



Sue Ellen Thompson

A BURST PIPE IN MARYLAND

People around here don't expect
weather this cold: they allow
the wind to play beneath their houses,
and no one thinks to leave the faucets
dripping. When it comes,
they have already locked
their doors and gone to Florida.

Standing on the sodden shore
of what this morning was my neighbor's lawn,
I think of my mother, who hadn't planned
on dying first, and of my father,
whose silent, invisible grief
cascaded through him until he stood
surrounded by a lake.