

Costs

David Musgrove

Within walking distance of the beach
in a small house,
its floor gritty with sand,
I sip warm, watered whiskey
not wanting it
wasted the
eleven dollars
for the two pints.
The girl has already been done
caught her
shower
half dressed, bikini, bra, something,
the vodka moving through her veins
like some Russian white snow demon
somehow bottled and brought
to this sun blasted shore
in the Western Hemisphere.
I took her on the counter
myself standing
finishing quickly, not liking it
afraid.
The trip down here, wasted
like the whiskey
melting into the paper cup.
The girl sleeps.
Unhappy, I sit in a chair
preparing to go home.
She is there
with all the things I am struggling for

and my old enemies
that I am always struggling against
are here with me,
are always with me.
The trip has given me perspective
on all my feeble struggling
and on the sun sinking and the moon rising
above porpoise-plowed waters
and crab-scarred sands.
And on the twisting, gravel street
short steps from the beach
I have been given new worries
born on bathroom counters
but the trip has cost me only
gas money
and eleven dollars for the wasted whiskey,
so far.

