SWAMP STANDARD TIME

Two rival egrets in long courting plumage drink their last reflections.

Sun drops suddenly.

After is not for humans.

A night heron shrieks.

Wind wrinkles water around cottonmouth coils and bald cypress knees.

Mist and moon mingle.
Wings and pawpads ply shadows.
Rats and rabbits hide.

Now is the hunter's.
Only hunger rules the dark.
Law is ancient here.

I return to my world reluctantly where light disguises evil and law is less sure.

--Glenna Holloway