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Backyard Pool John Grey

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John Grey

BACKYARD POOL

We have bargained with our finances, with the devil. It is ours. We splash Faustian and cool. This glimmering green backyard pool is Helen of Troy. Its pale blue face shakes off another chlorine cloud, launches a thousand ships and two lovers. We have always wanted each other for the things we couldn't afford. Your leather coat. My three thousand dollar telescope. You were warm and smart. I saw the stars. We dance in the rousing depths of what could break us. Sunlight steps aside for our giddy tans. One touch of your dripping body and I'm convinced our souls were worth selling. We love the color, refuse to believe it's the sky that makes it so.