

Bent July Landscape · *Catherine French*

A cicada's clumsy flight
into the side of my face,
its crude husk the source
of that spilled, obsessive sound.
It is beautiful as it leaves,
flying down the hill
away from sight.
The stunted cherry and green plum
root to the disturbed fields
with thistle and cheat grass,
their mute past given now to hardness,
to the small fruits they make,
like my own heavy limbs, flightless.
They take their disfigurement quietly.
A mockingbird breaks into a royal anne,
flies off with a piece of white flesh.