

## *Waiting for the Sun*

NINA BENNETT

Venice Beach is smaller than I imagined,  
not large enough to hold its history  
of Morrison perched on a rooftop writing  
let's swim to the moon, let's climb through the tide.  
Clumps of sand squish between my toes  
as I search for shade. Patchouli wafts  
from t-shirt shops, hangs in the heat  
of an August afternoon. Manzarek's  
riffs ride the surf, idolatrous screams  
of teen age girls echo in the screech of seagulls.

The sun has already set on the small bistro  
by Pere Lachaise cemetery. Wrought  
iron chairs stacked against the patio wall  
signal the end of another day.  
Alain, the manager, listens to LA Woman  
as he gathers empty wine bottles,  
glasses with lipstick stains dark as merlot.  
Mouth stretched in the grimace of a yawn,  
he pours a drink, raises it  
in silent toast to the chanteur et poete  
who rests on the nearby hillside. One more  
turns into two; he checks the locked  
front door, lets himself out the back.  
When the music's over,  
turn out the lights.