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Looting

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LOOTING

Bathers spin like rods and cones
in the ocean's blue eye.

Gray dogs prowl through viaducts.

Summer of asphalt grit.

The waves dictate a pattern of recollection—
emergence cut through sand and wind.

Picnic tables corrode on the beach.
Five horses tied to posts.

This summer
a pigeon-eyed roan thoroughbred
steps through a railroad spike
and runs, kamikaze on three legs
to the shore's infant waves.

Boys on vacation
glance over their shoulders,
willing the horse on its run.
For them it is the summer of looting.

The coast will remember this,
smallest of waves
as another sound that numbs the inner ear.
Rocks impaling sheets of glass
in small wet ripples.

A woman is watching through gingham curtains.