

## THE CICADAS

the cicadas are almost frightening tonight. there must be thousands of them in the weeping willow alone. you can't hear yourself think. the sound of them is just intense. before, when i was standing outside, i was engulfed by this racket as the sky, without thunder, kept periodically lighting up. now, suddenly, besides the cicadas, their racket, there is also the addition of the thunder rumbling. it sounds as though it's tearing up the horizon as it steadily comes closer and closer. so i close the windows and turn the air conditioner on. i light a long thin cigar. immediately the smoke starts off towards the air conditioner. when it disappears inside of it i take another puff and start the journey of smoke all over again. the storm is moving overhead. there's rain. even with the windows closed and the air conditioner going i can hear the rain. it's coming in waves. curious to see how this has affected the cicadas, i open the back window. they're quiet. as quiet as scared humans they are.