

Cigars and Sand

A look from a young couple
Says I'm out of place
Sweating under San Diego's April rays
In my boots and jeans
But I'm not here for that peculiar foreplay
Or the roller blades

I came to teach the ocean
To dream
To join blue-green mist
With soulful gray
To dance my toes
And embrace the firm softness
Of Cuban seed
With warm lips

Today, I'm not a lover
Not a poet, or swimmer
I am an adventurer,
A connoisseur of fine smoke
Looking for an affair
With my tan mistress

I hear laughter and music
Smell coconut oil and youth
Feel the heat
The rise and fall of the sea

But know only the taste,
The body, and acceptance
Of my handmade Excalibur

I breathe it
Teasing steamy fingers on my tongue
Until nearly cooled
Then slowly push its beauty
To the water's edge
Breathe in
Pulling it to me

Holding its resonance
As long as I can
While gulls rush
And dive
Distant sailboats and small castles
Wanting its life
Dreading its passing
Resolved to return
Next Saturday

I release.

