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## Hot Water

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## HOT WATER

*Sarah Grieve*

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

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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. 