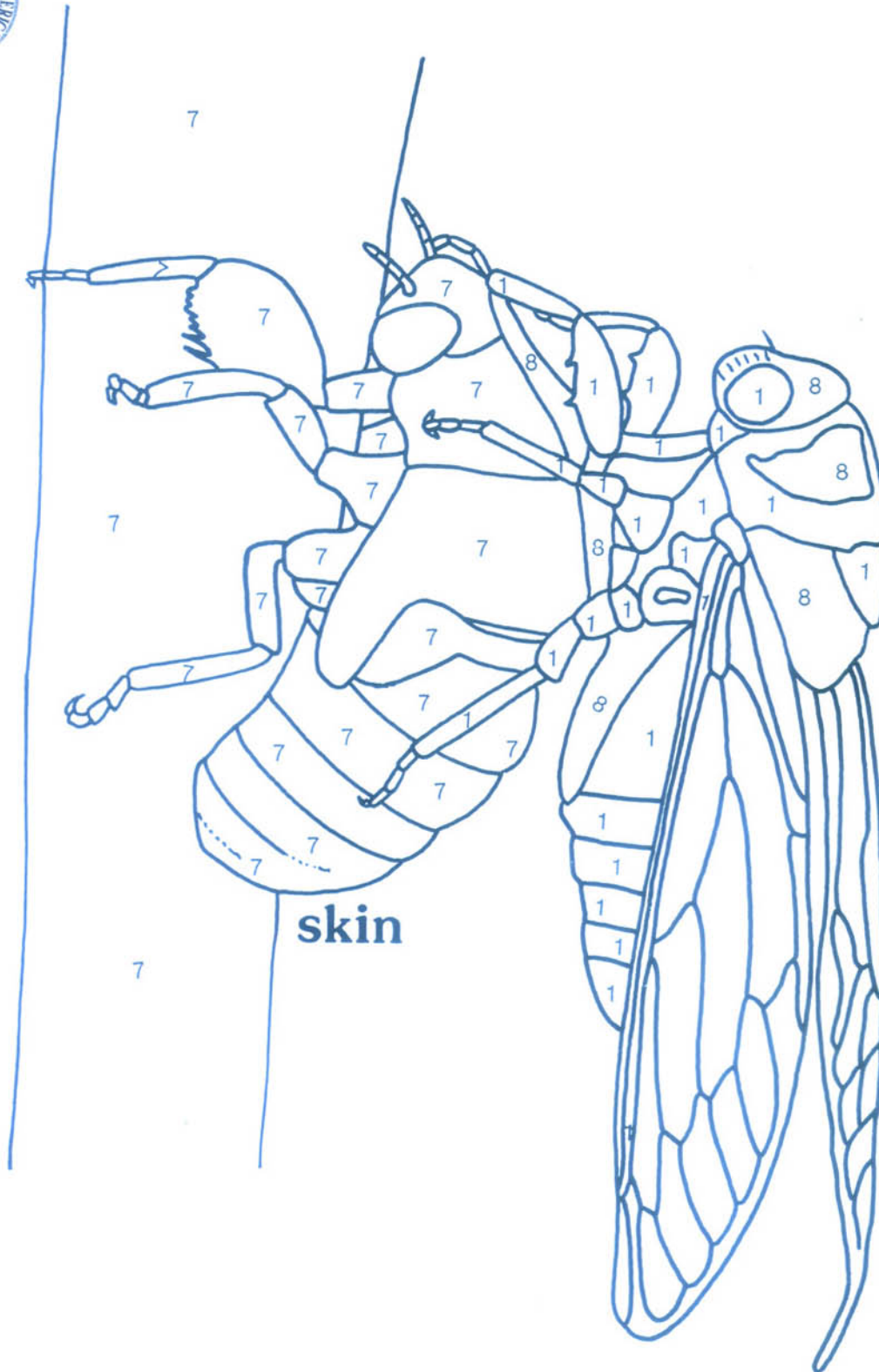


CICADA



After I shed my skin, I live in the trees
and sing. My wings are clear.