## **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.

