

MICHAEL KOUROUBETES

Blind Date at Slap Sea

A pasty postman delivers the letter
Smudged ink on blue line paper, I imagine.
Marry me, marry me, marry me...

She cracked her head on sandy pavement that night
On the first of May, her purse snagged
Leaving a strapping bruise...

It was a simple rendezvous, sand, sea and wine
Just a seven year old boy brought along to their blindfold date
He's seven, quiet kid, don't worry about him—they drank, he sat, they laughed.

He stared at the dusk beach...
An agate ocean licking at a vast flat darkening mouth,
With fat tourists in strained thongs and crab cake sandals

Thronging along the Aegean shore they glance at the waters,
Future postcards to mail to the kids.
They polyglot and stumble as some hold hands and others grab asses.

Above the waves, I see the cold water grey trident with a speared squid.
Its cadaver tentacles hanging like wet cords from the spikes as
Eirene, the daughter of Coral God Poseidon, rises from sea to beach...

And water soles off of her as she stops to ponder how
She's going to eat her evening meal: raw or sautéed?
Striding off, kicking up sand, she leaves the scene...

My mother's rendezvous with the oil skinned man goes well
Until hours later she won't put out for him—he slaps her to the ground and
Beating me down, runs off with her pearl clasped purse—

Leaving her to cry, on skinned knees, embracing me for saving her—
A slash of blood on my scalp and I imagine the letter that arranged
My estranged parent's marriage and Eirene chewing on a tentacle.