

Bayou Peter Pan

Alex Henderson

A slave ship swallowing, gulping me past great Captain Ahab and Jonah,
down into the Deep South

The belly of the beast. Engulfed in a photo negative prison. White
silhouetted against misplaced black

My bars are bent supports for the wind smoothed tattered canvas,
stretched into a dirty halo. Powering its way slowly through the homely
desolate landscape. Surrounded in absolution by guns, swords, and cheap
peach comfort.

Pale Moonshine leaks tick tock like a bayou Peter Pan among the
bubbling burnt basins of my black pot veins.

I can still be found out, by the shuffling feet and awkward glances that
seem to swing nervously through the air wherever I go.