

1-1-2020

Cicada Sound

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Recommended Citation

Provenzale, Megan M. (2020) "Cicada Sound," *Digressions Literary Magazine*: Vol. 17 , Article 28.
Available at: <https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol17/iss1/28>

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Cicada Sound

Author Bio

During her time in undergrad at Lipscomb University in Nashville, Megan rediscovered a love for poetry after taking an Intro to Creative Writing course. Many of the pieces she has written are inspired by her experiences maturing and growing in a city that she says is technically “not my home, but feels more like it than my real one.” When not working or doing school work, you can usually find her planning the details of an upcoming adventure or turning her apartment inside out in the hopes of redecorating it.

CICADA SOUND

MEGAN PROVENZALE

bare legs
against a white cotton duvet
is my favorite prayer

today, I pray hard
I would like to leave you behind -
but only if the soft parts
that make up memory surrender

the sound of your keys
being set on my nightstand
get in these sheets
eight o'clock at night

the sun shed
pink light that filled the room

summer was a time
measured only
in your breaths

crooks in your arms and neck - evidence we
collected
through a cracked window, we heard bikes
whiz by

neighbors' voices blended
into cicada sound
the ceiling fan
was the only one inside

I cannot forget
this kind of silence
it seems so loud now