

the sound of the ocean on a rainless night  
coming through the screens  
of opened windows  
facing the beach  
cannot break the tension  
between the waves of heat  
and the ceiling fan  
while i try to will myself  
not to sweat  
but  
fail.  
failing because i am  
part of the background  
an apparition  
in the moonlight passing  
as a confused guest  
on the second floor  
of the beach house  
with several second hand aquariums.

a rainless night.  
wf.h.  
2026