

## **A Good Beach**

Most places,  
I need a good  
beer to feel good,  
but not  
Long Beach  
where the ring of PCH  
spins me in a dizzy  
circle and dumps me  
off on some street—  
I don't know which,  
but I follow the scent  
of the margarita sea.  
It leads me to the mermaid  
women of second street,  
who sip drinks  
the color  
of spring flowers,  
mini-umbrellas  
shading their elegant  
glasses.  
They offer a sip  
of mango, of lime,  
of wild strawberry,  
and I lose  
sight  
of my pants  
and my self control.  
I run out across  
the street into another  
bar, and out of that bar  
into another,  
and I chase the bars  
all the way downtown,  
until I see  
the Queen Mary,  
and she looks good  
with her big ass  
sitting on the water  
like a beluga  
whale.  
I climb aboard  
and I'm thrown  
overboard  
by security.

The mermaid women  
drag me to shore  
where the black  
green water rolls  
me over dirty  
sand, dirty bottles,  
and dirty love  
balloons. I roll  
over a couple making  
love, and they scream  
and take off  
naked,  
and I howl  
and chase them  
but lose them  
and run on  
and leave stamps  
of wet feet  
in the sand.  
My shirt blows  
like a sail  
in the wind,  
as I run  
through the pike,  
through the ferris-wheel  
through the skeleton  
of a dead roller coaster,  
the Borders Book store,  
and people point  
and scream  
and leap out of my  
way  
as I sail  
through the heart  
of Long Beach  
pants-less  
in search of the mermaids,  
but find the flash  
of blue and red  
lights in the  
night sea air.  
“Put your hands up,”  
the authorities yell.  
So I do  
and I feel  
my sail shirt

flutter as I fly  
upward  
like a rocket.  
The cops with mouths  
agape  
hold their pistols  
to the sky.  
I hear big  
bursts  
but not of guns.  
I'm surrounded  
by the blue  
the green,  
and pink  
rain of fireworks,  
and below  
I see the colors  
explode  
on the sea,  
and I see the stars  
and the mermaids  
in the water,  
and they wave  
and blow kisses,  
and I put my hand  
to my mouth  
to blow a kiss  
back  
and feel my mouth  
full of sand  
and cough hard  
and wake up,  
face down,  
drool on pillow,  
headache pounds  
my skull—  
and I'm fully clothed.  
“What a dream,”  
I say, as I pull off  
my shoe  
and sand pours  
out of it  
like good beer  
pours out of a pitcher.