

The Master Swamp

Off in the bushes
of deserted longing
I heard a sound:
a coven of ghosts, applauding.

Came back inside
and the muscle report (which runs deep tonight)
is calling out,
outward to abandoned fires.

A visit from an old self
thought to be lost or forgotten
meets up with the foreign taste of surrogate tongue
which licks familiar but unrecognized boundaries.

Are we shedding in cycles,
or secreting the same sloughed-off skin,
indifferent somehow and shrunk
from these distended longings?

Or is this just a backing-up motion,
a detour into slack water
where all swamps tend to replicate
The Master Swamp?