

For You

How does it feel to lie under the sun,
skin browning and
an ocean lapping rhythm
like warm thighs under a silk sheet?
Who's orchestrating those waves?

Be alarmed at the sand between your toes,
it's an act of defiance, part
of the beach's ensemble and touch,
seagulls circling and squawking
above a perimeter,
the open garbage bins in the parking lot
burping a week's worth of travellers.

You get your fill and brush
sand off your feet,
some grains clinging to the sweat
like old memory,
before getting into your SUV
and driving back
to your 4 bedroom house,
3 baths, to begin dinner.
And when pulling into the driveway
consists of the mailbox's saddening gawk
you pass it
like you did that joint
a stranger rolled on prom night,
— why pick up a habit now,

the envelope

you so hoped to wait out

greeting you as a condom breaking

then a smile from your father on Thanksgiving

for making him a grandfather, after

the talk about the thug who did

this to his little angel.

It starts: when are you going
to visit.