## 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.