## Disparity

## by Charlotte Hamrick

in that house red beans & rice cooked every Monday for four generations until the water washed it away.

it floated down Forgotten Street, clapboards splintering like frail old bones in the jaws of the beast.

the land where it stood's going on five years empty now, sacred ground bleached with the salt of bitter tears but still loved with a fierceness that would amaze the unbaptized.