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## Provincetown

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PROVINCETOWN

In my mind, I beg our blood to work. To keep us loving  
long after we've breached. I lean into your shoulder, not light  
like a shearwater, but heavy and insistent as the horn of a goat.

The dunes that separate our maritime kingdom  
from fields of corn are an elaborate set. The puppets may be  
tragic, may be lonesome, full of gravity, but we are deliberate  
and afraid of nothing. We kiss at the bar, tequila heavy  
on our knees, like whales identifiable only by certain scars.

*He slaps the water with his fin because he can*, the naturalist had said.  
Back at the campground, sunburnt, in the dark, we find each  
other's heads below the blueberry shrubs (because we can)  
and we do so in the shape of love, which is a peninsula.

We are setting up the rain fly. We are stoned and can't get it right.  
We are inside our minds thinking, *I was almost an island*.

It never does rain. I never do get bored. Leaving the Cape  
on Route 6, we chew taffy and listen to oldies. Here is  
the bridge. We do not hit traffic. We do not break down.