

Brook Emery

CICADA'S SONG

The last cicada of the year,
scrapes out an unanswered song
in crazed and lonely notes.

A mynah marks its presence,
tied greenly to the earth,
soft belly begging his sharp beak.

A Tityus race of insects
tiny agonies undiminished,
each abdomen scraps for ants,

all brittle, hollow husks.
Yet still the silly song,
summer's promise, death's refrain.