

# Gear

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(Excerpt from *Turn Your Back on the Shore* by Scott Rosin)

One time at a wedding reception  
this dryland biper in yellow oxfords told me  
how lucky I was to be a surfer  
'cause all I needed was a surfboard.

I didn't say anything  
'cause I knew he was set to tell me  
how important he was.

See, he said, I'm a golfer.  
I've got thousands in clubs and clothes,  
and you don't want to know how much  
it costs me for my annual membership  
down at the club. Hoh! And when I travel to  
some other course to play? Hoh! You wouldn't  
believe what it costs! But you, you're lucky,  
all you need is that surfboard, and oh yah,  
your little rubber suit.

I was nice about it.  
I didn't comment  
about my personal disinterest  
in chasing a little white ball.  
To each his own.

But he wasn't done  
and told me about his graphite clubs  
and the multi-million dollar renovation  
they'd just completed on his course  
and how the greens fees were going up  
and how many guys the groundskeeper had  
and what a knowledgeable guy he was  
and how lucky they were to get him  
after the old groundskeeper retired  
but, boy, it sure wasn't getting  
any cheaper to play. Hoh.

Mercifully,  
a willowy brunette caught his eye  
and I was left alone.

Upon reflection,  
I had to admit I was lucky to be a surfer  
even though he'd shorted me some  
on the equipment angle.

Yah, it was true that I needed  
the surfboard and my little rubber suit,  
but somehow he'd left out the waves  
and the storms that made them  
and the dancing oceans they rolled across  
and this planet carrying them like a great  
glistening many-hued magic cloak  
and a moon above to draw tides  
and the reefs and shifting sand below  
to shape them  
and an atmosphere to breathe while I surf them  
and a solar system

and four and a half billion years  
of geologic and biologic morphing and  
o yah that ice asteroid bombardment thingy  
that covered the place with water  
and made the planet bright blue  
to anyone who might be looking  
from the depths  
of deep space.

All so necessary to make me happy.  
Yah.