

## after low sunday

a woman in a floral bikini, Stella, stands by a motel's swimming pool holding her useless creamy white towel. The flower design of her bikini is a haphazard pattern of what appears to be puerile daisies. The slight, adipose bulge of her belly enhances, not diminishes, her felicitous, visible navel. (A linear perspective's vanishing point would locate itself behind her centrality.) Exposed to the sun is the puce tile of the pool, as it is seen in the left corner. Above and to the right of a vertex of this corner is a blue palmetto in a large circular pot. Its shadow rolls on the water in a broken line and up the other side of the right-angled corner. Stella's dun-colored hair dries in tangles, and as she steps on the aqua blue curb of the pool she obliterates the palmetto's shade line. She is contentedly involved in a flirtation with a man whose suntan simulates an Indian's glabrous, coppery skin. This Floridian scene glissades by moments.

Jack Biddle encounters this scanty, scenic set at the ending and parting of the flirtation with the cupreous skinned man. Jack replaces the departing flirt and interconnects in a triangulation with Stella and the forgotten girlfriend of Stella, who bobs and paddles about in the chlorine water. The displayed concupiscence of Stella's antithetical to the girl in the pool, who dips and plunges beneath the water. The glance that connected Stella and Jack is quickly broken when he finds himself on Collins Avenue seized in sun. He waits on the grass island divide for traffic to pass.

A detouring note blends an eccentricity and an expected obscenity. A focus in an air-filled deafness catches steadfastly part of figures that will not slip by without replete regroupment. Ah, well, to cause a break to transport a meaningless object would be to have Jack Bryddle micurate into a porcelained pot. Lids raised.

Miami Beach is that south tip of stringy blotches of townlands clotted together on hotel and motel lots and houses of families embracing happy, unhappy and invisible alike. Does their invisibility protect them, unto a kin, like canopy or beach umbrella? Such an awkward confinement this is! Catacombs... The golden-jawed pelican rests better in languor on emptied pier contrived the thought of silent evanescent Biddle.

In deliberate ease Jack develops his notice of what a radiant, thin day it is. Mid-morning is unclouded and wound in a slick, filmy, Emersonian blue. Remake said day's sky like a lost crown boweled of its jewels. A lucid, cerulean bowl, upside down, agonizes itself over a roily, green border of palms. What causes this is the bleeding of three dimensions from that border to resemble those paper silhouettes of children's comical, pasted-on, palm fronds. What a bargain basement does for a formal bleachery! How a thirsty sun does dry his indolent mind a placement of bent objects that persist to melt into an eager rainbow, and not a desiccation!

Little did they know, Jack and Stella, bemused chance would continue, in transit, their aslant eye to couple them through neon-crenulated sign blinking 'DANCE - BEER', fulfilled pier, black sand, black sea, black-green waves and grey foam. Jack bore himself jubilantly alongside the check-in office of Sunshine Motel, which is a long rectangular and simple construction of overlaid planks. This wooden, match-box-like building with its carport three-quarters its length lingers on his eye. Bungling Biddle bumps into women as contingently as he wins and plays those glittering pin-ball machines.

Stella Gothardt and Jack, both with tans, between dances at the neon-crenulated beer hall, have a somewhat refracted dialogue. Both sit at opposite sides of an air foam and plastic lined booth. Its siamese chairs are divided by a rectangular table between them.

Jack: "I'm not sure I want to go there."

Stella: "I'm ready to spend the weekend at the Holiday amid..."

Jack: (smile, short laugh) "Oh no, this has nothing to do with that. It's not wanting to be here. There was a miss."

Stella: (silence—or was there an "oh.")

Jack: "It's a sly and shy arrogance and a sporadic flash on a dark sea. I had a girl friend who..." (something drops and obliterates any more sound.)

Stella: "Have you a fearful memory mimicking a part?"

Jack: "No that should be a mocking memorist because I am a mischievous distortionist. And, well, it's my spatial interest which wants to maintain an abstract means of three dimensions." (Laughs) "I don't care for this type of bric-a-brac place. And as for the girl, there has been, at least, a few things between that span and this splash. It's a jump or jog in timepockets for timesleeves. Why don't we..." (fades out)

Stella: (Nods yes)

(And now) to the beach to witness only a part of what could be a long sex scene. Stella's vagina or pudenda is extraordinarily wet, and when she raises her legs to interlock her feet around Biddle's torso her stomach fat puckers. And that is the apodosis of what is perhaps an inane observation during common coitus.

Stella awakens to see footprints receding down the isolated beach.

hands clasped they both go to the beach and both lie down together. The day darkens to dusk. The beach is flat and long. The sun has left. The dim sand, now dark brown, remains warm. A light breeze from the Gulf is filled with sea moist and cool. Waves break into silver quartz clusters.

She awakens and is frightened. He is not there, and all she sees are his footprints leading away from her.

Daylight breaks into the room and opens Jack's eyes. He purposely left open the curtain at the halfway measure. The motel's window is a series of rectangular glass framed in thin metal and one sliding door; the green curtain, with specks of yellow, is drawn open jocundly with time-lapse jerks of a pale cord. His muscles partially begin to concentrate themselves into stumbling acceleration. Jack fumbles on his jock strap and silked, nylon trunks, which are a simulacrum to the ones of his high school track team. A pellucid celerity finally breaks through a cool, blue dawn. A fawn sun is being gobbled up in blue. A crushing munch echoes from his limbering trot on pebbles. He pops into an inveterate, gliding mood, but a mental drop strips reconnoitered past to pseudo, futuristic breakfast. For the split of a second, just before that quick and dashing Rambler missed behind him, he knows he sees crackling, grilled, sunny-side-up eggs and orange juice and butter pooled in grits.

He had come out of the alley way of motel rows and the auto had nestled. nettled and nicked his foot; he had jumped away and forward, and in no measurement of time he had seen a zygodactyl bird of brightly variegated colors break from its leafy branchlet. The hit had felt like it had pashed his foot, albeit he had only a small bruise. And then what was an African gray doing loose? *Psittacus* must no longer play pale mimics in a parlor's

cage.

Jack remembers John Warde two hundred and two feet up for six suicidal hours before he fell and broke two hundred and two bones. Two photographs were printed. One photo caught Warde as he hit the marquee and smashed red glass in suspended chunks. The second one showed Warde face down with red pulp fleshed out in a faceless, circular lump. Warde's imbecilic fall was an impish, deliberate encroachment on Jack.

Just before breaking into a meadow of knotgrass Jack runs between two pines and slips on pine needles. Such a slip, muddy slips and wrong turns change races as another races to the front as a cassation of the first. An empty road running in an oval and a forgetful race twists fat vapidly into a practical joke. Jack's stumble enables him to notice his shadow disappearing between the two pines.

On Tuesday Jack leaves; he places gracefully his thick, black luggage on the airline's stainless steel weighing machine and smiles at the straight-haired blonde who hands him back his ticket. The blonde ticket-taker and hand-it-back has something in her features which corresponds not fully to a fashion model. He does not stop to figure out why. The TWA airplane takes off, jostles affectionate nerves, enervates tickles and leaves everything to fall where it will. A Persian cartographer unrolls a map for inquisitive Jack, who feigns ingenuous interest.

john salinas  
honorable mention  
photography

