

**from LandSkip**

**[Dudley's to the Ace Basin, 2003]**

If there's something I know about a Queer south

*It's that*

oyster clusters are not predictably  
arranged and their guts don't spill  
equally or easily *It's that*

ocean and bay are gray lines  
meeting through filled lands  
with brackish foundations

*It's that*

spartina looks like one thing but  
marsh grass, honey, has shades  
invades stands and berms

*It's that*

denial lives among flamboyance  
as much as penitence inhabits a  
ruddy-faced raging White man

*It's that*

driving on a flat tire feels better than  
stopping and asking for help *It's that*

bulrushes are sweetgrass  
and sweetgrass curls

