

Cicada Summers

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One of my superpowers is that I am completely unafraid of bees; buzzing right up to my neck cause I'm wearing a flower print shirt or dripping some half-melted strawberry slushy all over my hands. A friend once told me I could probably eat poison ivy without issue. Hate the heat but love the bugs summer, on the it's been too long since I climbed a tree team, I miss the burrs in my hair girl—Where can I find someone who belongs to the woods as much as I do?

I guess this is what I get for settling in a city I love.

But the forest is here too, you know, just sublimated, just subtlety growing in behind our ears. Find a magician on the street corner to pull it out into view: shocking, bald-faced. And the cicadas will tell you for free. Look, just ask them: where they cling screaming to your sixth floor window screen.

The coyotes have moved in, downstairs. Invite them over, won't you?

For dinner, notice the dandelions punching through concrete. The crab grass that won't give it up, no matter how much gravel how much acrid asphalt the ants keep coming back. There are lives adapted specifically to inhabit the habitat of humanity.

We are all biomes here.

And if we were afraid of animals in proportion to how likely they are to kill us everyone in the world would be terrified of mosquitos. But instead we kill sharks. Instead we hunted our fellow hunters, the wolves, into obscurity.

Or fed them, into dogs.