

Poolside

Mike Lawson

Oiled and shining
she arches her knee
one drop of sweat
a sequin
works its way down
her chocolate thigh
into her white suit,
absorbed.

A brave boy
puffed up
stands in her sun
talks to her tits
she listens
but says nothing
he returns to his lounge,
dismissed.

Pretending not to notice
Mrs. French and the old woman in #212
swirl painted toes
and gnarled white feet
in the water at the three-foot marker.

But when he rolls
on his stomach,
they share a smile.