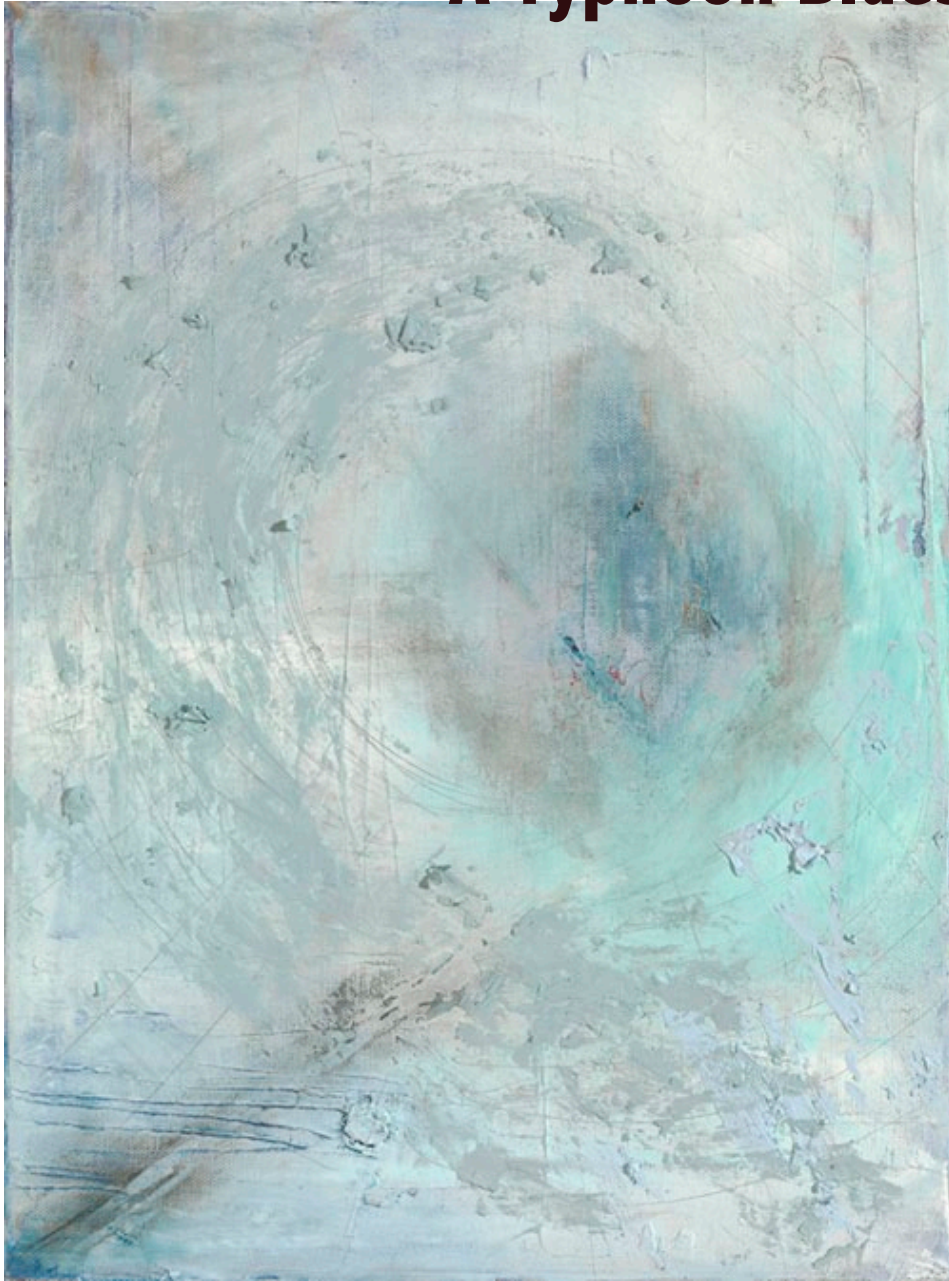


A Typhoon Blues



Now. Black bags of bodies line the block
As we tumble in the memory of water.
Once tide-fury and wind torrents passed

The leviathan fishing vessel had beached itself
On timbers of my cousin's home, a dock

Improvised. No white whale, only the tonnage
Of steel and afterlife. Weeks after, everything
Still drips. The ravaged surviving palms,

Limp and snapped as so many human limbs.
Waterlogged, as the spirit can grow. Beasts

Of war descend on makeshift helipads, airstrips,
Offloading palettes of bananas, bottled water.
We need water. We need food. Help us, life.

All the Blackhawks' muscle, the cargo carrier's
Heft, all the weight of these beasts settles

Before straining to lift our death, this sopping
World of ruins. Time and manpower push
And pull, forward, up. And everything around

Will dry for weeks without change, steam rising
From the rubble. Food will keep us unburying.

Water, keep us alert. *Help us* rebuild life
Blown over, drowned, stolen, erased. *Help us*
Cradle the life that moves on yet stays.

