

## DELUGE

---

*D. Anderson*

It rained facsimiles that day.  
Old timers sat  
Daringly out on the porch,  
Rubbing their chins,  
Watching  
It all come down.

They knew the network of family  
And food they grew up with was gone.

We stayed indoors,  
Stretched under the bed.  
To catch one  
On the head  
Would have been bad medicine.

The next day, streets were cluttered  
With images of streets,  
Trees with trees  
& Everyone denied  
Her own true picture.