

"Last Lowcountry Haunt" by
Joy Donnell

Thought
it was
the sky;
Blue's haint
snaring and
ensnaring me.
Encircling charm
of a cobalt bottle tree.
Dawn-hot glass slow
sizzles my once light,
low lingering spirit.
Unanswered, my
screams vaporize
to morning mist.
Sunrise and all that
Hoodoo burning up
whatever's left of me.