

MIAMI BEACH

The sea is gin. The rocks, the sand
are ice;

Are white, lovely, holy frozen gin.

The moon drips tonic;

Venus drips love,

Drips lemon, drips lime . . .

olives,

vermouth.

* * * *

Sun. The sun. Coming up. Big. Bigger.

Coming up. Just coming up. Coming . . .

The women lie

down, on their backs,

Venus, Venus,

mons veneris

to it.

They swing. They swing themselves to it, O

Raise themselves raise themselves

raise themselves.

The sun is red-, yellow

orange

Christ-

Faced, suddenly saturnine;

and then

Not.

—The sun swings south.

My face opens,

I am dreams, *not* dreams,

there,

but ice, gin

(Frozen, moon-colored, moon-flesh, solid),

White-, red, Jesus-, light

olives,

vermouth.

I am Venus, and the falling stars.

* * * *

We giggle. The men, the women, God,

Me. We giggle . . .

six hundred of us!

Morning. It is day. Still. Morning.

So.

We drink. We make love. Lots. Lots. Lots.

Love.

We make love.

The men. The women.

Sun.

The sun makes it . . .

love

The whole GO

is the

Sun. Is love.

Ten o'clock.

The moon stays.

The moon stays there. Today. Today.

It will be there all day, today.

Til Noon.

And we drink.

And we make love.

Make love.

We make it with our hands,

with our mouths.

IT. It is made.

We make it again.

Again.

—The stars are there, still there.

Bright.

Very bright. Even though it is day.

Blue, bright blue sky. White-, bright red

sky. Sun.

Rising. Rising.

Great God-, Big,

God, God.

It eats into us.

It melts the ice,

A little. Eats into us.

And sips

The sea.

The sea floats up to it,

floats.

GIN. Lovely, lovely gin.

The bright moon

Drips tonic, drips bourbon, now, too,

drips scotch

(Venus, poor Venus, weeps

. . . olives.

vermouth)

... all, all floats down,
floats back to the sun;
The white-, red-
holy
gin-
Sun.
It breathes.

All of us. We can hear it ...
all of us!

We are afraid.

We sleep. And then sleep.
The rocks melt, a little ...
frozen; still

Frozen gin.

We lick them.
All of us.
We lick them. The sun breathes.
A little.

We put out our tongues,
now, Noonday-dogs,
And try to feel it breathe,
its breath. Sun.

We don't. We fail.
We fail to feel it

Breathe.

We make love. *More* love.
We make love!

It rises.

Bigger, bigger.
Noon-,
night.

This day will stop at ...
and it does. Does

Stops. Like that!

It stops. Stops.
And love. Love.

Robert S. Sward