

Cicada Days

Will Wood

The greener grass grows where the wildfires fertilize
With ashes of sparrows, peppered moths, and butterflies
Ghosts of trees and termites bloom in the beanstalk

And if you get lightheaded when standing too fast
Is it from shaking out the weight of phosphenes and pasts
Salt deposits on warm little rivers that burst from our words

And god knows crying ain't gonna change a thing
She said "take care," but I take more than I bring

She said "It just feels inhumane to lose this much"
Cause when you leave, you know you take more than your love
Just one week of cicada days we're losing touch
And I know it just feels inhumane to lose this much

Our nerves were braided under ceiling stars, they were all
Glow-in-the-dark, hanging over queen-sized
Purple waves of ancient chemicals
Just whisper

Did you ever build with those endangered bones?
Well the ground looks soft enough to bury this now
Oh please, oh no

And then my sponsor said "Do nothing. Nothing works"
And then my doctor said "Don't do that if it hurts"

She said "It just feels inhumane to lose this much"
Cause when you leave, you know you take more than your love
The seasons of cicada days we can't make up
And I know it just feels inhumane to lose this much

Let all my red flags fade to white, yeah, I give up
Don't let me leave, I'll only take more than I gave. Okay, I'll
pack my stuff
Here at the end of days, my god, what have I done?
Christ now it feels damn inhumane to get all I've dreamed of

Keep coming back, it works if you work it
So work it, you're worth it, it won't if you don't
One day at a time, tomorrow's too late, amen