

Tucker Riggleman

Summer of the Father's Day Flood

I welcome the rare gift of a cool evening,
force the windows open, let the house breathe.

Summer's storms have been relentless.
They shake trees, flood homes,
steal lives. I wonder
when all this violence
will end.

For the past two weeks I have been nothing.
A void of a person.

Alone again to face an uncertain world
full of pains, big and small, I retreat
to my quiet dialogues with the house.
Apologize to the windows
for being rough,
thank the roof

for not leaking,
kiss the basement
goodnight.