

FLOOD #2

Sloshing over chocolated cobbles, I wade  
the flooded levee. The swirl sank away  
moments ago, burying the edge of the city  
under wet silt mounds. I'm alone with water,  
solid to the old, black pier  
and the cliff wall. Under a trapped pool,  
a calligraphy of dots etches the bone  
structure of my reflected face  
in the mud, a small crayfish, looking  
for food. It had legs, leaves footprints,  
swims in lunges, sinks if it stops  
moving. Only a little time remains  
for it now, not knowing the river  
has left it, that this silt  
won't always be suffused with water,  
gelled and glistening like flesh.