

Water Too Cold Really For Swimming

the click of shutters or clack of heels along the pebbled
beach in the brush behind the washed-up logs and boulders

the flurry of terrycloth towels haltertops back issues of
vogue once the clicking's begun these women nearly sirens

but not stupid not mistaking it for crickets or the black
pods' cracking in the heat or gentle erosion of the cliff

out on the water three corvettes are circling you need no
binoculars to see the red and white ensigns but you raise

them for a closer look the women rub their eyes instantly
blinded by the sun off the water bouncing off your lenses

they do not release their grips however on the terrycloth
towels et cetera that gather their melting flesh together

nor do they raise their voices to lure the corvettes near
to shore signal lights blinking the sun setting the radar

dishes on fire the petty officers scanning the waters for
reefs and for deadheads the sonar exposing the women that

dive into the water too cold really for swimming into the
light surf to escape the fevered men clicking on the logs

clacking on the boulders behind now taking evasive action
flashing a crude semaphore that defines their frustration

—*Derk Wynand*