

JOURNAL OF FLORIDA STUDIES

AN INTERDISCIPLINARY JOURNAL OF THE IDEA AND PLACE THAT IS FLORIDA

Volume 1, Issue 5, 2016

Some Floridas

Saint Augustine

Hear you while the ocean tumbles and cow-nose rays scare bathers in the surf and lightning freights a cloud all the way to downpour. Wake up the still river and a sea of you to look at all the night long, sweet baby, these blues a frail swell of heat ticking down, choir of cicadas back in the loblollies. Moon thugs night in its sick orange rise over the ever-rising Atlantic, scur of clouds, lacerations of white in the wet black surf and boats ransack the pockets of their nets into the hold's yawning hatch to take it all away. But it is ours, this moon, the surf, lips of waves, a thousand red-eyed cicadas. We fall into the hum of the air-cooled room, damp light and wine enough to divvy up this loot like criminals. One for me, sweet baby. Two for you.

Oyster

Log in the damp woods, beetle-wracked, slug-licked,
bark flaking into dark soil near the slow creek,
yet white wings small as nickels push out
to grow big as hands and spread and lift
into the canopy, it seems, if these were wings.
Closer, the fanning clusters hang ripe with fungus
flies and tiny beetles I have to rinse out
before I can mince them, fry them with rice
and garlic, peas and carrots and scallions
lovely side oyster toothy as meat
but soy, oak, and sesame in the mouth,
fire from a bird's eye chili and you
across from me, chopsticks ready.

Marty Williams