

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.