A Squatter's Faith

Tom Montgomery

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A Squatter's Faith

Tom Montgomery

Again the rain

pings, drums, machine guns
corrugated rhythms
dented melodies
that you don't feel
like dancing to.

Again the rain

runs to the three holes
you couldn't plug.
Three steady dribs
like cold rusty urine
wake your children to a different nightmare
startle the rats off the rice sack
rust your bolo and piece of mirror
seep into your bible
saturate the delicate pages
which claim even the rain
comes from God.

This is the problem
you can't solve.

Not the bulldozers
or moving every month,
not the warrantless searches
and arrests,
not the constant scrounge
for plywood and plastic,

but God's three steady dribs,
that collect in brown puddles
that the pigs lap
the kittens lick
the chickens peck
the lizards dodge
that you perpetually sweep
back out
into the unending night.