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The View at Cedar Beach 1956

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THE VIEW AT CEDAR BEACH 1956

This photograph brings you back like the eyes of the newborn.
There's Alfredo still fishing. Poor fool, forever
tangled in his line. Waves lost their color
and Maria's hat faded to nothing. They're depending
on the pier. That's how lives develop.
To one side, a gull nibbles at a squid Alfredo
counted on. Maria, a little dream, motionless.
She loved him for the odds and ends fished
out of his sweater. She loved his lean cold body
smelling of sea. Not even the crease across her shoulder
can change that.