

On The Beach

Hello earth & also you stars.
How many, & be exact, are there of you?
Party for thirty hundred zillion?
Step this way please. Table coming straight up.
Sit down now. Bend your wands or do whatever
you can with them. Checking a glow? Oh,
glad to know it, pleased to meet-----
Sea gull hearted, for you I am shooting:
arms, these northern lit spindles, legs, ah,
sprite as water bugs'. Zip. Zip.
This exhilaration is ethereal.
What? Why, it's easy-----
Energy peeling off the old sleeping pill sludge
& those eyes which were hidden. No more,
no more, small pain coveted brooks. Look,
see now how they shine-----
Zeal, zeal, I'm sober enough to order a fresh
round. Clams will do; such drunk down shells
of mistral music, such toasts proposed
for absent lovers, & their spouses. Yow!
I'm not hysterical, only full of zest, full of-----
Darling, marvelous. Tell me, how are *you*?
No TB will get us, the retiring heroine's demise.
We're far from Victorian. I'm born again, island
wild. This is my flora, my fauna. Here's coral
exotic. Come, wade amid reefs, caress fish.
The tidal pools ripple. There is the moon, our familiar,
our family's heirloom. Oh sisters, brothers, we spin
zeniths, are courtesans waiting for daylight, that new
constant, that luminous blessing-bestower of these rioting
sand castles.