

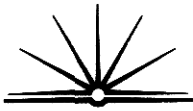
Q2. c)

Dear Catherine,

I recently read your poem 'Cicadas' and was moved by your detailed view of the changes undergone by cicadas.

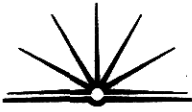
As a child I was always afraid of the hard dry shell of cicadas often left on a tree trunk in our garden. My brother would often hide these around my room and when I began to hear cicadae song in the late ^{summer} afternoons, I became petrified that I would find one.

As I got older I began to see them for what they really were. ~~As~~ An empty shell, worthless and discarded like an empty drink can.



Thinking about it, it's almost sad, the cicada spends such a big part of its life in this skin, only to leave it ~~behind~~ behind to be screamed at by little girls and crushed by ~~the~~ little boys.

Your poem has reminded me of the metamorphosis of butterflies, I would often spend my child hood catching caterpillars in glass jars, and watching them each day waiting for the day that the tiny grub would roll up into its cocoon and burst Spectacularly into a butterfly. This process reminds me quite a bit of my own adolescence. playing through my caterpillar days, longing for



my teenage years where I ~~and~~ fled to my crysalis/bedroom, to hide out my cocoon years, learning precious skills until I emerged finally, a full grown adult butterfly.

The butterfly days of the cicada are in some ways not as spectacular. They don't seem to have the ~~to~~ prickly middle, cocoon stage, they just burst, from grub to butterfly.

In some ways I yearn ~~for~~ to relive my life as a cicada, no long learning period, just a ~~an~~ sudden change, but then I feel that my life would be half empty, as a butterfly I would not be as spectacular.



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Catherine Pillar