

EVIDENCE (DULZ CUNA, SAN JOSE, NOV 8 2013)

we were expecting it, the news – people evacuating when
the rain started and the wind – I prepared my windows, like that
with tarpaulins but the rain came – the bedroom the whole room the sala
a virtual washing machine – everything flying around

the wind could blow you against the wall – the tornado inside the room
the tarpaulin burst out, the screen – flew all over the room and water
on the second floor our little flood – downstairs flooded to the ceiling
the two people living downstairs – they had to swim, they had to crawl

clutching my daughter, rosary beads – and a cell phone. I told my daughter
I better take pictures, you know – of the room ... they find our bodies
drowned like rats at least the cell phone – would show how we died waterlogged
Mommy you're ridiculous – she kept saying because, just hold on

I was thinking of my father – he was a judge, a lawyer.
“Always have evidence,” so – I took pictures, with my cell phone.
Howl 1. Howl 2. Howl 3. Yes. – I posted them on Facebook.
If they were going to take us – at least I have evidence.

Excerpt from *Yolanda: An Oral History in Verse* by Tim Tomlinson (Finishing Line Press 2015).
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