

The Cicada Lullaby

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I point to her as proof of God,
intricate insect of design.
Her wired wings traced with golden veins,
her ancient hieroglyphic eyes.
She is Isis, goddess of birth,
mother who molts and mourns below.
Until blossoming from her roots,
she sells her carcass to the crow.
Again, the black-cloaked ravens feast,
a symphony of plucking beaks.
And deep beneath the cyclic scene,
her daughters weep a maple green.
So, when I meet her on concrete,
her breasts all crisp and legs laced dead,
I will see mothers and daughters
for whom cicadas' screams are shed.