

violent disturbed clouds of malarial swamp mosquitos
in unexhausted hallucinations from their wing dances
and firefly lanterns moving vividly in and out of
 the watery night chorus of croaking bullfrogs.
 fat executioners wet green and black
 in lunar fertility wagers articulating rough seduction
 with the hope that they are closer to their destination
 than the closest snake
 seeking the territory of meals.

subordinate heads just above the waterline surface signal cadences
of thick smelly breeding ponds of dead matter and vegetation.

it becomes clearer to me that instinct has the nature of
 addiction to the gaming tables
 where the real bets are placed.

at the edge of the wager.
wf.h.
2018