

DEEP SWAMP

Sun falls suddenly.
Human steps hurry away.
A night heron shrieks.

Wind wrinkles water
around jutting cypress knees
and cottonmouth coils.

Mist and moon mingle,
crisscrossed with silent owl wings.
There are young to feed.

A fawn drinks quickly.
Sawgrass parts, a bobcat springs,
staining the green moss.

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