

Swamp Soul
by Ruth McIntyre Williams

My soul lives in Davies Swamp;
In this grey cabin,
Under Spanish Moss,
With catfish and 'gators.

Life's path was not always so;
My restless soul roamed
O'er the endless sea
To far-flung shimmering lands.

Curious cultures tempted—
But my soul didn't fit.
Somewhere else called me,
A peaceful, forever home.

Great halls of learning taught truths,
Enriched my spirit,
Perhaps this was my place.
But ethereal threads drew me on.

I wandered far, lost in my need.
Followed a lone stream,
Came upon a swamp
Warmed and hidden in nature's arms.

On an isle in green waters
Tall, proud, white egrets
Spread sheltering wings.
I slept there, claimed it my own.

'Tis my mystic wonderland;
Bass ripple waters,
Turtles sun on logs,
Coots trail my silent canoe.

My soul is forever home.
Alone with my past,
Free to live and create,
Sheltered by cypress trees.