

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.

