

Cicadas

Anna Turgeon

Background noise takes center stage
When it's least desired.

I think I'm hard of hearing
(is it hereditary?)
Because I can't hear myself think tonight.
This cicada crowd is drowning out my words
And silencing my memories.
The din of dusk drones on and crescendos with my empathy.
A swell of understanding, a glimpse of her world.

I think I'm hard of hearing
Because I can barely hear you tonight.
Recollections of you in this house conflate into
An amalgam of hushed tones just out of earshot.
Even my grief: it merely whispers here somehow.
The cicadas are out tonight, grandma...
Please, come closer, speak louder.