

## **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.