

CICADA

Lee Evans

My shell was getting tight,
And hardly could I breathe.
I strained with all my might,
And scaled a poplar tree
To reach a certain height.

No farther could I climb.
The past was growing dim.
To leave it all behind
Was all my longing grim.
Arthritis seized my spine.

I waited and I watched;
A Quaker paralyzed,
Enduring all to reach
Beyond what I despised:
My liberty to hatch.

And all that I could think
Was bounded in the shell
That held me on the brink,
While still my spirit swelled!
I sought the missing link,

And found it suddenly:
The world that I had known
Evolved from out of me,
As the same shield of bone
That rendered me unfree.

And what was yet to come
Would mirror me likewise.
When all that I had done
Cracked open, I did rise
To see my armor hung

Like a museum piece,
To scholars hearts so dear:
Who study every crease
While on their deafened ears
My droning mantra beats!

“Cicada” © 2007 by Lee Evans

Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 4 No. 2 2007