

## 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.