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## You, 1963

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TOM HILL

*you* 1963

Remember the day  
In 1963, we smoked  
Cigarettes on the beach,  
And you murmured  
The weekend's count:  
One pack, two packs,  
Three packs, four.

And then you were  
At the water  
And in it,  
And for a moment  
I thought I'd lost you,  
But then I saw your strong  
Arms, burnt pink, crashing  
Against the waves  
And then you were  
Next to me on the sand,  
Smiling and sucking on  
An Old Gold, little squares  
Of white skin peeking  
Where your suit met  
Your thighs and I thought  
How glorious it was to have  
Half a decade, no, half a century,  
Nearly, spread out before us,  
So much time, warming  
And expanding and calling  
To us: Come to the sand,  
It is yours, everything  
Can be yours.  
And we were just  
Two waves cresting the ocean  
Of what we were, then.