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You, 1963

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TOM HILL

you 1963

Remember the day
In 1963, we smoked
Cigarettes on the beach,
And you murmured
The weekend's count:
One pack, two packs,
Three packs, four.

And then you were
At the water
And in it,
And for a moment
I thought I'd lost you,
But then I saw your strong
Arms, burnt pink, crashing
Against the waves
And then you were
Next to me on the sand,
Smiling and sucking on
An Old Gold, little squares
Of white skin peeking
Where your suit met
Your thighs and I thought
How glorious it was to have
Half a decade, no, half a century,
Nearly, spread out before us,
So much time, warming
And expanding and calling
To us: Come to the sand,
It is yours, everything
Can be yours.
And we were just
Two waves cresting the ocean
Of what we were, then.