Squinting against the sun's encroachment
clad in but bright blue trunks
that nearly draped down to his ankles
adorned with small yellow ducks plastered every which way
He catches a whiff of the noxious chlorine.
A nearby man frowns disapprovingly
though what he's frowning at is unclear.
Dad lounges lazily beneath the crimson beach umbrella
faded after too much use.
Mom sits close by, red-faced
attempting to swallow an entire hot dog
Enamored with the fountain all day, he toddles toward
the waterpark's oasis.
Choosing his station next to the girl with brown pigtails
twin snakes, each sporting a smart red bow tie
lying listlessly against her thumping chest.
Smiling at each other, they both sit
hunched over their own jet
eagerly anticipating the water's next
burst.

A gangly ten-year-old plops himself down
on the sofa to watch Another Teen Movie.
His pants don't quite cover his ass
and his ass doesn't quite cover his shyness.
His shyness doesn't quite cover his interest,
his interest doesn't quite cover his eyes
and his eyes don't quite understand what they see—
His mother's too busy to bake pies.
Removing the DVD, he pads back to his sanctum
securely latching the door behind him
taking care not to slam it.
The laptop logs on as he takes it all off
stripped down, naked save for his socks
drinking in the pop-ups in bigger gulps
than he ever had before.
Something's stirring, straining against the thin fabric of his boxer shorts;
Images of the curly-haired pixie flash
unbidden
into the forefront of his thoughts.
Clumsily, he takes himself in his hand
AS SEEN ON TV!
The show's over before the next commercial break,
leaving him more than slightly
overwhelmed.

As he fumbled with the buttons on his tuxedo
(no way are we going to wait until he undoes my bra)
he's a bit flustered, though persistent.
Eventually he gets them,
threatening to pop off a number of times
during the process.
Strands of thread hang from where
they once were fastened securely.
(it's cute, if a bit desperate)
His hair, so perfectly coiffed when the evening began
now disheveled, the dirty blonde locks covering
the shiny pink pimples popping out of his
forehead,
glistening under the dome light.
(ugh, I can't believe this is how I'll remember it)
The nervous grin plastered on his face did nothing
to enhance the mood.
Vaguely yellow teeth now exposed—
the front two larger than the others
but cocked to the left.
As the limo kept rolling down the street
a soundproof black divider raised to protect them 
and the driver for the duration. 
Two sweaty blocks later, he collapses on top of her 
(a bit unsurprisingly, unfulfilling) 
She reapplys her lipstick, 
lightly smacking pink pillows together 
moistening them, but not overly so 
(maybe we can get back to the dance in time) 
as he gazes out the window at the skyscrapers man's monument to himself 
(wishful thinking) 
whizzing by noiselessly, he sighs, 
contentedly.

Everyone's all smiles and waves 
as the car pulls out to a chorus of ringing bells 
and a shower of organic rice 
guaranteed not to burst the bellies 
of any scurrilous scavengers who scrounge it up. 
(a bit foolish, wearing white) 
Flying down the road, her head on his arm 
having to move every time he shifts gears 
(the gearknob has proven a difficulty more than once) 
Snuggled in close at the terminal, they patiently wait 
sneaking fleeting heartfelt glances at one another, 
stealing surreptitious swipes at her breasts 
They plop into the narrow seats, safe in the assurance of one another. 
(only a few hours until our new life begins) 
Hardly ten minutes into the listless movie, she gets up and sways seductively 
sashaying down the aisle 
hips threatening to knock people's heads off 
ass synchronized with the motion of the ailerons. 
A look is all it takes. 
He gets up to follow her 
(Christ it's cramped in here) 
stretching his arms, bumping against the top of the cabin and looking 
conspicuously nonchalant. 
The old woman in seat 27B 
sets down her book and grabs her glasses by the chain— 
looking up as a thin smile twitches at the corners of her mouth 
wrinkles vibrating as she tries to contain it
when he stumbles by.
After a furtive glance around, he slips into the lav and rotates the latch to “Occupied.”

Tired and hungry, he pulls into the driveway behind the wife’s car.
(he should have been home an hour ago)
He sits behind the wheel long after the engine has ceased its cycle—
nothing makes a sound, save for the buzzing in his ears.
Eventually, the ignition rotates forward again and he pulls out
driving toward the cacophony of the city.
(how late until I should be worried?)
He’s met at the door after the buzzer sounds
by a mirage, a nose constructed almost entirely of raw materials;
a face sculpted by a 21st century Picasso
who has a vision of loveliness, but can’t quite translate it
(he’s not answering his phone I hate when he works late)
Through his weary haze he takes little notice
and roughly tenderly scoops her into his arms
shutting out the light as he moves over to her bed.
Biological mechanics, thrusting and moaning
almost automatically
He thrusts.
She moans.
There should be an air of excitement, but no one’s inhaling
a simultaneous conclusion brings a falling action
that leaves something to be desired.

Three or four wives later, there’s little biology
to speak of.
the pill takes care of the onerous set-up work
and the gold chains and bracelets jingling hardly set the mood.
(what time is it? I’ve got an appointment with the lawyer at 4)
Thinning black hair tinged with gray sits stubbornly
no longer long enough to sway back and forth with the motion of emotion.
Her blondebrown? red?hair lies splayed on the pink pillows
motionless, dead as a possum on the side of the road.
Passionless moans sound more like exasperated grunts
but nothing deters him.
The gears have ceased turning now, with only few slipped cogs.
(shit I'm gonna be late, a quick kiss and I'm off)
He slowly sinks back into the bed
watching the tights-clad legs mince out the door
turquoise nylon jiggling and bouncing with every step.
Rolling over, he gathers the sheets around his neck
protecting himself from something
Her.
Her lawyer.
His ex-wife.
Her lawyer.
His lawyer.
Himself.
No one.
Unable to do anything else, he
turns on his side,
incapable of facing his problems
He inhales.
The white of his eyes give way to the pink insides of her skin
matching nicely with the bloodshot sclera—
a perfect pattern.
His lungs reach their capacity, and
he holds it in as long as he can but in the end he
sighs.

Alone in his room save for beeps and the gentle whirrs
he sleeps, after a fashion. Restless muscles spasm
threatening to pull out
any number of needles barely pushed in.
Fluids come in and out through plastic tubes
over thin pastel blankets
changed twice a day by the portly Latina nurse
electrodes are jammed onto his red face
his frighteningly veiny arms
and his pallid skeletal legs.
Wires crisscrossing and flowing
tributaries carrying his current away—
He's barely aware of any of it.
To him it's a dreamless slumber, though there is something
he can't quite remember.
Twitching underneath the wispy sheets, a small flurry of activity
One of the waste tubes carries the fluid
over the heap of flesh once called a man
To a bag.
to be emptied later into the trash.
He lets out a slight moan and shifts
slowly.