

Frances at Virginia Beach

by Tantra Bensko

**I am promiscuous, thinking of these
Fascinations I will never know as people:**

**Some have erected a sail in the sand
With a sheet. A black man, head to toe
In red, ties and unties
His white sash. He cuts karate
At the wind.**

**A girlish boy slowly somersaults on wet towels.
I wish I could know him, I guess.
My husband waits for him to hurt himself.
The boy drinks red wine between movements,
Staring hypnotically at the back
Of a girl's head.**

**Now that I'm pastel with pregnancy
People say I may not be so promiscuous.
But I'm in as many pieces as before.**

**I'm the man in red and the drunken acrobat.
Nothing ties together.**

**If my husband weren't here
I'd go to the young boy and try him
With lipstick
And not get to know him.
My husband, who won't admit the surface
Enough to wear lipstick,
Lies here in this disturbingly almost poem of a beach.
He waits with a pen for some pain
To tie everything to him in a poem,**

**To give the scene depth, take him inside.
He thinks it can be done
With pain.**

