

## **ANN WOOD FULLER**

### **Adam and Eve in Florida**

The evening blinks with lightning bugs and rain.  
The thirsty fennel softens on its stem  
and crowns of cabbage palm and hickory  
obscure the milky moon. Humidity,  
like glue, confines us to our chairs. We sweat  
and rock. The heat: a language that the whippoorwill  
repeats, repeats. The garden smells of mold,  
and air plants look like demons in the oaks.  
The wicker gives and takes and creaks while frogs  
ignite their throats tonguing jeweled insects  
off the tusks of fronds, and isolated  
lamps of houses burn behind their curtained  
rooms. In this momentary equipoise,  
in air too still to stir, we sit apart  
and watch the poison glisten in the snakes.