

Reclamation

by Lou Marin

Among blue tarps and bayou
there is trash and triumph.
They say crime
is taking over down here.
New Orleans will reclaim hers.

The day ends,
night begins.
Lightning streaks and thunder rumbles.
Cool soothing rain washes all anew.
Nature reclaims hers.

On the back deck
we sit and trade beer for stories.
Cajun thieves and water moccasins
walk about in tales.
Beer, barbecue, and red fish
join the mix
until mosquitoes demand
their pint of blood.
We go inside.
Nature reclaims hers.

Hammers and saws,
rebuild and rebirth

awaken me, then mingle
with birds chirping, frogs peeping,
and the cricket's continuous drone.
Nature reclaims her own.

I am in New Orleans on my wedding day.
I join my siblings for a swamp tour.
On an airboat we go
to where the duckweed,
giant blue herons
and gators rule the day and night.
Man is just a curiosity
to be eyed for the dinner
he could be.
It seems to me,
nature reclaims hers.

We are Mr. and Mrs.,
discussing family and future.
The lady next door died.
The place may be haunted,
but it would be good to move down here
in a few years.
New Orleans reclaims hers.