



ATERMARK

Lucas A. Street

They say a flood
seems likely if the northern
snows all melt together:

then the island, your home,
will shrink to a fraction
of itself divisible by two

and you will shuffle housewares
to the second floor. If I am gone
will you get out in time? Or

rush to the roof until the crest?
I do the math. Last time,
we paddled our canoe over

low-lying ground to see firsthand
the river rising to the porch,
cutting me off. Marooned

in the home of a childless woman
who spent her days gardening,
I loafed, alone, waiting.

For the great flood, I was nowhere
near you. Creeping through the empty
house, eyeing waterstains

on the woodwork, evidence of what
drove others far from here.