

# The year of the cicada

by [Anthony Opal](#) in the [June 29, 2010](#) issue

Jesus lights a fire on the shore  
and waits for the thin blue dawn.  
Time folds like a piece of paper.  
Time reaches its end and everything  
keeps going. Boats rise and fall  
like lightning in the distance.

I remember how the trees were  
covered with sirens that year like birds  
flying like birds, and how we tried  
to lift one onto a stick. It was June  
and I was in love. We were  
below the northern lights in my memory

water was evaporating everywhere  
around us the heat was filling  
the air with mist. But of course I recognize  
everything after the fact. Jesus waits  
for his friends on the beach. The ground  
I'm sure was littered with shells.