

Wednesday, August 29, 2007

2nd Anniversary of Katrina

Angie Jeter

Hey yall! Today is the two year anniversary of Hurricane Katrina. I have been inspired to write a poem about my experience during the storm and several weeks after. We decided not to evacuate because my side of the family is hard headed and my dad is 100% disabled. We had also had a few other bad storms come through and got minimal damage. My and my husband parents lost nearly everything. My family had to make their way into the attic like lots of others. It was crazy. The water entered their houses first. I had about two hours to try to save my stuff but was so worried about them we didn't think about it. Next time I'm outta here!!I'm gonna finish it but I wanted to share some of it with yall. I hope you like it.

"One Hot August Day"	The power went out and the last	you should see the devastation
We all knew she was coming	I knew the water was up to their heads	Katrina has brought to this town.
all we could do is pray	I just hoped and prayed	Well my van is ruined
for the wrath she might bring	they weren't all dead.	but we have the work truck
on that hot August day.	I stared out the window and what did I see?	lets go get the rest of the family
We didn't leave because	That muddy flood water coming at me.	we're sure not to get stuck.
my family chose to stay	The water started coming in	We got my parents,niece,and sister to be
nobody believed what was	then slowly went out	I was so happy to still have a family.
really coming our way.	as my children were sitting	This is just the beginning of what I
We called to check on family & friends	scared to death on the couch.	have to say
only to find out how high	The hours went by	of that devastating hot August day.
the water was coming in.	we were so worried about my family	We all just sat and talked about what we'd all seen
It was 2ft,4ft,6ft don't panic	I didn't know what to expect	How could mother nature be so mean?
we're all trying to make it	to hear about my family on Bayou.	We got in the truck to see the town
safe into the attic.	A knock at the door	trying to get through debris and trees that were down.
My mom,dad,niece,brother	Who could that be?	I looked with despair
and sister to be	There was my brother staring at me.	as we drove around
were all screaming please	We're all fine	where there used to be houses for miles around.
get someone to help me.	we just need some help	I asked God why as I started to cry
I tried to call for help even	I swam to get here	
though it would'nt do any good	from across town with a frown	
So we decided to pray		
and ask God if he would.		

It's not his fault,that you can't deny.

We went back to the house

Oh the looks on our face

You don't want to see

what she has done to this place.

There was no way to let people know

that we were all fine

My Ma was worried

and another brother of mine.

She told him to come try

and save us with his boat this day

so they jumped in his truck

and headed our way.

It took him a while to get here

because most of the bridges were out

with power lines,trees,and debris in the way

Oh what an adventure

This hot August day.

You should come to my house

to finish your day

atleast you will have

a dry place to stay

I have a place for you all

if I may.

We slept on the floor,couches,and chairs

but when we woke up

we were all distressed

we've got to get back

and clean up the mess.

We made it back home

it was a long ride

now the steps

in trying to survive.

We stood in long lines for water and ice

maybe a generator would help for the right price.

We went to Mobile

to search for gas

only to see long lines

at every store we pass.

We were running out of gas

so we turned around

to wait in line

with everyone else from our town.

It was too late

the power went out

crews were working on lines

so we couldn't get gas at that time.

We sat there and waited

for the power to turn on

we had no other choice

we could'nt drive on.

The owners were worried

they saw I was being a grump

so when the power came on

they ran to the pump.

They helped pump our gas

to send us on our way

God Bless You we said

on this hot August day.

We stopped at a church

to use their hose for a shower

as you all know

we had no water or power.

This was a Wednesday

so it was time for church

the preacher asked

can I help you sir?

We told him our story

we didn't mean to seem rude

just been over here all day

searching for gas and food.

He smiled to say

I will definitely pray

for you to make it home son

and finish your day.

The looters continued at night

what a disgrace

he slept in the truck

with a gun not far away
as we continue with these
hot August days.
Survival was one thing
I thought that was hard
but to see all of our
parents life in their front yard.
Should I keep this or not
it won't be any good
but so many memories
that we have here
how can I throw away what is
so dear?
Their pictures Oh Lord
they possess them the most
we can't replace them
why did this happen to the
coast?
We would listen to the radio
with disbelief
wandering when we would get
some relief
They would announce when the
trucks

would arrive in our town
so everyone would come on
down.
We met at a parking lot
to gather supplies
only to see the fear in my
childrens eyes.
As the people would fight
over blankets and such
for I thought this was way too
much.
The National Guard was there to
assist
though I didn't get anything on
my list.
We left without nothing
I didn't feel safe
my children had seen enough of
this place.
Red Cross has hot meals
would come and go
as the kids would jump for joy
and run to meet at the road.
They would sit down to eat

whether they liked it or not
not knowing when the next time
they would have something hot.
Survival continued day after day
it was weeks until power was
restored
I would have to say the kids
were so bored.
We heard the word
Fema was coming
to help all of us people
Maybe even some money.
We applied for a trailer
and soon it came
without the keys
is this some type of game?
Two weeks passes and a
locksmith appeared
I'm sure I've got a key
for you to get in here.
This isn't the end
of what I have to say
of that horrible hot August day.

Property of Angie Jeter

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