The Streets of New Orleans

Stella Nesanovich, McNeese State University

on seeing the flooding after Hurricane Katrina

Thirty years after departing the stucco house in Gentilly, for a moment this morning chatter ceased, an internal space opened, like the stillness when a dog’s bark ceases.

As a child, I lived near an avenue called St. Bernard in that city with magical names, where saints and muses share equal billing. In that still space a sensuous flood: the bricks of the Vieux Carré,

odors of molasses and coffee, the chug of ships on the dark mix of the Mississippi, churning toward some port far from the city of my birth, my youth, that place now more water than earth.