

Pittsburgh Flood of 1936

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inspired by a vintage photo of the Pittsburgh Flood

A bitter winter harbored a smothering cloak of snow, its icy remains still lingering on Saint Patrick's Day. Awakened early, folks prayed to find fields of four leaf clovers and glistening pots of gold.

Clouds burned on the horizon like hot coals, burying the rainbow map of fortune.

It was Alectona, Goddess of the Sun, who woke the town early, grabbing their heads between her clammy hands, forcing them to watch the ice thaw—watch as Khione and Zeus brawled.

People gaped as the browning liquid swelled from Alle-kiski valley. Slush rose above the curb and up onto the sidewalk, swallowing bridges, trees, and river bay homes. The sky blackened as the mortals lay limp in the hands of the gods.

Forty-six feet of rainwater reached the heavens. "Welcome home."

Then the sun set behind a roaring lake of debris, a field of wooden power poles, standing tall like crosses.