

Shades of Gray, Tinge of Red

I gaze through the patio door,
its dulled aluminum framing the ocean.
My spouse lounges behind me,
face glued to a food magazine.
The sky grimaces in tones of gray.
Sea ripples in dark pewter.
Pale sand wallows in rain-drenched
drifts. Wave caps flicker gray-blue,
splash and fade on cloudy beach.

My eyes surf water's edge,
dotted with drab pastels of sweats
and tops. No neon T-shirts blaring,
no bold-colored brand name jackets.
I spy a young woman
strutting up the misty strand,
long hair fluttering in the breeze,
red bikini hugging curves.

My tan temples brighten,
tinge of red flushes my cheeks
when the familiar voice behind me
interrupts my daydream,
Penny for your thoughts.

Wesley Sims has published one chapbook of poetry, *When Night Comes*, Finishing Line Press, Georgetown, Kentucky, 2013. His work has appeared in *Connecticut Review*, *G.W. Review*, *The South Carolina*

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