

Ostia

By Helena Trifillis

I carefully choose my place in the sand
In front of two old men under umbrellas
Pontificating in Italian over their crosswords
Wearing thick-rimmed glasses and striped bathing shorts
Until their wives come
Then they rearrange the seats
And set out the cheese table

I see a statue on a broken pier
Then me, a statue laid down in sand
Pretending if I lay still enough
My body won't feel the cold wind

Sometimes when I look at my life
It gleams gold like the sun cast on the sea
Gold like the shining specks in the sand
Gold like my sun-kissed hair

A man comes along selling bracelets
Glinting gold in their glass case
He hands one to me and I say
I don't have any money