

Coney Island · *Stuart Frieibert*

The beach. At the back, the sea to the horizon.
To the right, a hotdog stand and some chairs with
yellow paint on them. Dressed in my tiny new trunks
I sit down, listen to the wind blow, rain come close
as you stand by the water, whispering something to
the man beside you. There now, I tell myself,
wait till you're told—I'm glad to see you out
of doors, I yell.

By nightfall, I'm surrounded by a crowd of people
who wonder why I'm speaking to the waves. No doubt
because you're gone. I move closer to the water now,
the waves all hung with cobwebs. Except for a narrow
passage: when I start through, I hear you calling.

It's impossible to describe the dissatisfaction
in the air. I back away, lose my shoe in the surf.