

Calvin White

Wreck Beach

we try to free ourselves

like leaves
before they die

sand trickles from my calves
naked men
and women
lie strewn on the beach
a species demanding to be noticed
the sun in every set of eyes
waves closing in

blackberries
grinning at us between
the thorns
the discrete sound of someone
pissing behind the bush
someone

there are at least three hundred steps to be trudged down
even more to get back up
most people never
actually come here
would rather imagine it
talk about it

at low tide
people skitter

to the surf
playing like children
whooping
as the wild cold water
clutches at balls
or breasts

back on the beach
the coarse warm sand
sticks
the toes
feel freer

