

DURING SAGA DAWA, I WALK TO THE MARSH; YOU SHOULD TOO

Get there early on a day of spotty rain;
be on the muddy path and find
contentment with damp clothes.

You'll hear palmettos off to the side,
yaupons on your way. You'll hear
shuffling under leaves, feel the sharp sting
hit your skin, though you're covered
in bug spray.

You'll walk in the dark and ever more darkness
of the wood, until there is light
at the end of the tunnel-leaves, streaks
from under a field of water hyacinth and duckweed.

You'll think you can tiptoe over them,
and you will want to
when you see far over sky-patches of water,
mangrove green—

Great Egret moving in sleek motion,
moorhens like shadows
scooting across your view.

You'll hear beyond your shoulder
through the pink flush of sky—
the *conk-a-reee!* of the red-winged blackbird amid cordgrass
and cattails.

Inhaling the sugared earth, you'll want to die
with the songs of the amphibial trillions.
You'll want to die.

You'll want to die and live it over
and over again,

as they do