

Noah's Arc

A Second World Flood and it came in the deliverance of summer rain.

It's Day 10. The consistent drip, pat-pat-pat off of brick and tin, against allium, plastic, and wood. Everything is leaky, the floor inside and outside is damp. The government has advised everyone to go to higher ground. The gray wisps of cloud strands are woven together loosely, and the sunlight threads through between the loopholes. The whole world is covered in a sheer blanket illuminated by the sun.

My skin is always wet, my clothes feel heavy. It vaguely smells of salt, fish, and dirt.

It's day 48. We've retreated to a boat, a friend's boat where we take turns on the raft that floated by a few days ago. The water is the hue of the Colorado River. Dirty. Polluted. A hint of blue dotted with some bodies constantly being washed by the constant rain. The coast guard is handing out canned and sealed food by airdrop. I am seasick. The smell of salt, alive fish, dead fish, dead people, alive people, blood mixing with air it reminds me of paint thinner.

There are holes in my flesh where water has collected. A paper-thin layer of skin that separates the water from my insides, but some spots have been penetrated. The salt burns.

Day 126. The People have become delusional and have forgotten about the surrounding ocean. The unified body of water has been named Noah Ocean. Noah's Ocean is in constant motion a rippled cracked sidewalk where mad men believed they could walk upon it, but it's us who the water walks upon without drowning. My whole crew went mad. Announcing proclamations that they are the son or daughter of God, they are GOD. Some have chucked their head out to sea. They preach, but sound sad. Sadness reverberated off the falling rain, the drops that slid down the metal poles, that splat against the tarp, on expiring flesh, on decaying trumpery, on clumps of hair, and upon its self that is combined with the swooshing of waves bumping into the decomposing lifeboat. It looks the same when you lay out in the field under a very, very large tent, but this world smells of fish, of puss, salt and of seaweed.

My veins, blood, and tendons are becoming rusty and stiff. The water is corroding me away slowly drip by drip by drip. The salt burns.

Day 285. My judgment is still pending the light breezy rain hasn't stopped in days, in years. Judge me God. Noah drown me. The few people left have become cannibals, so now I take no pleasure in seeing anything alive. If its alive it's hungry it eats meat. The ocean is a deep blue that makes it hard even for the fish to see. The world is suspended between hues of blue.

My hair matted to my skin. They are one in the same. If I brush the hair away from me it peels off with no pain and my yellow muscles and browning bones become expose, and the air stings. The salt burns.

Day 370. Dear Yahweh I think at this point we are on a first name bases don't you agree. Why don't you save me? Is there another arc coming? Will you destroy my canoe? Tip me over and let me float until all the air is out of lungs. Am I the Arc? Make me go deaf. Let me go hungry. Let my throat dry up. Am I the Arc? There is a second world flood and it has come in the deliverance of summer rain. A slow and maddening process.

The water hasn't reached my brain yet, but my skull is slowly eroding from this constant pressure. There are patchworks of pure cranium, and my head is as soft as a newborn baby's. Only a few more days until my skull will crack. Am I the Arc? The salt doesn't burn anymore.

To Him

We swiftly slipped
into a comfortable coma
Of intimacy under six floors of apartments.
We were retrouvaille junkies.
Addicts to Folgers coffee
Enjoyed on a broken lawn chair stolen from a block over

Most Tuesday mornings.
Once parted
I can hear him whisper
"I need you"
in the ally opposite of Chubby's.
aromas of cheddar and pepper jack cheese
mixed with cow meat filled our concrete jungle.

But my name is Eric
Not Elena.

Definitions

Retrouvailles (French): The happiness of meeting again after a long time. This is such a basic concept, and so familiar to the growing ranks of commuter relationships, or to a relationship of lovers, who see each other only periodically for intense bursts of pleasure.

Short Line Poem

The sun rose
The roses were watered
The water ran down
Drowning a Dutch and Duchess
That declined to return to the King palaces

Meanwhile

His Reign profited the young, old, and pretty.
And The Prophet weighed the King's options
1) make homemade pasta for the refuges in Albania.
2) knit mittens for the fishermen of Peru.

Then flowers bloomed in late Spring
The King Sprang into Action
As the valley became green again,
And the green-eyed man made love again
Then love lolly-gagged for nine months.
The blossoms dripped with dew
And she was over due

The moths came out of the woods
The wood-stove burned since dawn
She kneaded the dough
And prepared afternoon tea
The sweet aroma mixed with fir trees woke the baby
And the father in the field sowed
And then my son rose.