First Song

Peter Beets

Then it was dusk in Illinois a small boy
After an afternoon of carting dung hung
On a rail fence, a sapped thing
So weary to cryingDark was growing tall
He began to hear the pond frogs all calling on his ear
They were calling on his ear
They were calling on his ear with what seemed their joySoon the sound was pleasant for a boy
Listening in the smoky dusk and nightfall of Illinois
And from the fields two small boys came
Bearing cornstalk violinsSo they rubbed the cornstalk bows with resins
And the three just sat there scraping of the joy
Of their joy, theyre scraping of the joyIt was now fine music, the frogs and the boys did
In the towering Illinois twilight
Make and into dark in spite a shoulders acheA boys hunched body loved out of a stalk
The first song of his happiness and the song woke his heart
Into the darkness and sadness of joyDark was growing tall
He began to hear the pond frogs all calling on his ear
They were calling on his ear
They were calling on his ear with what seemed their joy

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