THE PROSE POEM:
AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 4 | 1995

But These Boys Today

Craig Czury

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

The Prose Poem: An International Journal is produced by
The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress)
for the Providence College Digital Commons.
http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/

Craig Czury

BUT THESE BOYS TODAY

> In the ocean, a man dissolves like a bar of salt. And the water doesn't know it.
>
> —Pablo Neruda

don't dissolve...not yet. Maybe not yet for another few years— or the next wave. Maybe not until they get home. I can't tell at what age the men here stop becoming boys. Wave after wave pounds them face down and under—whitewash of last breath and sprawled-out hair. I can't tell, when there's so much clowning around, if the sea really loves these boys—pulling their underpants down below their hinnies and roaring—or if there's something churning and sadistic going on. Of course only a gringo would think this. In the ocean angry sex and gentle sex are the same wave. It's all in how you breathe and let go of your bowels.

When these boys walk away they're exhausted, completely filled and emptied. And they are no longer laughing. Maybe they're no longer boys! One thing for sure, when an angry man has sex with the sea...wave after wave...it's not the sea who becomes the boy.