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Gurney Surfer

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Gurney Surfer

It's a rush
of air across your face—
up the underside of nostrils flared
like cuffs of empty bell-bottoms—
a steady, skimming breeze that cools
the salty pool above the lip
wind over seawater

It's a push
from people like waves—
surgeons with foam-white masks
roar orders, wheels heard rumbling low

surf pummeling rocks

It's the crush-
ing weight on your chest
like water pressure, twelve-foot breakers
on your sternum, sky blue sheet
cinched tight

undertow
but more opaque than ocean

—Tom Hankinson '02