

The Ark Returns

By Michelle M. Tokarczyk

The animals are sluggish.
Their instincts wet-rotted.

The lizards can't camouflage.
The wolves can't find a scent.
The camels are confused by their humps' sway.
The snakes stretch out, hoping for legs.

Two by two, Noah prods them down the plank.
His own feet struggle to balance on dry land,
as his eyes adjust to daylight unfiltered by rain,
as he surveys the drying future before him.
Where to begin when your space is everywhere?

His family waves goodbye to its strange boarders.
Gathers tools, pots, clothes. Remind themselves
of things that humans use, like arms and words.
How do you hug, hold hands?
How do you tell a story?

They gather, so grateful they've been chosen.
So grateful to be alive. But after so many days
sealed in, tumbling like a barrel in falls. . .
God came again. Spoke of a Covenant.
Promised He'd never drown the world again.
Do we believe Him?

OXYGEN

Parables of the Pandemic

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