

You rage

The sails whip
the masts.

The sand shreds
your face and fists, skirts bellowing
poppy-like in protest.

Your hair flares its angry tendrils
at the sun while eyes roll sky-ward,
at that proud, proud moon.

You hate the boys dressed in black
and their heaving.
You hate the wind that carries them.

You hate the moms.
You hate all the songs in fear
of them being interpreted as prayer.
You hate the bird nests tucked
into crevices in the sand, whisked by the waves
and yet unscathed come summer.

There are the rocks.
There is drink, there are the men
who would wrap one hand around your neck and pay
two pound for it, too.

There are the men who would protect you.

There are black boats and there's an edge
to this world.

There was his name, now raging
against the expanse.

What expanse
you do not know,
but you kick off the black slippers and tear off the black bow.

The lighthouse spins its grin towards you.
The waves growl, then sink their teeth in the cliff.
The boys, all dressed in black, and the fathers, all bent and reverent
with age.

Not you.

You rage.