on the roof

Molly Boyce
on the roof

the Pendleton mare, 
that old nag from Audubon Park petting zoo, 
floated along St. Charles Avenue 
tangled on a barge of limber bits, 
the watershed from our neighbor's backyard, 
and the sign from Cutter's Corner 
angled at her rump

we bided time three days 
on the edge of abyss 
our apartment drowned 
two floors below 
and the Cranes, they 
disappeared altogether

State copters above 
buzzed twice-a-day 
waving at us and Juniper, 
the hold-outs of evacuees 
streaming through waist-high water 
what they yell, I'll never repeat. 
for sure, God's ears closed days ago

radio broadcasts fear, disturbance, then silence 
as downtown hosts a Mardis Gras 
of hatred and greed, 
the world flipped upside down 
in a matter of hours, 
jambalaya drying in the hot sun

sunrise gives us over 
to heat and mosquitoes 
as we boil Ponchatrain water 
and spend more fuel 
never planning for this many days 
of hunger, thirst, and grilling 
on the roof

Panic

I close my eyes tight, 
hush all my screams, 
but they crowd back 
into this ball of twine, 
twisted and swirled, 
like time out of rhyme, 
and when my head 
begins to throb and ache 
I know it is time to 
turn the world loose 
and let it go spinning.