

Late July

by Agnes Ezra Arabella

The cicadas struck their sounds
Their ribs made a clicking drum
The sound was formed over buckling ribs
vibrations sounds like a maracas bangle beating
She sat up in a lounge chair
trying to sleep
The tiny ants
she found tickling her arm
They crawled from
some hole around the concrete

The ants knew how to eat
They marched the kitchen counter tops
hunting drops and droplets of crumbs
something left over from the laughter
something left behind from the glum
rows and rows
swirls and swirls
as if in the formation march

The ants they made a sound
a flick that could only be heard in the dirt
The ants will follow you to the end of the
Earth without saying a thing
They will eat you out of house and home
before you return for dinner
and realized what you have lost
The poor plum
The slim bread
The sweet jam on a butter knife in the
sink
capsized all Winter long

On her way to the counter
she could
not find otherwise
Oh sweet ant!
Erupt on the silken table tops

Oh have and have nots!
The thing that tightens at the throat
tightens in the eyes
and the nose
The insects were here
as if
preserved
in amber
forever
archaic animals
underneath her feet
always
from the water

She waited always until the heat built
like the amber that held things forever
The cicadas burnt her ears
The ants burnt her eyes
she thought:
Oh sweet amber
Good-bye late July!

