

Breach

Waterline along a wall like the height  
of a child who will not grow tall. Bathtub  
in a yard, car upside down, carriage in a tree,  
dog on a roof. In Tennessee, it's all lakes  
and rivers, difficult to ask them to be reasonable,  
not to go biblical, to ask rain not to fall,  
a mother not to weep. People may stand  
with hands in pockets, stare a while, mouths ajar.  
A helicopter may circle a horse up to its neck.  
The once peaceful may grow angry,  
spiteful, take what's not theirs.  
The meekest of rivers can swallow a boy  
who knows damn well how to swim.