Two Years Later
Roger Smith

As New York and the Jersey shore rebound from the aquatic disaster of one year ago, mind for focusing on plasma, that surrounded node and abnormally grew and decimated land and structural portions of a man, two years ago. I can’t sit with thoughts of those fortunate enough to afford ocean front view and beaches as backyard, that were temporary displaced and had to replace car and memories, I was at the one year point of remembering radiation, bald, dark, scathed skin, the itching irritation of temporary displaced hair, to replace libido and drown memories. As Bob Villa lays new foundation and insurance checks flow in, my old infrastructure pools and stagnates the rebuilding process. Every ounce of rain is not a storm, and every storm is not Sandy, however, every cough, every pain, every lump, is the break of remission, and mind
can’t help but realize
material things don't metastasize.
So as you choose to produce larger cells, pardon my lack of ovation,
clasped hands can’t clap.
The prayers you reiterate for the calm outside,
echo my insides, what for some is merely one year later.