August Poem

the cicadas come up
out of their long black thinking

soil loosening
around their hooked feet

they climb the trees
like old prayers
with claws

split open
down the back

and leave themselves
gripping the bark

brown husks
empty as warnings

while something winged
and wet
drags free

then hardens
in the heat

all day the trees scream

not with pain

with wanting

with the old engine

Copyright Scott Simpson, All Rights Reserved

August Poem

of becoming

grinding its teeth
in the green dark

I have held on
to less than this

my own dead face
still clinging

somewhere behind me

while the thing I feared
I was becoming

climbed out

and sang

Copyright Scott Simpson, All Rights Reserved