



Fall 1966

Galveston Public Beach

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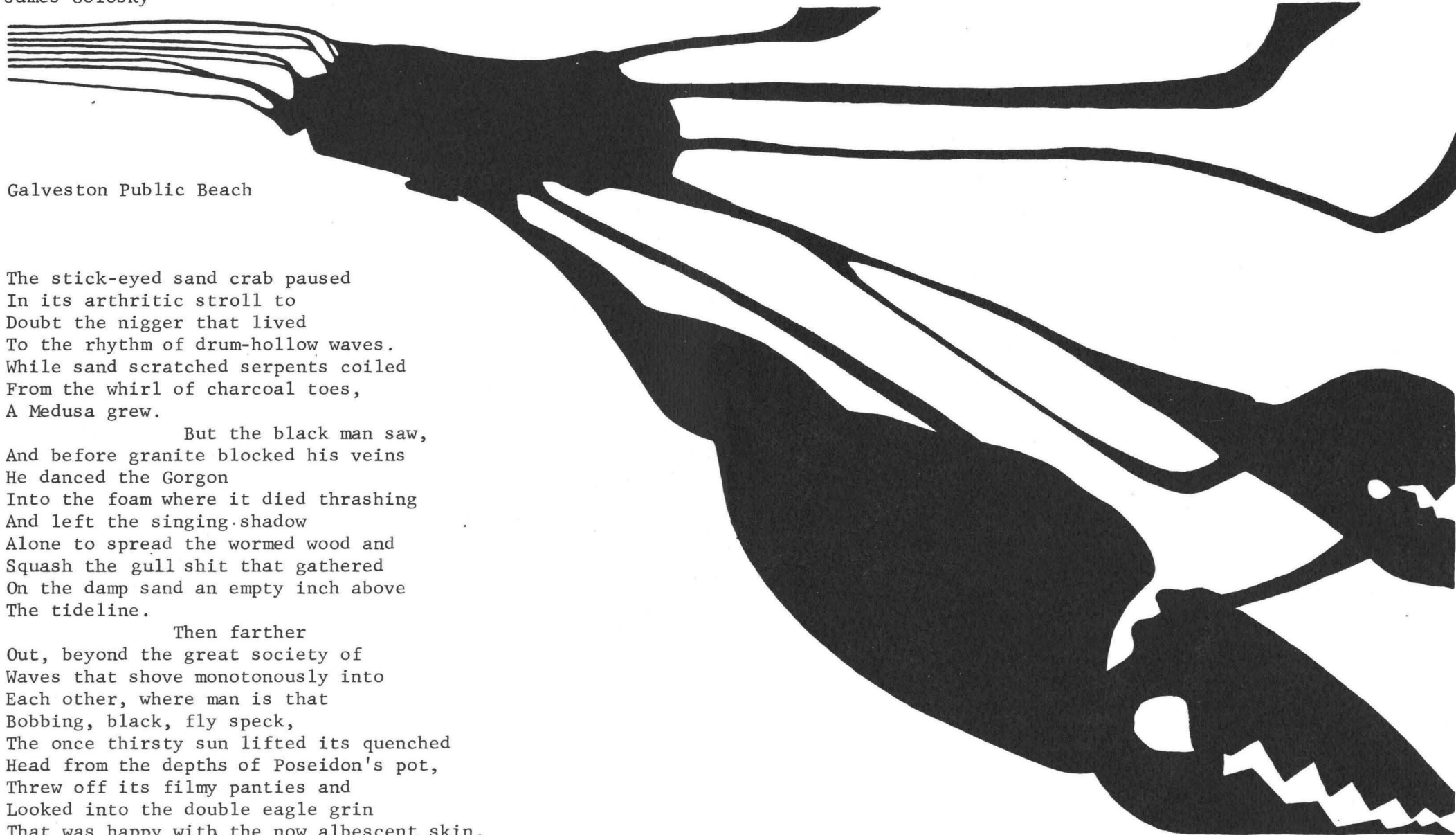
Recommended Citation

Colosky, James (1966) "Galveston Public Beach," *Calliope*: Vol. 13 : Iss. 2 , Article 8.
Available at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol13/iss2/8>

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James Colosky



Galveston Public Beach

The stick-eyed sand crab paused
In its arthritic stroll to
Doubt the nigger that lived
To the rhythm of drum-hollow waves.
While sand scratched serpents coiled
From the whirl of charcoal toes,
A Medusa grew.

But the black man saw,
And before granite blocked his veins
He danced the Gorgon
Into the foam where it died thrashing
And left the singing shadow
Alone to spread the wormed wood and
Squash the gull shit that gathered
On the damp sand an empty inch above
The tideline.

Then farther
Out, beyond the great society of
Waves that shove monotonously into
Each other, where man is that
Bobbing, black, fly speck,
The once thirsty sun lifted its quenched
Head from the depths of Poseidon's pot,
Threw off its filmy panties and
Looked into the double eagle grin
That was happy with the now albescent skin.