

## Flash Flood

My parents call to say, *Are you  
all right, you shouldn't  
be alone, we can't sleep.* Again  
I tell them I live on a hill.

I tell them it's only rain  
beating like robbers at the window.  
They tell me, *We've never liked  
you living alone, when*

*are you coming home,*  
and now I remember all  
the beaux who borrowed money,  
the bath I once left running,

the ceiling cracking  
under where I should have been,  
the tantrums, the anniversaries,  
the notes of thanks.

And now the President rises  
from another public meal  
where food lies on his plate  
like an abandoned village, prodded

and intact. I rise to fix a sandwich.  
I walk softly for the neighbors  
downstairs, while somewhere at sea  
in a wallet warmed by some sailor's hip

a child stares boldly from his  
mother's lap, as though the camera  
were an eye just opening  
the world to him.