

When the Seventeen-Year Cicadas Are Deafening

Say she's a road
with no streetlights.

A knee deep
sink step
into marsh.

An owl scooping holes in the air with its calls.
A caesura pond.

And a month
is a plane flying west through time zones.

Unpeeled nights
still on the stem.

Low tide recedes a mile.

We can walk across the bay but the bluefish
will chase us back.

Hamstrings bruised
like ripe figs.

We see with fingers that grip the shirt in front of us.

A tadpole coughs out two legs.
The shortest distance
between two places is running.

Remember when the storm rounded
the point and her hair stood
on end?

She bottled that charge, sips it on days with flat
terrains.

She spits bluffs
and we don't
know if we're being deceived
or given a sand cliff to jump.

Because black water is a different species of swimming.

And sometimes we don't know
if our eyes are open or closed.