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After Frances and Jeanne

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Hello, big yellow sky,
and mother's hair whipping
as she pulls garbage cans
inside, out of the wind.
If the windows blow in,
goodbye grand piano
and goodbye wood floor that
Father had polished.
Red blossomed tree swaying
like a great pendulum,
yes, it'll go this time.

When the great storm passes,
we paddle next door to
our neighbor's blue house.
All their pictures, flooded.
Father's face is a blue
puddle that leaks onto
Mother's white wedding gown.
The picture of their first
dog with their second son
is a Technicolor
oil slick, falling apart.

We paddle past debris,
fallen electric lines,
don't touch the dark water.
When the floods all recede,
fish gasp there on the wet pavement.
We throw them back,
one by breathless one,
and say goodbye to the
hurricane, standing in

the mud, small beneath the
shuddering trees, waving.