

Mosquito Net

by Ari Rosenschein

I awake under a mosquito net in my sticky Kho Phi Phi hut,
trudge slowly across the beach—stoned as Saint Stephen—
then enter the jade ocean where I tread water and piss freely,
like a child, into the foreign depths.

I backfloat and strive to enjoy the moment but mundane
thoughts interrupt as per usual. Don't. Don't let. Don't let me.
Don't let me forget. Don't let me forget my. Don't let me forget
my passport.

At least I'm worrying under a Thai sun.

At least I don't have a cancer in me.

At most I have twenty US dollars and three or four cheap
cigarettes under the cot back inside the hut.

At most I have a few months left with the bronze girl on the cot
back inside the hut.

Every day is like Sunday during this, the last week we will
travel together: looming responsibilities, simmering irritations,
imminent conversations.

A month from now I'll be thirty and start figuring some shit out.



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