Hot Water

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If the sea rose ten feet, and they say it will soon, the woman on the hill would stand to inherit beachfront property—her petunias replaced by urchins or anemones—which would be nice until the kids tracked in sand, grinding it against the wood floor’s finish, or until the gulls shit all over the new teak furniture her husband forbid she buy, but worse, the tide swallowing the flat state of Florida would force her sister to seek higher ground—three parrots, an iguana, ferrets in tow, which again would be lovely—for a time—except the woman’s husband would probably develop an allergy to ferret hair, the iguana would occupy his recliner, the parrots would keep repeating

Grieve: Hot Water

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hombres son cerdos,
so, he’d spend more time
at the office, then more
time banging the girl

he hired to do his taxes,
but this wouldn’t offend
his wife as much as
the sand he tracked in
or the fact the mistress
landed a job on TV—
local weather girl—
her picture paraded
on billboards, buses,
and the woman would
sit on the patio staring,
her face turned away
from the sea, while
at her back, the sun
in its descent would
strike the water
just right, revealing
a town she once knew,
and, had she seen, turned
in time, she may have
noticed a couple strolling
down the petunia-lined
walkway, arm in arm,
humming quietly
in the unseasonably
warm weather.

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