

Ballad of the Cicada

by Michael South

Silent, and with a meager glow
 From some horizon far away,
The scattered suns begin to show
 Themselves in thunderous array.
 It's beautiful, all men would say.
But I confess that nothing brings
 To me a smile quite like the way
The lonely brown cicada sings.

I've never heard it start, although
 The second that I hear him play,
It seems it was so long ago
 He might have started yesterday.
 And coupled with the rhythmic sway
Of wind-persuaded evergreens
 Beneath a field of orange and gray,
The lonely brown cicada sings.

And when the sun has gone so low
 As to reclaim that final ray,
His song becomes so faint and slow
 I barely hear it pass away.
 But as he goes, his sonnets stay
Adrift on nighttime's darkened wings,
 And still, to silence's dismay,
The lonely brown cicada sings.

Envoy

My God, I come to humbly pray
That I, despite my mutterings
Might always sing to you the way
The lonely brown cicada sings.