

Death, Sex, Celebrity: My Vacation Status



What's on your mind, beachgurl



Photo/Video



Feeling/Activity



Just after dawn, I'm the first to walk the beach, to see what's new, to be astonished. Who knew we were swimming together in this sea? The dogs are spooked, won't go near it, so disturbingly majestic, motionless—seems morbid, now, this picture, taking it; but I'm a first responder and it's so remote. I usually strip and dip, but this awesome body, wasted, killed my mood. No gore, no visible wound. The enormity of lifeless. Too young. I fell in love. Never saw it coming. D's mom died this time of year, early August. I was walking, **ALMOST EXACTLY IN THIS SPOT**. I got a text from my daughter, she stayed friends with D on FB after acting in my play, he was a super sweet kid—(played such a hot, magnetic villain) I even left the beach for a day-ferry to the mainland.

There he was, all bony flesh but why? Gorgeous, talented Danny—ghastly at his mother's funeral, like he was starving, for no good reason, his beautiful teeth rotting, his tongue in cheek chewing tobacco, (high on whatever) I was furious, I said so! This is what he let his height come to? His heat, his cool, his sleek, black hair, his bun—but who would want to kiss him now?



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I didn't sculpt this penis, I found it. The cliffs are clay (what's left of it) so it's the kind of lonesome beach you hike and get creative, act out your inner artist. First, it startles me—I look away, embarrassed. Then I realize, I'm alone, I can look all I want—it's show-stopping virility, sea weedy balls and sun baked shaft splayed on a boulder aiming for sky—I can even take this picture. But, sharing it feels weird—risky. Like I might get in trouble—because what is it—art, erotica, porn? Once I post it on my timeline is it mine? Who does this penis belong to? It's spooky, really. Did somebody mean for me to find this right where I walk every day—is somebody following me?



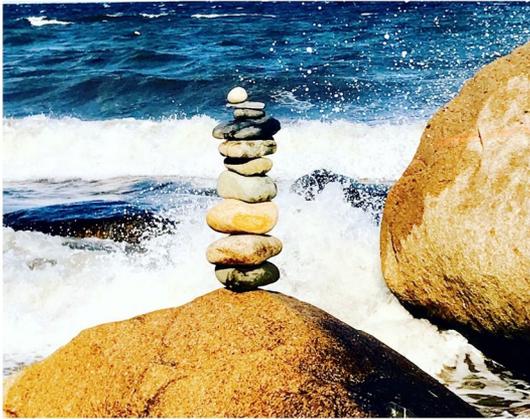
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He used to come later. But this year he's out of office, so we're here, together. He craves privacy—here it is, his beach access, a little further up from mine. I fantasize—who wouldn't—bumping into him some morning, walking his Portuguese Water dogs, Sunny & Bo. He wouldn't want to be recognized, I know, but how could I not? I voted for him, twice, ached for a chance to do it a third time. Our dogs want to meet, they sniff and greet. Just the two of us, our randy pets, beach porn & privacy & would we make something together, &

how could we help it, here, in this passion place of fresh clay, rough surf, wet stones & sun on our naked skin & tides changing ever so slowly & too soon?

Kelly DuMar is a poet, playwright and workshop facilitator from Boston. Her chapbooks are *All These Cures* and *Tree of the Apple*. Her poems and prose are published in *Bellevue Literary Review*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *Kindred*, and more. Her blog, #NewThisDay Writing From My Photo Stream, is at kellydumar.com.