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Private Beaches

Angelique V. Nixon
anthuriumcaribjournal@gmail.com

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Private Beaches

The sea, silky salt, caresses
like the softest thighs
cold currents rush from all around
meeting my heated skin.

Driftwood speaks to me, the currents and
pathways to this private beach, where I don't belong,
yet the gentle waves dash over me and
hit the shining white public shoreline.

Coconut trees, poinciana flowers
heavy with summer's bloom
sing to me that I am home,
but the guards would say otherwise if they see me.

The horizon stretches with lucidity
between ocean and sky, a quiet breeze lingers
on this private land, that does not belong to me,
leading to beaches that ought to be free.

I am in this scene,
each time in awe
of this forbidden fruit, resting
on an open breeze of peace and hostility.

This scene repeats over my archipelago, taken with
condos, hotel towers, and tourist chairs,
rising signs of status and glory
all over these jewels of Bahamian sun, sand, and sea.

I stare at the beach
and wonder, when is it ours?