

The Baby Pool

by Ginnetta Correli

I want to fly like a snail. Yes, snails fly in their minds, so does the brain of the ocean.

Does a man want to drown in the ersatz of desire?

You must understand me. You and I swam together. They call it escape velocity. You, the expatriate, calling yourself "Moondoggie." All the Roxie girls on the beach desired you. Me, a strange migrant. No, not a blonde girl named: "Gidget"

The sea was black that day, the sky a mass of condensed vapor. Yet, somehow I pulled a boy to a deep, forming swell and spoke to him: "Hold your breath and go under the wave."

The boy was afraid. I could tell. "I don't swim with black fish." He lied, smiling to his friends, waving with one wrist like a windshield wiper moves in the rain.

The boy kept trying to move back to the drunk dots on the sand. I kept a firm grip on his foot. The next dark envelope started to fold. "Watch me." I told him.

Pushed my head under the ocean disguise, pulling him close. Deep we went. I could feel a man trust me below a vigorous excavating waterspout...our bodies together as one in our minds. Grabbing his middle with my lips, I blew as best I could with what short time I had. I knew the man craved nourishment and liked my milk.

Could tell by the way he closed his eyes. Thrusting under my warm blanket until a kernel popped. A wet push for us to a cream foam, surface release.

The boys watching from the shore jealous of our wave. Tossing together as plugs on a solarium, hydrated platform for all to see. No, I was not ashamed. The man belonged to me. The sea.

Yet, phlebitis is inevitable for the weak of heart. The boy pretended to choke and came too soon, spitting water from his teeth. He grabbed his slip-and-slide and ran to his buddies on the dirt. Moondoggie-babe, you still have not learned how to fool Mother Nature. Thank God you're still alive...

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