BEACH MUSIC

poems for the sea, love, and lack thereof

## TOO MUCH TO FEEL

the sun -the summer sun what easier way to begin lead me down the way that fingers trace lines down a bare spine in a hammock or a bush laughing because who's to care about anything

there's a song
on the radio:
about how you say it
best
when you say
nothing
at all

(so don't)

and i believe there's more to be said; though they're not things i sense

anymore

## TRUE STORY (SUMMERTIME)

when it was over i went to the back porch and lit up a cigarette and smoke wavers into the island's winds

## HOT

i feel the air weigh down on me. and my languid body dwindles into the floorboards.

framing a Hiroshi Nagai painting buying records you've never heard of making time to get lonely

showering outside together weaving bracelets out of grass loitering on various porches & patios looking for a light drying out in an inflatable pool watching recordings of concerts on EVHS

feeling stale wind on bare skin swinging ankles below crossed legs showing off tan lines seen only by lovers taking the first sip
of beer
opened
by a friend
milling about the old
house
wanting to relive a
day
waiting by a window
for something lyrical
to happen

when all things in life are fair -- all things that make a summer hot

the crashes crash louder under the cover of night

## STRANGE ENCOUNTER

i am afraid of the ocean at night

even still i heard your tears -- as they relinqui

to the sand's palms.
i am afraid of the ocean

night cause i knew that this uld be the last time.

