Beast of the Southern Wild

It has begun
the light-hearted creatures
crawl out from under their breath entrapping houses
getting into position
lining the charcoal coated streets
buckets in hand

children soon follow
with their dirt-caked bodies
romping around like elephants lost from their herd

clouds fly in
sucking the life out of the tangerine rays
that had been warming the people

the splishing and splashing
of the bacteria-filled pool
that the children every so joyfully
bathe in

the mighty Beast of the Southern Wild
swallows Bourbon Street
along with the hopes
and dreams it had
carried on its back

It has begun
the careless life of these people
no worry about what they do
or say
their children’s safety
or even the mere cleanliness
of their place of habitation