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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.