An Afternoon at Samoa Beach, CA

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by Kirk Alvaro Lua

1.

We faithfully come back to bed after defeated days, return weary and go to bed hungry.

The pessimistic glasses are stacked and scattered. Dollar store wine half empty glasses, finger stained and with a few dead ants, deceased friends from the uninvited party last night.

The deep bowls filled with peanut shells and orange peels and more bowls. The plates reused and unwashed, the stage for many meals from bell peppers and eggs to the lonely baked potatoes that have sat in our stomachs. The curved spoons and bent forks and dull knives, these musical utensils stay sunk below at the bottom of the sink that has echoed our fights and breakdowns
as they got drunk by the drain. All these weeds of human existence are piled on the counter, on the table, on the mind, on the ignored bills, and on the unopened letters from our mothers.

2.

A burnt Christmas tree lies on the beach while blades of grass pierce through the sand to be taken by wind.

As the old crow, drunk with lonely hunger, caws, the waves ignore the world while dogs shit and look for phantom limbs, driftwood.

The sun and sky drown in the ocean.
It is 4 pm and the day at the beach with cheladas, tortilla chips, salsa, and cigarettes that only kept fingers warm, is over.
We shake the blankets and sheets.
We had made a new bed if only for an afternoon.
She rolls the windows down in the car.
The sand has become jewelry on her body, on her neck and the tops of her breasts, shoulders and thighs. Her lashes resemble palms while the ocean smell stays asleep in my hair.

We pull out of the parking lot as the check engine light stays on.