

*Cicada Husk On A Fencepost*

- I. I sing the breaking out,  
the locust one skin closer

to the core, throbbing,  
it seems, more sweetly,  
till its new shell hardens.

- II. Like a hole in the light,  
a speck troubles my vision;

it's the universe  
ready to take me in  
as soon as I shut my eyes.

- III. The sun fits us all  
with shadows, shadow ives.

I must settle for dusk:  
this straining to hear  
insects unzipping the air.