

SEAN HOWARD

THE FLOOD (OUTSPOKEN POEM)

For C. S. Lewis

Land, sea, and air, the assault dinning into us
Noise the Lord of the last dance left, Uniter of

Nations, Führer of the spoken-for Volk. After 9/11,
as the oceans' autobahns briefly fell largely silent,

whales immediately changed their tune, lowering
their voices, and impressive they still could, song-

shouting so long. But Faust on vibes soon struck
home again—*the skies incised, violently planed*

again—drunkenly drowning Music and
Silence, the Twin Towers in his

sights.