

Jasper Beck

Hawaii, I Guess

Grandma Mor-Mor didn't have an extra bed
in her tiny Pahoehoe house, so we waded
through the evening mist down the gravel road,
past ornamental bamboo thickets
and the new neighbor's rental Bobcat
to my great aunt's place by the sea.
Stepping around her sister's relics—tapestries,
statuettes, nuts of the world in wooden bowls—
Grandma left me in the guest room, a bed
and four naked walls against the pooling weather.
Spread out on floral sheets, nothing left to do
but slow-burn in scrolling porn,
just me and the light of somebody's eyes
glowing blue in remote dark,
the splatter of warm rain
between my shallow breaths. After, I let
YouTube numb my Hollywood hopeless,
scoring cleanup with sultry dubstep
washing over the blare of mating frogs.
Between my ears, some voice of God drones
I'm in paradise,
and the beat drops like a pin
into a map of nowhere.