

LUPUS

by Bud Smith

Flannery O'Connor's
Collected Short Stories
is too big to bring to the beach

so I take a razor blade
and cut down the center of the spine
making two smaller books

one book has
"A Good Man Is Hard To Find"
on that I glue *Rodan! The Flying Monster!*
wrapped around, front to back
to keep the spine together
a bandage made
from a glossy junk magazine

the other razor blade half
has "Everything That Rises
Must Converge"
on that one
I glue, Godzilla emerging
from a bubbling
red sea

while I get sunburnt
and read the book
someone comes by
selling cans of beer
out of a black
plastic bag

they ask about
my strange books
I say
“They're about
a woman
who was attacked
by a wolf
but somehow survived”

he is also selling beach towels
replicating the Puerto Rican flag
or others with peacocks
purple and green
but I am fine, laying on hot sand

I buy a frozen mango slushy
to go with my can of beer
it all tastes like a fizzy demonic peach

out in the ocean
I spy a cargo ship
trolling across a difficult horizon.

