



Spring 2020

The Boardwalk

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Recommended Citation

Cohen, Mirabelle R., "The Boardwalk" (2020). *Student Publications*. 783.
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The Boardwalk

Abstract

From their stakeouts below,

Kids are careful not to look directly up,

The way you avoid looking at the sun when you step outside,

Because the sun streams fire and

painted planks spit sand at the little gods of mischief. [excerpt]

Keywords

board walk, new jersey, poetry

Disciplines

Creative Writing | Poetry

Comments

Written for ENG 305: Free Verse & Form in Poetry.

The Boardwalk

From their stakeouts below,
Kids are careful not to look directly up,
The way you avoid looking at the sun when you step outside,
Because the sun streams fire and
painted planks spit sand at the little gods of mischief.

Across the ocean, there are ancient women wailing in Jerusalem,
Their parchment hands pressed against the cool stone,
They scrawl prayers on paper and pray.
Just down the shore, kids slide dollar bills into the cracks of the boardwalk,
Like folded up wishes at the Western Wall.

They cool their feet in the safe shade,
Hiding from the fiery sun,
or more likely from their spitfire mothers,
With wide-brimmed hats and canvas totes and worst of all, sunblock.

Among crushed beer cans and crab carcass treasures,
They set their traps, waiting for a catch, one eye trained cautiously upward.
With bated breath the tricksters wait beneath,
For the flip flopping to pause right over their heads,
And the fishing line to pull.

Then *finally*, a well-trained beachcomber,
hungry for ice cream from the shoppe three blocks up,
Reaches down a godly hand,
to claim His Western Wall wish.

Laughter bursts from beneath the boardwalk, delighted seagull screeches,
The sunburnt sucker shakes his head,
Flip-flopping back down the boardwalk, empty-handed.