

Don Boes

Mud

Down under my house the river is.
The water is claiming the basement
and climbing the hill to the pharmacy,
swamping the playground, filling elevator shafts
in my office complex, floor by floor by floor
soaking the hospital where I called on my father
and then my mother and eventually my brother.
Even our mansions and mainframes are in jeopardy.
Three summers previous, canoes were the fashion
and our street the runway; the envisioned floodwall
remains a line item submerged in the town budget.

After the overflow, a burgeoning of yard sales.
Clammy magazines, treasured revolvers,
radios, bicentennial paraphernalia:
every object is earmarked by mud
like anger sometimes shadows sadness.
You can scrape it off if you decide to buy.