

Dripping

I go to the beach
Playing football with my friends
As the pass soars over my head
My sandy foot lands on the pristine towel of a fellow beachgoer
Instead of a harsh reprimand, the man smiles at me
My brow is wet with privilege
I wipe it away with the palm of my hand
Pretending it wasn't there
Pretend his smile would have been for anyone

The sun beats down on me
As I scamper across the tar toward the ice cream truck
Burning my feet
As I reach for my change
I realize the sandy coins won't be enough
With a glow in the man's eyes, he hands me the ice cream anyway
As the taste of the cool ice cream hits my lips
Sweat drips down my forehead
Staining the ice cream

On the way home
My friends and I are lost
A car pulls up and asks
"Do you need help?"
As I wipe my brow, I ask for directions
With a knot in my stomach,
My skin searing with guilt

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