

Around the Gulf of Mexico--Campeche, Vera Cruz,  
South Padre--it is Hemingway hotels that one should choose.

Hotels, that is, where deep sea fishing types predominate.  
They will be out at sea in chartered boats all day, a state

Of grace for who remain on shore, as we shall have the bar,  
The pool, the poolside luncheon to ourselves, and the guitar

Quartet will spare us *La Paloma*, finding us too few  
For so much effort. Nothing if not willing to let *you*

Be Hemingway, the waterfront photographer has scales  
In metric length and weight, so in his photos numerals

Will, being higher, more impress the good old boys back home.  
In blazing lack of color, blinding as if off polished chrome,

The sun goes down. The Papa clones return; the crew string up  
Their catch before the camera. Too tired and too sunburned to sup,

But not too beery to be belting margaritas down,  
Tomorrow they'll enrich a taxidermist in the town.

Above the Gulf the moon is neither chrome nor polished. Pearl,  
If you must have it, shadowed from inside. And, skirts atwirl,

Come ladies of the evening to the torchlit terrace tile.  
Hooking implies too much focus. Wide net is more their style.