

On Orient Beach

James Gregory Maynard

George and Irma

On vacation in St. Maartin, a day on Orient beach results in Irma taking off her top as many other women do.

Walked Orient Beach

Did I and me

A crowded beach it was

Kicking through a foamy sea

Sail boats sailed

Joggers ran

Strollers strolled

Then along came a naked man

I poked me and smiled

Giving my nose a wriggle

She snorted back

And began to giggle

At the Friendly Bar

We took a chair

On the shore

And drank Caribs, without a care

Some bare topped

Innocently walked by

Inciting I

To give it a try

She looked at me

With questioning eye

I shrugged and smiled

My permission she did ply

Orient Beach

Loosens inhibitions

And with a flip of the wrist

Began the exhibition

She lay back on the chair

Arm across breast

Smiling guiltily

Watching the rest

In braveries final act

The arm drops away

A vision for the world to see

With eyes closed, did I lay

A cool gentle breeze

Fingered her breast

Like a lover's hand

Lightly to caress

She looked down

Then at me

And then around

Do others see?

Arm back across her breast

A selfconscious wiggle

Then, with a snort

She began to giggle

Boundaries crossed

A fleeting moment's quest

Satisfied

Then back to life modest