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Panic

Molly Boyce

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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.