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resorting at the seaside

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RESORTING AT THE SEASIDE

Jesus, we had a lot of fishes!
My sea legs shagged the net and I didn't
finish the sentence you wanted

to loose the flapper flip of the unasked.

I wanted to be a basket or to be made into a holding
set of arms. I asked to be slimmer than the sea
which is wide and flat in its own infinity.

You told me to cut my excess and I cried.

Did you see how I flipped that? My habitat
is the purple wanting along the setting sun. A skiff that bends
to darkly give up its angles,

an oval ghost that jibes you.

I love the wave that drags me, an irritant
along your clavicle. It is hard and sifty,
the hand on my face, pressing the wafer of my

body that skims along singing its own end.