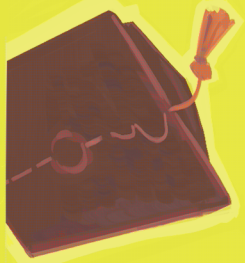


the cicada



©sammasoop

move in rows of
stitches joining
two halves
of gratitude

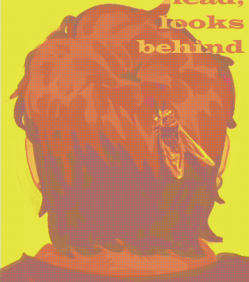


down the hill
and under
where my
hair has
grown I

climbs
13
years
up my
arm
the



crown
of my
head,
looks
behind



toward
northern
cities
eclipsed



by red
halo and
buzzing
wings