

# **THE PROSE POEM: AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL**

Volume 4 | 1995

## **But These Boys Today** Craig Czury

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**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.