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On Sleep and Cicadas

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Sleep is the chatter of whispers, a voice within voice, within image that belongs to me in the fact that the drama and complexity they support are in my tongue and behind it, fondling the featureless console. A word within a phrase withdraws itself from the preceding pulse of image and narration and without a skip of loosing of joint convenes in the metamorphosed version of the original thought. I the passenger question nothing of its naturalness like a dream where the characters are in flesh the image of a good friend but contain the personality of a completely different individual. Caught up in the circumstances of the drama unfolding within your head you question nothing.

This complication of wound paths loosens. Images evaporate into the whispers that tumble and evolve; the words that belong bleed in and out of the inwardly escaping sounds of consciousness and sleep forgotten. Awareness is a buzz, a dry throated wail, like the sound of cicadas among the trees that have joined me as I awake, with me in the face of this plane of conditions that is rich with the odors of flesh and scandal capped in the darkness of summer evening.

My room ticks like a bad connection, but that is just the trickery of sleep's final lifting films. Below the wonderful agitation-wrought bawl of the cicada is the sputtering might of automobiles, metallic snail shells the hoods of which conceal the stuff of creation. An explosion encapsulated in a finely ground socket of oiled steel, this wonder couples with three, five, seven of its mates, a homogeneous vibration, each socket claiming no distinct sound. They agitate me in tender irrationality, they interfere with the chorus of the locusts that I, wound within the sheets of the woven hole of my bed, emulate in telepathic direction. It's incredible, when the snails have momentarily scattered pursuing the ends of streets that blik-block outward achieving various distances, the choir of china tin and cellophane moths in a motionless explosion begins its wail of whipping vibration. The sound with eyes closed achieves strange dimension. Immense and shaped like a deep pool of emerald static

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sets the air, an etherish liquid, at crazy angles, the molecules themselves aggravated and seeking escape.

Each cellophane winged choir member with Geiger legs affixing itself to bark like a heavy broken skin joins its kind among treetop empires, the boundaries of which are drawn by the asphalt ribbons of avenues and the awkward boxiness of houses and buildings.

By chance of the moments I now inhabit, it begins to the south west like a thick cold gas poured over a relief version of the town area I imagine to exist outside. It wafts nearer gaining in accompaniment, sending the urge of instinct in its chords, inspiring each member to resume its own empire where the last begin to fade and become a simple click. Like a large crystal coin grating across a clean sheet of glass, the latitude dips this way and that causing the token to trace an imperfect figure eight on its surface. In my range I guess it to be descending north east toward me sweeping through my neighborhood igniting chains that might fizz and spark across Lombard bleeding into Elmhurst. The reverberations must travel everywhere across the flora rich islands of the United States, chains of chiding cicadas like changing winds on glassy waters, but the scale gauged in continents.