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Life is the Bubbles

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Author Note
Lucy is on the NSU rowing team.

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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 …