**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.