

April 2016

Consummation

Daniel Arguelles

Nova Southeastern University

Follow this and additional works at: <http://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions>



Part of the [Art and Design Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Arguelles, Daniel (2016) "Consummation," *Digressions Literary Magazine*: Vol. 13, Article 29.

Available at: <http://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol13/iss1/29>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the CAHSS Journals at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions Literary Magazine by an authorized administrator of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.

Consummation

Daniel Arguelles

The sand was our carpet
And the palm trees our chapel
The warm breeze served as a witness
As the man robed in black declared our union sacred
We walked to the shore to escape the pesky guests
And the waves stretched out to caress our toes
Insisting on an early honeymoon start
We surrendered and rowed out just before the end of day
The sun was falling off the edge
And the waters danced lazily in a midnight waltz
So propelled by the lust of adventure
We let Jack Daniels take over the helm
And with the stars a blanket in the soft moon light
Gushing pleasure fused us as one, we hoped, for life
The sea hypnotic rocked us to sleep
We never knew in every direction the shore was no more
Just six hours later everything snapped
And suddenly awakened, our salty host bawled
Mortified by the intrusion she slapped us around
The skies turned gray and the winds went mad
Nine days passed
Oh, my perfect bride, her white dress now crimson
Bursting blisters and white secretion
We had to pour our warm yellow self
Down our cracked lips which begged for more
I once swore to my bride's father
If need be I would die for his princess
But now like a fetid rag she lay strung on my arms
The stench was putrid, but I could not loosen the embrace
I'm not sure when she left me or if my mind went first
The lips and eyes I had worshiped now only crawling white rice
A dolphin glimpsed up and mockingly smiled
Deep dark grave, were not the Titanic, Atlantis and Earhart enough?
Some time ago I started to see what I wished
At times I was back on that beach, succulent platters abounding
Fresh water and festive ovens bursting with flavor
But neither insanity nor delusion could ever forgive what came next
There is no redemption for cannibalism
I had hoped for life but now prayed for death
But there was no blade, rope or bullet to put an end to myself
And too weak to jump over to the circling Great White
My last hope was ...