

When the Levees Break

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*fracture, what is
a genuine break?*

an emotional severance
from any reasonable line of thought
tethering the mind to the cold
mud bottom of the body.

*nervous fracture, what is
a genuine breakdown?*

racing, delusional thoughts
just don't make the grade,
nor do religious identifications
with your mother's stolen saints.

*compound fracture, what is
a genuine breakthrough?*

when the levees fracture
and fracture only
the world stays dry,
but, as we all know,
this never remains
the case for very long.

when the levees fracture,
the levees break down
then the weight of the waters
break through to the other side
drowning souls
in the streets and in the fields
in the towns,
in the cities,
and in the valleys below.

when the levees break
and the heavens come down,
the sand, it washes away,

and the doors and tributaries
open wide with ravaging torrents.

when fractures become breaks,
when breakdowns become breakthroughs,
when the weight of the water becomes too great,
when the world finally breaks down,
the chickens and the gods
will all drown just the same.

when there is laughter roaring
deep within the fractured, cranium walls,
when a paltry poultry Jesus
bleeds in the streets and in the fields,
history itself will be awash in floodwater beauty
as the gentle end makes one final descent
onto the breathing and onto the dead.

when all the broken levees sing
to radio music still playing
way too loud
as the green crest of a highway
drops down and away
out of the strike zone
and right clean out of sight,
running in and out of sound
hissing one moment
fading away
then crashing the next,
all our forgotten songs
will be forgotten once again.

*when the levees finally break,
will it be genuinely psychotic?*

*when the levees finally break,
will there be anyone left
to care about it?
or us?
or anything else?*

when the levees finally break,
the world will split asunder
and draw the purple firmament down

into the rushing, bubbling waters,
and the taste of the way things were
will be forever scrubbed away with mud.

when the levees finally break down,
the heads will no longer be heads
the last midnight will have to save itself
and all minds will have to find
another place to dwell.

when the levees finally break,
the weight of water and psychosis
will fill the lungs with silt and dirty water
and break asunder piers and docks
with pillars driven down to bedrock
beneath the sands
up and down
the banks of the River Time

when the levees break,
everybody's gonna weep,
everybody's gonna moan,
when all the levees break,
the wicked ain't gonna sleep
'cause they got no time left to atone

*all the levees gonna break,
but, good lord, how much longer can it take?*