

What Survives a Hurricane is an Heirloom

ABC pans the shoreline,
stopping at the sand dollar
of a garbage can lid, the fish bones
of an antenna, the sand-smear'd face
of a saint from the Episcopal church.

Our friends lost their house,
nothing salvaged but an upstairs couch
they can re-cover, some pots and pans,
and, oddly, two bottles of wine
they found floating in the hall.

Ten days after burying themselves in the mud,
the shrimp emerge, a large haul condensed
by the weight of wind. The boats pull
up a mailbox, a freezer door, tow
a satellite dish back to the docks.

All over town things are bobbing
to the surface. Insurance teams
estimate the loss of what they find.
The beach is a mile further inland.
Like buoys, construction barrels mark off lanes.

And yet, in motels to the north,
owners wait hoping for a call
that something has turned up.
Backhoes sift the rubble.
Just shy of the horizon,
the shrimp boats tug at the waves.