

In Livingston Parish, Dreaming of Li Po



Li Po, this is your invite to the Prop Stop,
a honky-tonk unreachable except by boat
where we'd tether to a buoy and then, barefoot
or in flip-flops, tightrope across a rug of skiffs,
two weekenders not looking for trouble
but ready to battle any slurs the hicks unleash.
I keep samurai toothpicks and wine on hand,
though little news and nothing but wild company
brave the drawbridge to visit this distant post—
only a den of armadillos and dime-sized frogs
that answer to your moon. Once a man broke through
my yard with a wild turkey over his shoulder,

but he didn't stop to talk. I later heard he was
some houseboat squatter come ashore
who uprooted a travel trailer, leaving behind
an acre of shipyard squalor, red clay getaway
and all. Which reminds me—lose the topknot
and wear an orange vest. It's bow season,
and I fear a wild pig, or worse, will discover
you sleeping off pink zinfandel in the palmettos.
Always travel at night, in a swarm of mist.
If you send word, I'll take the four-wheeler
and meet you at the property line.