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Flea Market

Those stuffed baby alligators

I refused to buy possessed

that glassy-eyed look of unknowing,

one dressed as bride; the other, groom.

Were they our better angels?

Dawn came numb from lack of sleep,

air so warm a vulture already floated

sluggishly aloft in slow circuits,

like a drone controlled two thousand

miles away. In the cattle yards,

the gawky whooping crane towered

over the sandhill cranes, sharing

their feed as if nothing were wrong.

I can't imagine that other life,

the one where we would never have met.

Life without past or future.

---William Logan