LYCOMING CREEK FLOOD, 1996

THE CREEKS WERE RISING, IT WAS RAINING PRETTY GOOD

A HARD WINTER’S SNOW LAID SIX FEET DEEP IN THE WOODS

THE WATER LOOKED LIKE COFFEE, WITH A LITTLE BIT OF CREAM

ICE FLOES WERE LIKE CANDIES, FLOATING IN THE STREAM

 LIVING BY THE WATER, YOU GET TO KNOW IT’S MOODS

 THEY FIGURED A QUARTER HOUR

 MIGHT SAVE THEIR NEIGHBORS GOODS

WATER WAS GETTING HIGHER, FASTER THAN BEFORE

COVERED UP THE ROAD, THEY’D HAVE TO RIDE IT OUT ONCE MORE

UP ON THE NEIGHBOR’S TRAILER, THE HIGHEST POINT AROUND

THE CREEK MAY RISE TODAY, BUT TOMORROW IT’ LL GO BACK DOWN

 THEN THEY HEARD A CRASHING, UP ABOVE THE ROAR

 A SIX FOOT WALL OF WATER CAME ROLLNG DOWN THE GORGE

THE TRALER SLIPPED IT’S MOORINGS

AND DUMPED THEM IN THE STREAM

FREEZING, SWIRLING WATER WAS ON THEM LIKE A BAD DREAM

PUSHED THEM TOWARDS THEIR LITTLE HOUSE

THE MEN AND THE BOY GRABBED HOLD

BUT THE MOTHER, THE POOR MOTHER COULDN’T KEEP HER HOLD

 GRABBED ONTO A TREE BRANCH,

 HELD FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE A DAY

 BUT THE BRANCH JUST BROKE

 AND SHE WAS WASHED AWAY