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REFLECTIONS OF A SEASHORE WEEKEND TWENTY YEARS PAST

Glenn Holloway

Unwilling even then to serve their sticky eyes,
Normal them perched high on the hotel veranda, peering down
Like dark buzzards at his differentness, making ~~their~~ buzzard sounds,
Snatching him up with grainy tongues to volley him ~~like~~ a hare hide
Between them—then on to those on the beach
Sharing sameness, secure in naked nonentity enough
To peel him with ^{half} ill-cloaked questions and unskilled pointing.
No matter now if that day, that nine-year-old
Had taken off hot anonymity and gone ignoring
To the ocean's feet, felt wind and foam,
Played with sand and periwinkles. ~~Instead he~~ ^{he} clutched camouflage ~~and~~
~~And~~ ran back to his parents' room where other children's
Winged joy attacked walls and windows,
Where he wished for deafness, invisible, unstrange—
Or worse—from which eyes swerve
Quick blessed look-away and let-alone— anything
To keep ~~their~~ curiosity and distaste from surfacing like sweat,
Dripping down on him, lodging lye in his pores.
No matter now that he owns the old hotel, *the beach,*
A man leached out inside a man:—
One of patented laminate, coated with success. The other,
Unwhole and unholy, no one has yet seen.