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.