

Doheny

a hot night
near the cool beaches
of California

I sit in the tub
and let the water
run over my balls

the hopes of getting
some writing done
are soon tarnished
when the liquor
begins to flow
like the sweat
off my brow
from the humidity
thick enough to
slice through
it with a butcher's knife

I sit by the window
and watch beautiful woman
stroll past

woman that would be normally
mediocre
were now
splendidly plump
in the dawning
of a brand new
city landscape

the surf
not only
brought in
the carcasses of fish
and a fragment
of trash
humans have thrown in
killing mother earth
like a mugger jackknifing

a whore

but it also brings
in the salty,
sandy women
that lay around
on beach towels
like lobsters
in the supermarket

waiting for me
to prey on them

speechless
as reindeer

and even
after the fog rolls in
and the campfire is
roaring mightier
than the lion

the image
of them
will remain