

# ALLEGORY TO THE FLOOD

*by Teresita Pérez*

Like a jewel in outer space  
revolving around the sun,  
planet earth spun as it danced  
like a bride who's having fun.  
Her veil was a sphere of water  
high above the sky of blue,  
like a wet canopy spinning  
as the light came shining through.

It cooled the rays of the sun  
and its breeze caressed all souls,  
even temperature year-round  
from equator to both poles.  
An air-conditioning system  
of nature, global, outdoors,  
for earth was a paradise,  
the awesome work of the Lord.

Her gardens garnished with rubies,  
silver gravel, pure gold rocks,  
sand of diamonds shored her rivers,  
emeralds adorned her ponds,  
pathways arrayed by sapphires  
and all precious gems exposed  
gave glory to every valley,  
and to the eye sweet repose.

Every plant blooming with flowers  
was arrayed in perfect order,  
around the valleys the low ones,  
towards the mountains the tallest.  
A true extension of heaven,  
earth a living, breathing throne,  
world and haven Noah knew,  
God's perfect plan and man's home.

Yet God saw that mankind's heart,  
inflamed with evil intensions,  
would destroy the earth and selves  
succumbing to vile inventions.  
And His moral laws forgotten,  
violence and aberrations  
turned paradise into hell.  
It was time to end creation.

"Hear me, Noah, build an ark  
to save yourself and your home."  
Obedient, in love with God,  
Noah did as he was told.  
Thus began the three great warnings,  
and if men would heed their call  
they could save themselves escaping  
the judgment about to fall.

First came the voice of Noah,  
second his act of construction,  
and third the animals marching  
into refuge and protection.  
In groups of fourteen or four,  
angels brought each with its pair,  
seven cows and seven bulls;  
two horses, each with a mare.

But they guided not to refuge  
animals amalgamated,  
and since men would become feeble,  
neither mammoth ones created.  
And when all creatures and Noah,  
his wife, three sons and their wives  
entered and bid their farewell  
to the crowd laughing outside,

for a moment many hearts  
expressed concern. There were tears.  
But mockery was triumphant,  
effective pressure from peers.  
Yet Noah pleaded again,  
his voice to be heard no more  
for the mob was resolute.  
So the Lord God closed the door.

Seven days the massive vessel  
sat upon the valley dear,  
many organizing parties,  
others overcome by fear.  
But as days passed uneventful  
those who worried joined the fun,  
until the canopy burst  
drowning each and everyone.