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## Somewhere Near the Swamp

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## *Somewhere Near the Swamp*

After the leaves have fallen  
he puts on his camouflage outfit  
and blackens his face with charcoal.  
In the car, driving past bonfires,  
front yards lit up like war,  
he listens to the recorded sounds  
of the wild turkey, scraping, sucking  
sounds he can feel in his throat  
under the wattles of his neck.

Somewhere near the swamp  
the wild turkeys are shuffling their heavy bodies  
through the brown and silver underbrush  
like creatures falling into a deep sleep,  
or stones dropping on water.  
He can taste the cold on his teeth,  
gun metal.  
He follows the black snapping branches  
that slice the air before him,  
the streak of sunset a lantern  
disappearing fast.  
When that goes there's only the darkness,  
his own dull flesh,  
bird sounds  
looking for a way to get out.