

Carnival Beach

by Michael Tusa

Outside the high brick window,
on the other side of town,
against the bright pier,
and black sea,
tide ever thickening.

Bright starlets and dancers.

Galloping people, tangled in ballets of hot love, weaving in and
out, making a canvas of it.

A moment on every stage, in every scene, in every place.

All at once, being made and savored.

Going on forever, burning in someones mind, leaving deep
depressions of light, and an unrelenting feeling of love fulfilled for
brief daring seconds.

It was the bus ride over and the bus ride back.

The brightest corner out of that great painting,
that showed me all there was and could possibly be.

We walked the stormy beach that night, and saw the sunrise that
immediate morning

and thought nothing of the difference.

