

# FLOATING [FAIRBOURNE A\_MÔR]

Dashing her fingers on a grey rock face she feels suddenly older, colder.  
Smooth blueness hits about her ankles and spits on her thighs  
Fatted toes are underwater prunes on softened sinking stumps.  
The spray stinks of cumming and age.

In hunger she licks a lip, wet swimming through it.  
That bloated floating.  
Later at the dry hotel buffet she lifts a cup, sipping and swallowing hard.  
Tonight's custard is generously gelatinous, hot bright and lumpen.

She clears her throat at the deck  
The sea is an unruly mass of air, swilling recklessly  
Fairbourne is getting eaten up, losing its place, unsettling itself.

Slick bonces appear marooned in the orange light - afternoon paddlers jettisoned by  
the blue  
Their wrap rubber flap caps poking pink holes in the horizon  
She hunkers down in the wet sand, as they emerge all lycra and pig-like assess  
Watching water dribbling back, sucking through sand and boned toes.  
Trickling and soggy with salty awed apathy as they drip into a puddle.

**SARAH ROBERTS 2017.**