

Cicadas

The cicadas stopped buzzing today
and I think I know why
the human heart has grown cold
and it's affected the sky

for there's frost on the grass
and it's probably our fault
we do tend to squabble
over oil and salt
we forget our friends
for a bag of coins
or we kill one another
for a warmth in our loins

I think all that harsh wind
that comes from our mouths
has all of the birds
headed down south
we've gone winter in soul
and I sincerely hope
that it's not the end of our year
we've lost some control
at the end of our rope
and we've turned to the comfort of fear

so the buzzing dies down
and the trees lose their leaves
the mammals retreat to their dens

and we carry on making it colder

Cloud-Songs

When's the last time that you sang in the rain?
And, no, not the kind that falls to the drain.
The kind that dwells in the trembling air,
have you danced with the freedom of the drops that live there?

Ever sang harmony for the gray clouds
as their notes shake the land and empty the towns?
You can see their voices and cosmic might
for when a cloud speaks, it's language is light

A sentence will zig zag every which way
and a chorus will rattle a city
the cloud-songs will play without pity
and bring night-time where once it was day

And when the clouds break, their song is replaced
by the stanzas of foraging creatures
consuming the notes and all greener features
of the places the cloud-songs once played

Wildfire

A spark!

and in that moment I saw what lie in the dark;
an evil in the human heart
and how far we've missed our mark.

A flame!

and in that light I saw where we lay our blame;
we cursed the gods that fled our plane
or the leaders we have named.

A fire!

The fire!

An all consuming blaze of greed and desire!

The forests have burned
and our children have cried
yet we pretend to remain asleep
'till they've died.

Why?

So to fight wildfire that spreads
wherever it may choose
I'll awake from my dreams
and be put to use.

Hazardous

I find myself unable to move
when your gaze I meet
I fall into your eyes
Torrential
Tidal
I forget how to swim
so there I drown

I sink down to the chasm
in the depth of your words
in a voice that demands devotion
diction smooth as silk

And how they are,
your words,
silken threads
to catch my mind in their web
so you might scoop me up,
wrap me tight,
and save me for later.
Maybe to one day touch your lips
with their venomous sweet.
Intoxicating and deadly enough
to stop my heart
for more than a moment.

Then to be swept away
in your zephyrous resolve,
crashing through towns,
taking down obstacles
without mercy,
yet setting me down gently enough
to want to ride the winds again.

Beautiful beyond safety.
Tempting beyond reason.
Praiseworthy beyond divinity.

You're a hazard
to my heart
and I might be quarantined.

But to be alone with you,
my disease,
might kill me.

And I do not wish for a cure.

Gods of the Grass

I could hear the songs once
in the voices of the blades
of grass
I would listen as their
long green stalks
pressed into my back
tickling as much as irritating

I could feel them shift
beneath my weight
as I lay down
desperately trying to escape this
giant thing
before they were crushed

I must wonder then
what the grass thought of me.
Was I
to them
a monster?
An oaf?
Ignorant and above
their discomfort and demise,

was I a god?

True that I could
destroy them
as soon as sow the seed,
but I was not the one
that made them.

If the grass did know
that I was no god
would they fear me
just the same?
Would they hate the doe
that consumed their kin?

What of the fawn?

Did they tell stories
to their sons
of the birds that carry
the newborn away from
nursery fields?
Or would they
revere the wings
and beaks
for selecting the weak

and strengthening the next generation?

Humbling to me,
like the birds in the trees
and the deer in prairies,
we are gods.

Gods of the Grass
and none else.