

SWAMPSCAPE/ESCAPE

In suspended belief, I watched an alligator
in the Everglades sporting 4 orange butterflies
on his head and snout. I swear he was grinning,
all his dagger teeth exposed, unthreatening,
just studding his amusement. The flittery wings
were small flames flickering against his ugly dark,
doing their best to brighten his slimy existence.

The dainty fliers must have been feasting
on some substrata of life living on his gross hide—
maybe something more exotic than what they find
in mud. The absurd contrast, the visual shock
were the best part of my tour of this southern thumb
poked into the Atlantic. I was trying to escape
supersymmetry, subatomic particles, string theory.
I came down here with thoughts of a riffling hitch,
a one-handed rod with a dry fly, and singing streams.
Then the rivers of grass mesmerized me, lured me
past my intentions.

Beyond fishing lines, my inner strings vibrated.
Extra dimensions smashed my uptight atoms,
my membranes quivered with the impact
of unimagined beauty, suprise, awakening.

Maybe that's how the gator felt.