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# Coney Island

Stuart Friebert

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## Coney Island · *Stuart Friebert*

The beach. At the back, the sea to the horizon.  
To the right, a hotdog stand and some chairs with  
yellow paint on them. Dressed in my tiny new trunks  
I sit down, listen to the wind blow, rain come close  
as you stand by the water, whispering something to  
the man beside you. There now, I tell myself,  
wait till you're told—I'm glad to see you out  
of doors, I yell.

By nightfall, I'm surrounded by a crowd of people  
who wonder why I'm speaking to the waves. No doubt  
because you're gone. I move closer to the water now,  
the waves all hung with cobwebs. Except for a narrow  
passage: when I start through, I hear you calling.

It's impossible to describe the dissatisfaction  
in the air. I back away, lose my shoe in the surf.