

# 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.

