A Hot Thing

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Jen Enright

A Hot Thing

Sand in my shoes.
A lonely walk by the Marina
Scorching lake breeze outweights
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.