The Flood
Phillip Levin

On a moonless darkened night, a howling wind of evil fright
Shook the curtains, popped the window, chilling with dynamic might.
Upon the yard I saw the flood, its waters dank with swirling mud
Racing higher, ever steeper, stacking up its pile of crud.
Water swirled on kitchen floor, unabashed by wooden door
It chased me swiftly, to the stairway, racing from the wanton whore.
I scampered upward, ever upward, thinking of the warning words
But staying back, disbelieving, always feeling self-assured.
The second level gave no solace, the flooding water full of ballast,
Curled upon me, ever surly, soaking all within my palace.
The attic stairs, a final hope, I pulled upon the transom rope,
With glance around, no reassurance, I hurried up on my elope.
Climbing upward, ever higher, seeking help from station dire,
I peered below at swirling jetsam, in a whirlpool deeply mired.
This final level, of bare boards blaring, told of waters still uncaring,
Seeping up through brick and brack as unbelieving I crouched staring.
’Til there, at last, my head was gasping, up against the rafters grasping
I took a deep breath, smelled a damp death, and said the prayer of those not lasting.
But water stopped, and turned away, its damage fully done that day,
It flowed back down, and all around, it left its grime as if to say,
“Humans think they’re all so tough, made of nature’s hardiest stuff,
But power lives, beyond your ken, and lives can be so easily snuffed.”