

The Best of Friends, vol. 1

ANTHOLOGY OF NEW QUAKER WRITING
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FELLOWSHIP OF QUAKERS IN THE ARTS

Noah's Wife

Sherita Saffer-Campbell

I've been thinking since all the rain in Indiana began
About Noah's wife
How did she stand it? Cleaning up after animals
Mixing up mash, dog food, cat food, raw meat
All that gross stuff
Children fighting. "He took my bow and arrow." "She hit me."
(These were not Quaker Children, you understand)
What rainy day games did she think of?

The cooking all day long
Pots of this, pans of that
No one would eat it because it wasn't chocolate or twinkies
Or melted cheese on something
Then there's Noah
Walking up and down the portside, starboard, aft or whatever
Mumbling to his God (let the reader understand)
Letting those messy doves loose
Causing droppings for her to clean up

The rain, 40 days of rain
150 days afloat, 150 days until the water receded
Wet, mildew, leaky roofs
Smelly things, crawling slugs and bugs
Nasty water
No telephone, no Sally Jessy Raphael
No Donahue, no Montel, no coffee klatches

Daughter-in-law fights
Washing up dishes
Sorting wet clothes
Washing icky clothes
Drying the blame things

The smell Oh-the smells
No sunshine
All the time Noah walking on the deck

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Moaning and groaning
Drinking himself into oblivion

Did she tap a hole in that same keg?
Maybe she fixed some Rum cake
Cherries jubilee
Or flappe with rum

I bet she did
Maybe, served some Hassenpfeffer, squab, pigeon or dove
Baked into a pie.

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