

# 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.