

5-1-2006

## on the roof

Molly Boyce

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### Recommended Citation

Boyce, Molly (2006) "on the roof," *Forces*: Vol. 2006 , Article 31.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2006/iss1/31>

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**on the roof**

Molly Boyce

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**

Molly Boyce

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.