Cicada

Night moves its limbs through the land
a marionette divinity strung upon stars

when night passes through
hard insect bodies hunker down
to shining trees and brace themselves
against the rough hands inside them
tireless fireflies burn through the dark
to scrawl some yearning for the world

she comes to the field at night
when joy is at a desperate pitch

a bad luck soul—a play of light—a twig
snapped—nothing can be helped here

the earth lunges forward and rolls
like a Ferris wheel gathering speed

for departure from God who except for the weather
just sits there dreaming like a dormant volcano

while she dances—hikes up her dress
her arms and hair dancing—collarbone hip bones shoulders

for a center to be fixed beyond belief
she’s a whirligig fiercely spinning—craning

her body to summon the swifts and octopus winds
by morning she’ll be fastened to bark
a body filled with light
brittle wings snapped shut

small wings like leaves
licked clean by weather