



**MAIN TEXT:**

Straddling the board a half-mile out, she cups a few ounces of sea in her hand;  
wonders how old that portion of water is  
and lets it sift through her fingers.

A sea that once was merciless to subs and lurched over armadas,  
seems to understand the power of two forces  
and soon bows down  
with a woman  
on top  
of its throat.

ROXY. (LOGO).

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**MAIN TEXT:**

The dogs are spinning salt water from their fuzz .  
The boys, tan chess pieces, turtling down the boardwalk on beach cruisers.  
Kids swatting at the whitewash.  
Other girls, silent in their colors, relaxing on stoves of sand.  
Relaxing is the last thing I want to do. Summer is in my blood.

Roxy.(logo)

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**MAIN TEXT:**

What woman doesn't power through her own damage recital?  
What woman doesn't sneer blood and feel the sea as something inside  
when she notices the point where all water goes dark?  
We go where sea hollows out  
and becomes sky.  
Something unspoken shakes from the spirit.  
Women are of the sea.  
There is no need to become one with nature if you have always been.

ROXY LOGO