




5-1-2019

Villanelle: Flood Time

Eleanore Lee

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Lee, Eleanore (2019) "Villanelle: Flood Time," *Westview*. Vol. 35 : Iss. 1 , Article 43.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol35/iss1/43>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

Villanelle: Flood Time

By Eleanore Lee

The skies above just opened up, hear how the torrent roars...
On city streets, through parks and lots, our stains are washed away.
Down gullies gutters sidewalk drains the cleansing water pours.

Rain beating down, rain rinses clean the drought the pain the wars.
The pounding waves that leap the shore...What is it they convey?—
The skies above just opened up, hear how the torrent roars.

The red-tailed hawk in new morning light: it climbs, it floats, it soars.
Does it look down? And see our fate? It knows but won't betray—
Down gullies gutters sidewalk drains the cleansing water pours.

They told us this could happen: floods from our drowning shores.
They cover stinking piles of trash, and drench us. But we say:
The skies above just opened up, hear how the torrent roars!

Water covers. Rain, it pelts, it smashes down our doors.
Did I really not see it coming? Perhaps I looked away.
Down gullies gutters sidewalk drains the cleansing water pours.

Our land may soon be flooded, her towns her hills her shores.
But right now it all looks hazy through that menacing glittering spray:
The skies above just opened up, hear how the torrent roars.
Down gullies gutters sidewalk drains the cleansing water pours.