

LITTLE KING

Late one night, my mother
out of town, I head to the beach.
I take a seven-ounce bottle
of Lowenbrau from her fridge,
and drive with it between my legs.
Far away from the wild
of 17th Street, I park

in the Eighties,
where we'd go
after the divorce to be with
emptiness together.
After swimming, I'd lie
on my stomach, and I can still
feel that sun filling the salt
in my back.

Tonight, without her,

I pile my clothes in the sand, slip
naked into dark gray water,
go under, open my eyes.
The moon wobbles, an animal
scribbling light, right in front
of my face, but I can't
reach it. I still can't reach it.

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