

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.