Cicada

Hannah Pritchard

Heart spread out like fragile wings—
cicada, paper lantern, bone porcelain.
Is that what I am now? Gentle pencil
traces of a moth pinned down.
I am frozen in time, I am mosquito,
trapped in amber syrup, I am unchanged
since last time I saw my mother.

Heat and stick remind me of L’Estaque in summer,
braid my hair with smoke of lit up Gauloises—
not suddenly, I am back to thin-bodied thirteen
sitting with feet dipped in familiar stream,
feeling rocks in my palms and tossing them
to become smooth in the brine.