

# Vacation

*by* Jennifer Donnell

The rage and pain take holiday  
in Turks and Caicos.  
I worship the sun under an umbrella and sunhat,  
am tempted to toss my blonde hair seductively,  
sleep with the man who looks the least like you,  
black hair and brown eyes,  
and only for that reason.  
I sip one cocktail to pretend it's remotely likely  
that I will peel off my swimsuit once in his room  
and wonder how long until my nun like existence  
starts to slim my sex appeal, sanded down to kindle  
by each lie you told.  
As he looks me up and down,  
I suspect it already has  
and feel my arms cross as I walk  
back from the poolside bar alone.  
I imagine you in the States,  
pushing stacks of work papers and our memories  
to the side, sense your enjoyment that  
you won't see the worry of your  
behavior reflected in my eyes again.  
That you can buy and bang and be  
whomever you want,  
indulge in massage parlor peek a boos  
and porn and post pubescent  
voyeurism or trysts with the working elite.  
Even on an island your sickness  
swims to find me and I shower it  
away, listening to the Beach Boys  
and having the peace of knowing  
our son  
won't walk in the shadow

of your ghosts.

