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Surf

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French: Surf

SURF

PAUL FRENCH

He nuzzles her lobes and makes slender talk.
His hand skims lint off her thigh and wheels

around to the cleft of puckered fat and presses in,
poised claw-like, the fingers biting into cotton pants,

into the cush of her, and he lifts
her onto the laundromat counter

and, sucking her skin, says something
muffled in the bubble they've made

so I don't hear and she wheezes a shuffling
laugh knowing that I'm feet and miles away,

twisting the sound of the wad rolling
into a plump boat churning waves,

when dense sex nudges me, inseminated
into memories of beaches, waterparks,

wave-pools and the machine-tide where
I bobbed and watched people mouth

each other while their bellied children
lapped the pool rims—the mashed

murmured padding. He whispers to her
over the machine-noise, groping

while their children chime around them.
One is quiet, watching the clothes.