

\$80 Not Well Spent
Sophia Estee

I finished it on the fast ferry,
Another beach babe novel I guessed the ending of,
Slamming it shut—
Shoved to the bottom of my beaded bag,
The one strangers always compliment.

I stood, my head dizzy from that dirty diesel,
I fought hard to find my footing.
For the foaming caps were five feet high,
Fighting for a ray of that sulking sun.

My burnt leather Rainbow slips and that big bow dips,
And somehow I'm on the deck now,
So I just dive and dive and dive.

I'm swimming with the sharks now because you're too scared to,
For you can't handle their soft sinking teeth and the roughness of their fins.

Because frankly I've just decided to not return
to that rotting rock.
Whatever words I've read
matter more to me than ever before.

I don't care what's bobbing between the cracks on that jarring jetty,
I don't care what those drunk driving delinquents do,
The ones who believe that the whole world exists
within a 23 mile radius.

I considered how you won't even ask the title
of that novel, set only a single bay away.
And well,
All of the pages have been turned anyway,
Their corners crushed by not so figurative fingers.

I've just got to work on my form—
The salt in my nostrils stings more than any scab I've scraped off
I can hear each drip down my closing throat.

I'm swimming with the sharks now because you're too scared to,
For you can't handle their soft sinking teeth and the roughness of their fins.