

Seasonal Affective Disorder

I answer winter with Florida,
Blue Moon beermosas, swamp
pontoon rides, fishy pelican breath.
As good a place as any
to drink myself to death.

Clouds piss themselves, rain
slamming mint and lilac
motels, palms, plastic
surgery billboards asking,
Are your cups half empty?

Fearing falling coconuts, I pull over
and watch two gators make tender,
minimalistic love in a ditch. I imagine
my skin thickening to gator hide.
As good a gamble as any
to hide from the future,
to make my life continuous

prologue. Hibiscus open their dumb
fuchsia throats to the humidity.
Hungover, I eat cold noodles
out of a styrofoam clam.
I stroll on damp, gritty sand,
picturing the melancholy
and mystical sex lives inside
those rainbow sherbet houses
precarious on stilts.

Veering between the drunks
blasting beer and truck country
and the drunker drunks blasting
breakup country, I step on something
sharp. A clamshell, or part of one.
Ridged blush, cream, orange, tinged
with blood, as good a sunset.

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