Panic

Molly Boyce

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Molly Boyce

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

State copters above  
huzed 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  
ever 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.