

# Empty-Headed Admirer of Beaches

*Tyson Gerkman*

Bloomington's—

I'm high but not there;

I'm low in spirits and down the Siskiyou Coast.

Cracker jack sucker.

Where was I?

Oh, yes, a girl with raven-black hair

Who looks like a gypsy's daughter, dark and dusky:

She's got a tenderness of heart and thigh that I admire,

Or this green eyed blonde from the country

I "met" long ago one night on a small town Saturday,

Her body browned, sculpted, scented,

Wrapped in devilish crimson garments of lust.

Supple, sleek, silken, smoothly curved flesh of a young woman,

Silver trinkets, moist red tongue and distant eyes mesmerizing; eager mouth and soft lips

Captivating, engorging, enflaming, even mind-boggling and blowing.

She got away or I left—both.

Some say beaches are all the same,

I guess I'm too young to know it.

Sometimes beaches are profoundly icy and unpleasant

Or fiercely windy or impassably foggy,

But I always come back:

Without the rhythmic undulations of the sea

Pounding against my hips with certain sensuality

Moody and morose I will always be.

And when I am not actually there out the window I stare

In a lost trance, recalling a previous affair

(An old encounter with an older beach).

Speak to me if you will but inside I'll be still

Plunging through the last beach's mounds and hills

Receiving the lapping and other cheap thrills.