

apologies

think of you everytime
I stumble upon a dead
animal. blow each other on a
June night like old friends
do. suns out to get us. any
carrying another ascending
a low wall. two freshly
groomed Pomeranians
tasting the breeze on a
front-bike-basket. piss- warm
beer after beer after beer it
gets too hot we hide
hunched under sunshade.
spy on you behind
sunglasses hands sticky
from the sunscreen erratic
flies crashing onto my face
pencil in hand toes digging
mechanically in the sand
DIY self-soothing method
fleas having a blast what's
on my mind? you ask. well,
I don't believe in
accommodation so I don't
ask so I don't get. back
turned to the sea sulking.
buzzard guarding the
vineyards. trophy-aligned
still pink very dead crabs.
bulges pressed like a sword
fight get hard in harmony.
I can't recall the last time
I gave an honest kiss.
I guess I'm sorry.