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## An Afternoon at Samoa Beach, CA

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# *An Afternoon at Somoa Beach,* **CA**

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.