

Hurricane St. Agatha through the Eyes of a Coastal Florida Timeshare Purchased through a Costco Membership circa 2017

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Like the Mother Mary mourning the loss
of her flesh, waves crashed onto
the mainland. A flood of holy water
yanking palm trees by their ponytails,
slamming through the front doors,
clawing at its walls.

A house once the top prize
on the top pedestal, abandoned
at the tingle of hair standing up
on the back of one's neck.

Family photos with scribbled-out smiles,
blurry faces. The salt
as sweet as sugar
washing away all traces of debris.

Deteriorated paint and damaged wallpaper
drooping half-way down the
wall, scattered lilies blooming,
breathing in the water.

A table on two legs balancing rose-colored glassware
surrendering to its knees. Water
trickling out to return to
its ocean womb. Damp
wooden floorboards erasing
scratches and scuffs from shoes.

Underneath
the chipped pink paint
and the smoke-brown wallpaper
and fist-sized holes,
a blank canvas of drywall awoke
like Aphrodite from the sea—
clean. No more traces of tears,
cracks, or fingerprints to see.

The home's skin shed like a snake's
with every scratch and blue bruise
carried away.

A shredded self-portrait sewed together
with heartstrings and saltwater
paper mâché paste revealed itself.

Torn but familiar,

 wrinkled but in-focus—

a puzzle not with

missing pieces but with a revised

reflection overlaid

that's clean

 and free

 and new.