

A red-tinted photograph of a wooden tray with water splashing, overlaid with a patterned fabric. The text is centered over the image.

TORREMOLINOS_TABLEAUX_
TONGUE-TWISTER
(AFTER_SUN)

Her tongue twisted around names and melting ice pops as the dark closed in on the pinks and the sky clouded into sticky reds.

Heat soaked, the rubber looked like it was melting into gloop or sweating like a wet egg on a paving slab.

He was eating an iced cream and the colour was caught in the bristle of his whisker. She scribbled a smile on a postcard and drew tan lines on her upper thighs.

The towel with an insignia of a pink flamingo branded her underside and she turned her torso, showing off an underdone rippled rear.

It looked like a plaster had been pulled off at her edges, calamine on frankfurters rolled over and flayed.

Later as they strolled she spoke in loud English

Still talking, he failed to listen to her pink wet mouth moving up the promenade, resplendent as it was, well moisturized amidst the dried renders crumbling in the corners of their eyes.

Fans cooled their ideas and the palms of her hands from the heat-stroking
Construction workers stopped drilling the bellies of swimming pools and bowels of basements

She looked out of plate glasses into a window - noticing people making holidays. Walking on, admiring words making up menus, she stooped to pick pink rocks from the beach. A man with a head like a ripe peach walked in front of her pounding and bobbing on the pathway that peeled back and forth beside the sea, kept as bay.

She smiled, knowing there would be bruised peaches at breakfast.

The sun had gone right down into the mean reds

It seemed nothing was as it was as the cabaret began

The sound of a sequin dress ripping its fabric carried on the mechanical breeze from the bar Seams were torn asunder as a mosquito bit firmly into her upper arm and the carpet was pulled out from under.