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Extra Socks, with the Water Rising

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Not even God says how deep the water will be, just ask Noah, who at least had time to build his ark. No warning bells, no sirens, no loud voice thundering out of the clouds, just the water rising as if the earth itself were being dissolved by tears. For the trek to higher ground we take a few raisins, a pair of extra socks, a piece of bread, and join the others, who are traveling with no passports and no luggage. We cross rickety bridges of sticks. Rivers overflow their bloody banks, armored cars run each other off the road, everyone is accused of disloyalty, and we are bewildered about whether or not kneeling is prayer or suffering.

And what does it mean to lie face down as the dead do, or face up as the buried do. Oh Noah, Noah, slogging patiently back and forth in the slops as your boat rode out the storm, what can you say to us now as we seek shelter and hunker among broken chairs and share our raisins and our stories.

Maybe all we can do is curl up against a wall, pull on dry socks, and remember, for a few hours of sleep, what it once felt like to be comfortable and safe.