughtfully  
draw me toward a deep connection.

Some only hear cacophony  
and miss the joy of mystery.  
For them they are just noises.  
They miss out on these voices.  
They close their mind to what's divine,  
deafened within their choices.