

KATHERINE SONIAT

Velocity

Quiet eye of the inner circle approaches.
Not long before the levee collapses, and
the river swims over to meet the lake. Now
there's time to head north, hours to beat
the storm of late summer flotsam. Take
the homeless along for the ride; they're
good guides to the deluge. Tie a rope
to the grocery cart filled with newspapers
and the old man's wife he's rattled around with
hungry for years. Dismiss the custodians
of munitions who wage politics on the world
with sharp tongues and weapons. They'll be
part of the solution the water comes up with
at the end. Secure the wall safe, the tailgate,
mattresses stained with family misfortune.
Honk and yell like everyone else in this slow
exodus of traffic. No two ways of looking at it
once the big winds are here. Queen of spades
floats loose from a deck in the spillway,
her castle gone under. No more wee hours
to pop awake in, no night-latches left that go
clickity-click. And who knows if they'll ever
find the sack of love notes, or the ones of suicide,
thrown in with the old shoe fit for no one.