

SUNBATHING

We've reached the ocean and one son
is laughing as he watches the surface
of water fly back to itself. He's overcoming
fear. The other son is so small and happy
when he reaches out to strangers, they leave
themselves for love.

My wife and I are on the hard-packed mud
hoping no one knows us. It's hard to explain
our lives, why the invisible makes us feel
secure, armored like the crab with feelers
and a trapdoor over its heart.

When no one comes, we know we've come back
to watch our children judge us. They think
we're so perfect, we've brought our bodies out
to burn in the sun.