

# Southern Gothic

By Rickey Laurentiis

About the dead having available to them  
all breeds of knowledge,  
some pure, others wicked, especially what is  
future, and the history that remains  
once the waters recede, revealing the land  
that couldn't reject or contain it, and the land  
that is not new, is indigo, is ancient, lived  
as all the trees that fit and clothe it are lived,  
simple pine, oak, grand magnolia, he said  
they frighten him, that what they hold in their silences  
silences: sometimes a boy will slip  
from his climbing, drown but the myth knows why,  
sometimes a boy will swing with the leaves.

Source: *Poetry* (November 2012)