

The Man With The Florida Tan

Every winter
I dream of going south,
golden-brown
semi-nude
travel-poster-girls
instant heaven;
every winter
I'm the bronze-skinned
beach boy
with the surfboard-prick
bringing moonlight miracles
to bored wives
who come
like thunder
out of Cuba
cross the bay;
every winter
I dream
of being
the MAN.
where's the snow shovel, Mary?

Once
we jumped into bed
moon-high
the springs twanged
like guitars
all night
my love in the groove.

Now
we crawl into bed
blinds down
the springs creak
like rusty gates
all night
my love in a rut.

— Harold Briggs

New York, New York