

## Ballad of the Cicada

*by Michael South*

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Silent, and with a meager glow  
From some horizon far away,  
The scattered suns begin to show  
Themselves in thunderous array.  
It's beautiful, all men would say.  
But I confess that nothing brings  
To me a smile quite like the way  
The lonely brown cicada sings.

I've never heard it start, although  
The second that I hear him play,  
It seems it was so long ago  
He might have started yesterday.  
And coupled with the rhythmic sway  
Of wind-persuaded evergreens  
Beneath a field of orange and gray,  
The lonely brown cicada sings.

And when the sun has gone so low  
As to reclaim that final ray,  
His song becomes so faint and slow  
I barely hear it pass away.  
But as he goes, his sonnets stay  
Adrift on nighttime's darkened wings,  
And still, to silence's dismay,  
The lonely brown cicada sings.

*Envoy*

My God, I come to humbly pray  
That I, despite my mutterings  
Might always sing to you the way  
The lonely brown cicada sings.