

ANGIE MACRI

Green Dragon

Green dragon, sudden,
grows unlike the underwater
panther here but as emerald
as clouds that foretell hail.

Arrow, arum, and the corm
was harvested out from the ground,
in between the teeth, across
the hungry tongue.

The rafter of turkeys grazes
down in the creek, where Galum,
Bonnie, Rock Fork meet,
below the circles

the looters opened, digging
down in pits to see what
they might find—a skull
so prized.