

Cicadas

The Cicadas cry in somber tune,
As I lay and think of you.
Will you return? Where have you gone?
How long will they cry their song?

A cadence lost in dreary tone,
I sit here lost and all alone.
Within a symphony of empathy,
Natures mourning elegy.

I close my eyes to see your face,
The leaves rustle, and the sun fades.
A quick dream back through the years,
Cicadas' song rings in my ears.

My body left atop the grass,
I remember when I saw you last.
A day like this, the solemn song fills the air,
Cherry blossoms in your hair.

You told me that you loved me,
As we stood together in the breeze.
That day came and went far to swift,
Like the listless song in the wind adrift.

The cycle goes on for them unchanged,
Without you though I feel estranged.
In epic chorus, I'll wait in sin,
Until I can hold you once again.

On your grave, I'll sleep tonight,
For I cannot bear to be out of sight.
I'll spend all my time with you,
As the Cicadas cry their lonesome tune.

—Camden Brooks