

End of Summer

by Rowena Bennett



The little songs of summer are all gone today.
The little insect instruments are all packed away:
the bumblebee's snare drum, the grasshopper's guitar,
the katydid's banjo, the cricket's violin,
The dragonfly's cello have ceased their merry din.
Oh, where is the orchestra? From harpist down to drummer
They've all disappeared with the passing of the summer.

