

And Also, the Floods

Can we all agree that we came from water,
that we stumbled forward after necessary
adaptations, flopped on the sand, gasped for oxygen.
Let's just say we came from water, and it is water,
or its lack, that one day will be the death of us all.
In Eureka Springs, I hear its slow trickle through
limestone. I lower my tired body into the hotel pool,
close my eyes and think about home. Soon, I will
visit the ocean and close my eyes. The waves
will whisper my given name, one hushed blue syllable
spoken in the nearly forgotten language of my mother.

– John Hoppenthaler
Raleigh, NC



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John Hoppenthaler's books of poetry are *Night Wing Over Metropolitan Area*, *Domestic Garden*, *Anticipate the Coming Reservoir*, and *Lives of Water*, all with Carnegie Mellon UP. Professor of English at ECU, his poetry appears in *Ploughshares*, *Virginia Quarterly Review*, *TriQuarterly*, *Southern Review*, *Poetry Northwest*, *McSweeney's Internet Tendency*, and more.

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