

Hey, Hey, Cicada

Written by Foster Brown © 2016

Hey, hey, cicada, where ya been?
It's been 17 years, now you're back again.
Shake off the dirt; it's time for you to sing.

I hear that you've been underground,
Suckin' up juice, getting fat and round.
Shake off the dirt; it's time for you to sing.

***After four instars - Oh, you're looking good;
Increasing in size - as you know you should.
You've climbed to the surface, ready to sport some wings.***

Take a little stretch, crawl out of your shell;
Expand your wings - harden up a spell.
Warm up your tymbals; it's time for you to sing.

Males, sing out your species song,
Work your magic, bring in the female throngs.
Oh, here they come... it's time for you to sing.

***I know you females cannot sing.
With your ovipositors you cannot sting,
But you can slice a twig to lay your many eggs.***

Hey, hey cicada, your life's nearly gone.
In a month you'll be singing your final song,
But your 400 eggs will be happy you sang so well.

In six to eight weeks your eggs will hatch.
Nymphs drop to the ground in a grassy patch,
Heading underground for 17 long, long years.

Oh, and when they emerge, I'll be in my 73rd year!

