

VIRGINIA BEACH, ALONE

Ty Dunn

tell me how the Bermuda Triangle binge-eats
ships and purges near ice cream bars

in the same parallel universe that celebrates my
cellulite tiger stripes. where tiger

sharks slice through water like my surfboard
thighs and crashing waves applaud me. I

imagine not. Mom tells me, “bikinis
are for skinny girls. fatties fill

t-shirts that flap in the wind”
like hoards of seagulls

pecking for fish. by the next
day, I returned it and re-

turned to crossing my arms
in an x, knobs of sweat pooling

in the crevices between. I scrub and
scrape myself, micro cuts from

sand baths, hoping my fat will wash far
from shore and cling to jellyfish tentacles,

that cling to seaweed,
that cling to ships
headed far from shore.