

2001

## A Hot Thing

Jennifer Enright  
*St. John Fisher College*

### [How has open access to Fisher Digital Publications benefited you?](#)

Follow this and additional works at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle>

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

---

#### Recommended Citation

Enright, Jennifer (2001) "A Hot Thing," *The Angle*: Vol. 2002: Iss. 1, Article 10.  
Available at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2002/iss1/10>

This document is posted at <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2002/iss1/10> and is brought to you for free and open access by Fisher Digital Publications at St. John Fisher College. For more information, please contact [fisherpub@sjfc.edu](mailto:fisherpub@sjfc.edu).

---

# A Hot Thing

## **Cover Page Footnote**

Appeared in the issue: Volume 2, Issue 1, 2001.

# JEN ENRIGHT

---

## A HOT THING

Sand in my shoes.  
A lonely walk by the Marina  
Scorching lake breeze outweighs  
the angry, cold pink that will ignore my return.  
Palm trees, white sand, Lake Pretty View.  
Fire burns in the happiest place on Earth,  
And I am the spark ablaze.  
Apologies are just words if there's not a hot thing fueling them.

Little boy in the sand, palms against blue-thoughts.  
Sand brings laughter, water brings tears as a tiny foot  
hits the sharp edge of a bucket.  
Bucket, meant for bathing, now a mere beach torture device.  
It wasn't meant to be that way.  
A peaceful vista pierced by a hot thing in water and sand.

Thoughts grow legs of their own and swim away,  
drifting ashore to a boy and a girl, or two of each, if Nature's kind.  
A gift God granted on a night made for lovers,  
making love on this solitary beach chair, now only occupied by one-  
listening to the cry of peacocks and little boys,  
birds' songs and waves  
wondering when, out of love, a hot thing will create life.

Back home, dream shattered, sand still between my toes, fingers, thighs.  
Silence clings on tight like death, slowly but stiffly sucking air from  
tired lungs.  
I miss you.

Cute couples together, some with children, some just a duo, holding hands,  
back  
scratching.

An ever-present couple, half of which is my blood,  
loves her partner and gives him nice feelings.  
Feelings I wish to give you now-in sand, waters lapping, a hot thing  
surging through your flesh.