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Flash Flood

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FLASH FLOOD

MEGAN JESSOP

I heard you playing the songs
they used to sing while we watched
and I rose like the waves.
Off again, on again
between drowning and floating.
I still appreciate the rain.

You still choose to play
the sad songs of Noah
even when I am trying hard
to hold together the sand castles
in the shape of my dreams.
It's the waiting hours that hold us up.
Then the tide comes in to take them.

Everything changes in the dark.
I want to pretend: when I close my eyes,
it almost feels like nothing's changed at all.
It certainly feels like I've been here before.
You know, we've all been here before.

Running in circles of dependency
while you go around assuming
we're all proud like you.

I can hear the sound of the water
washing through the past,
bringing to surface all things
I want to forget. It is a cleansing.
I have built boats with the promises
I mistook for faithfulness.
None of which have held through
this flood. This chest is heaven at its core
bursting forth from chambers of the deep.

I have held on to see the rainbow,
a banner that once spoke of your affection.
In the thunder and downpour
meant to separate the earth from sin,
you held onto the black forming the clouds.
The rain remains.

Though the floods have lessened,
they will not altogether subside.
I wait in the ocean you released in me.
Arms up, body sinking, eyes matching
the blue and green and salt
continuously rising up to meet them.

Your arms had once been my safe place
to carry me across this sea.
Forty days and forty nights.
You kept me above the water,

you saw me through the storm's winds.

Although I have extended the branch,
leaves of olive in this dove's mouth,
I never found another place to rest.