

# The Messenger

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Volume 2002  
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2002

Article 18

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2002

## Belikin Beer

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### Recommended Citation

Wilson, Lonzo (2002) "Belikin Beer," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2002: Iss. 1, Article 18.  
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2002/iss1/18>

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## Belikin Beer

Perched upon a Lazy Lizard stool sinking at the edge of the eroding split.  
The water is clear and blue,  
very tempting as the hot salt melts the eyes, but dangerous.  
Skinny natives with machetes bury rows of thick cane poles  
to keep the water out.

Empty emerald bottles of Belikin beer,  
markers of what was meant to be forgotten.  
Discussing the rising prices of bananas and the bargain of marijuana.  
All I wanted was banana pancakes with chocolate,  
but somehow, it has come to this.

I offer the bar man a beer for a song, but the song isn't for me  
and then you come.  
Wearing a little straw hat and a red bikini.  
They see you over the reeds.  
They will see you in their dreams or they have never seen you at all.

A tall black man plunders a lobster from the ocean and smokes it on the pit with lemons and  
butter, only to offer it to you for nothing in return  
but a smile and a snapshot for the rest of his mind.

It was once flattering to watch others swim and dilate in coconut ice cream,  
because I was with you,  
and then I realized that you would never belong to anyone so  
I bought a bottle of cheap red wine.  
At the bottom of the bottle I finally professed my love,  
which you considered to be an attempt at humor.  
Two mad clowns wading fully clothed into the sea, and  
I floated high, wasted, spewing words of serious froth  
as you laughed.  
You thought it all to be a joke as waves and words  
lapped from my salty tongue.

The song ended.  
Women hung large white sheets.  
A fisher boy began to scream Crocodile, pointing at my sea.  
But his words did not matter -  
and only then did you see that maybe mine did.