**Cicadian**

Infinite nymphs sucking sweet
xylem sap, grubbed in mud, waiting
these seventeen years for the siren
song to draw them upwards at last
into mad, full-throated orgy, the brief
bacchanal before only molted husks
remain, lining every tree like abandoned
burkas, like withered penitents awaiting
the Rapture. And then silence—
the sharp and harrowing nothing left
when life has gone to ground.