

CATRIONA WRIGHT

KATRINA

I must evacuate from the hurricane
who shares my name and throws

salt-garlanded limbs across swamp.
Yanks sequins from dresses, stillness

from air. Different spelling, same
root. A pale hand hauling dense

earth to bury itself calm. Love surges
restless over warm ocean currents. Last

girl at the party whirling layered lace
skirts, flayed skin. Grinding crawfish

husks between molars, spluttering
out glass and wind. Keening as I

button up my shirt, clink my keys.
Pivot for a last glance at the banshee

limp hair of live oaks rising
and curling between

dampening thighs.