



Preface

Intimacies of the Swamp

When the burden of being stretches its bounds
Escape to the swamp toward ethereal sounds.
Let go your senses to its soggy spirit.
A mystical magic transcends those near it.
Feel the silent, invisible movement
of elves on secret missions sent,
Passing ghostly sentinels from warmer days
Glistening now in a winter haze.
Behold the orchestrated melodies rare
Blending fragrances in the dampened air.
Go forth renewed, the passions spent.
The wetlands legacy—a soul content.