

The Higher Faith

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When the floodwaters licked at our ankles
And wind prowled around the house,
We dragged the dog inside and let it howl.

When the stormwaters rose below our knees,
We sat on the back of couches
And told those campfire tales that spook the moon.

When the waters pressed against our groins,
We felt our blood chill
As if love had left us forever, that cold bitch.

When something wet crept up over our bellies,
We could tell how hungry it was,
So ravenous it gave no slack and took no pity.

When even the attic floor seemed to float,
We broke the roof open with an axe
And stood under stars, feet slippery in the grit.

When we prayed all dark to God and the government,
We found no answer but
The black waters that poured into our hearts.