2007

When the Torrent Ends

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Recommended Citation
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It rained 19 out of 30 days in June. The storm lingered long over minutenemen’s graves and Plymouth Rock and New Bedford where whalers once sharpened their harpoons. The ground drank till bloated and unsteady and the grass sprang tall but no one could mow it because it would not stop raining. The rivers spread wings over their banks and flew gathering silt and branches and refuse. And one man in New Hampshire died. But by July it became what it had always been to me: a water-ban summer, dry as the arctic. Dry as dust that settles in an empty glass. The grass turned to stakes sharpened for tender heels. The earth slept off its hangover. Its headache is now forgotten, forgotten as the cup that runneth over, forgotten as the name of the man who did not get out of his car when the river rose around it.