

Cicadas

By Caitlin Maling | 3 February 2024

After Dimitra Harvey

In my marriage we argue
over building, offer each other tenders,
bid on chores. I read my friend's poem
about cicadas, each season of stanzas
carefully kneaded. She is a cook, bakes
cakes so real the sugar flowers could wilt
and you wouldn't know the petals were fake till
they fell and the ants came. In the poem
she knows the cicadas nest in dirt 18 years.
Everything else is a plant, or statue
spun till it stills. Let me tell you
of how the only clay I make crumbled
broke in the kiln from air, I was only taking classes
to try and find the poem in how I knew I would fail.
This is similar to how I fall apart in prenatal
yoga unable to make my arms and shoulders
in time – hold it. All of this
is to say, I admire the poem that can
tough it out, I am cautious of anything built
to last, what things might lie in soil waiting,
able to exploit any crack to get to air.

Sourced from <http://cordite.org.au/poetry/baby/cicadas-2/> 10 April 2024