

Cicada Canto

Kevin Stack

If I squint I can see
Kurtz come Coppola
up over the growth
in the dawn fog,
the sunlight jaundiced:
she is naked
in her landmines,
she is naked
in her trash fires.
She creeps in the smoke
and mosquitoes plan
an existence—
the oxen low
in their yokes
and palm sugar
is reduced in
soot-faced pots.
Clay stoves
huff and puff to
burn green brush
and her history
has not been
entirely de-mined.
I crack
the sliding door
and hear the
snipped tongue work itself
over the rotten teeth,
the one-note shriek:
this story is told
in cicada cantos
as the new buds
are feasted on.
Dry leaves
drop to tiled
pool bottoms
and nets come
for even those.



Kevin Stack is following the Henry Miller school of writing, slowly easing into it starting in 1992 and gaining speed around age 33, when he started submitting his work (which can be found at various places on the internet) and honing poems that hit his readers like the poets he loves have hit him. In between writing lines of verse, Kevin feeds his muse (and his bank account) by educating youth, spending time in the bowels of the restaurant industry, playing rock n roll, and traveling.