

On the Turning of the Year

To witness five seventeen-year cicada
cycles in a lifetime—To hear an entomologist refer to cycles
as *blooms*—

To say a metallic clicking noise repels the crows in our apple
orchard—To say cicada *blooms* explain the crashing
bird populations—

To list reasons why I wish to murmur injunctions of praise
in the ellipses of fireflies—To wonder if a funicular monikered *angel flight*,
rusted out-of-commission on a city hill,
a mourning dove over beds of grass-licked cloud, hovers—

To ponder the alpha and omega of eating
salmon roe—To sing the floating syllables of winter suns—
trilling rose-fire of melisma—

To arrange stargazer lilies on a console so a day
brightens—To seek an equivalent for *nonexistence*
not *absence*—

To pray until we vanish together, in sum—
To say without song, *hosanna*—at the turning of the year