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Two-mile

Marty Williams

Slow creek most days, gnat
galaxies drift and swirl, a heron
wades, waits for bream to swim
past, anoles nod in red-
bearded lust, dance and blend
green, and green
the spring pond, weed-
crowded; amphiuma slink
through mud, a corn snake
rests in a branch above and above
a red-tailed hawk circles, shrieks
over fallen pines giving
themselves to earth and honey
mushrooms, and one
fat gold argiope
sews its stiff yellow
web across my path.