

# In Livingston Parish, Dreaming of Li Po



Li Po, this is your invite to the Prop Stop,  
a honky-tonk unreachable except by boat  
where we'd tether to a buoy and then, barefoot  
or in flip-flops, tightrope across a rug of skiffs,  
two weekenders not looking for trouble  
but ready to battle any slurs the hicks unleash.  
I keep samurai toothpicks and wine on hand,  
though little news and nothing but wild company  
brave the drawbridge to visit this distant post—  
only a den of armadillos and dime-sized frogs  
that answer to your moon. Once a man broke through  
my yard with a wild turkey over his shoulder,

but he didn't stop to talk. I later heard he was  
some houseboat squatter come ashore  
who uprooted a travel trailer, leaving behind  
an acre of shipyard squalor, red clay getaway  
and all. Which reminds me—lose the topknot  
and wear an orange vest. It's bow season,  
and I fear a wild pig, or worse, will discover  
you sleeping off pink zinfandel in the palmettos.  
Always travel at night, in a swarm of mist.  
If you send word, I'll take the four-wheeler  
and meet you at the property line.