

Willow Hoins  
ENGL 285  
Professor Maya Sonenberg  
Poetry: Ode  
March 9th, 2023

Ode to Poetry on a Nude Beach

I think it's the  
Intimacy of words  
The loss of protective, unassailed endstops.  
Writing for revelation, analysis  
And deconstruction  
Of thought and meaning.

What author would  
Sign up for nakedness  
Without already knowing the comforts of a nude beach?  
With love of a birthday  
Suit, armor isn't necessitated against the  
Unsought onslaught of gritty, granular barrages from the blankets of beaches, into  
*Each nook* and nude cranny of your as-  
K your mother...

*Books* and *movies* show you California sun and sun-kissed skin,  
Salted, sensual drops of water "condensating" on 20 something surfers.

*Life* shows you ancient hippies, hung, hanging— mottled, crepe-like skins of skeletons by the sea;  
Wrinkled by worlds, and wars, against  
*"The System," "The Patriarchy," "The Reason Life Beats You Down."*  
But wrinkled too...  
By crows feet and feeling—  
beautiful, profound, *feel-good* feeling.

So maybe the undressed beauty—  
the uncovered, stripped, stark-naked beauty, that freely  
Rushes into cool, crystalline, Kaleidoscopes of saltwater, seaweed, spontaneity, and *sagging skin*—  
Has something on us.

Take in our nudity, *our* skin—  
transparent, mellow, earthen-ed like driftwood,  
topnotes of narcissus and nonconformist petrichor to  
underscore the mineral, *awakening* musk of the sun-bathers.

The bare body holds no secrets,  
But the nude beach knows something I don't  
About horizons. Growth.