

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 ^{Big Farm} ~~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 ^{plunging}
 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~~ ^{back to my world}

fascinated

of a broken
 cypress tree

