

One-Minded

Sitting on waves like a duck you remember the day
At Redondo you got addicted, just watching
What you instantly recognized as joy —
Some surfer on a seven-foot stick
Riding the water's beautiful beachward shrug
Hanging five, floating, and you meant to be that boy,
A serious boy, so you started young
Playing hooky, bouncing on your short board

Learning from the local older guys, and you can still
Hear yourself squeal-yell taking your first drop
Into a bottom-turn, then it was easy and
Blacker than orgasm
Blacker than a single person's orgasm
Hunting beauty and terror like warriors
With your buddies down the world's collapsing edges
Every summer, mad for the splash of endorphins

Rocking on water you remember finding eternity
Inside a spinning limegreen funnel, that
Was it, it was great, and then spit
Out of the time hole, riding over the lip

You go on into your fifties, erect,
You surf until your face reflects
A solitary blankness like sainthood
But you never even think about your face
You're thinking there's just one brotherhood
And only one pure rhythm, paddling
Out on your stomach
Waiting for the outer wave
Catching it, standing and riding home

Now you're hoping to die in your wet suit
And if death could capture you
On a day like this,
The swells
Sheer glass, the air
Unbelievably mild, balmy –
If he'd clasp you to his heart
And pitch you into the ocean, that brainless grave

Today, today you'd be superbly glad.