

Broward County Love Song (flaxen from the sun)

by Brian Michael Barbeito

If the little buildings had hair the hair was as if sleeked back some and also flaxen from the sun. Men walked past there and of course women also all in the requisite wear of the world. We dashed felt pens on curb-sides writing our names in the world and way in behind us kids drove cars from remotes over ramps. Jimmy repaired his board and deck and bearings and trucks all the time there and the brilliant afternoon star made the sea to the east a big sheeted silver glittering wave. I thought of nights, and how it would be when maybe the electric light queen came by. She would walk, in denim and adorned of green t-shirt and silver hoops and make a quiet hoopla herself if there could be a quiet hoopla. I had my own dream, and in the dream we all stayed until the end of time by motels with yellow doors and parts of walls that were designed with tiles and care and sun-soul in mind. Yes, always and all time inside of days never marred but instead married to light and also to the sub-tropical breezes. See, the paved contours or the palm leaves in the sun shower, the largest raw blue benign sky ancient and new at once cupping itself knowingly over labyrinthine paths that led yet through the vacant lots leading to solid well-worn roads,- the aged man in cut-off cords walking past, cups with ice, the odd trucker cap, thick grasses, wild unencumbered shrubs, clouds like scorpions and tinsel or intricate coral cities unknown, and the queen's sly smile were all part of the way of us. Our world was bright and well and shining and at once both tanned and flaxen from seasons in the sun down Broward County way.

