

Reading

## The Interloper

Beneath inverted black fir jungle  
 of water hyacinth roots underweaving  
 my hidden bayou, my diver's lamp  
 the only hold with my world, I disturb  
 a concert of stripes: Hundreds  
 of inch-long fishes silver-slanting  
 right or left as my hand directs.  
 A king size mud cat like Genghis Khan  
 eyes me from the olive drab floor.  
 And overhead! My lost boat! Impounded  
 since last summer's <sup>Big Farm</sup> ~~clamped listing submerged~~  
 in a wet/dry vise, sun-half of bulbous green  
 vases feigning innocence with flowers--  
 night-half of fringe and garland chain,  
 propeller upholstered in velvet.  
 I rip away the slimy grip and feel  
 hairy stalactites creep closer, determined  
 as topside kudzu. ~~The gasoline fed screw might~~  
~~thresh a few feet before losing.~~ A spring army  
 of trees wades out to make a stockade.  
 Roman-helmeted herons patrol <sup>plunging</sup>  
 the narrowing perimeter above with lances.  
 Here, the mighty Khan rules, guarded by turtles.  
 And I, lingering, slave to light and lungs,  
 must fight myself ~~back~~ <sup>back to my world</sup>

fascinated

of a broken  
cypress tree