Gandy Dancer Archives

Volume 5 | Issue 2 Article 12

5-1-2017

Everday Hauntings // Brigantine Beach Blues

Nicole Pero SUNY Geneseo

Follow this and additional works at: https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer



Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Pero, Nicole (2017) "Everday Hauntings // Brigantine Beach Blues," Gandy Dancer Archives: Vol. 5: Iss. 2, Article 12.

Available at: https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer/vol5/iss2/12

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at KnightScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Gandy Dancer Archives by an authorized editor of KnightScholar. For more information, please contact KnightScholar@geneseo.edu.

Everyday Hauntings

I see an open-mouthed man in her pupil. He is pressed to the glass. He looks lost and confused, and every time her eyes close for a blinking second I hope he won't be there, but those yellowed teeth and frenzied laugh lines stick like window clings. I start seeing him in others' eyes, too, my mother, sister, paper boy as I hand him an envelope for the daily trek up my hill. The man makes tired yawns sometimes, his hair haphazard and sleeping robe open to age-spotted chest. I find the man in my cereal spoon, flipped upside down but still looking haggard. It is when he paints the mirror glass that I shatter it with a wayward golf club and stop going to work.

Brigantine Beach Blues

I feel in me a shuddering hole formed of broken seashells and boardwalk splinters, gone too soon for my comfort, I want to spend days upon days huddled in the '90s set, *Golden Girls* style. Mirrored walls, glass and white wicker furniture plus a cruddy pull-out couch. This timeshare is what's keeping me whole, sunburned and laughing at my father who left the keys in his other swim trunks. He calls the locksmith, one hundred dollars for a credit card and a quick jiggle of the knob. It sounds like the word for mourning something you haven't lost yet.