

The Mud Slicks at Low Tide

by Agnes Ezra Arabella

The mud slicks at low tide were a mood.
Thick gobs that smelled of fish, sulfur and clay
salt and wild seaweed like fungus
moldy like left out fruit
yet it drew her closer
to the shoreline
closer to feeling
it between her toes
thick, squirts
as her feet lifted
like a suction cup
and then back to squirting
with footprints.
She saw the clam spout
out the water.
Then the dull drum sound
hammering
beat
beat.
The beat of children's foot steps
coming from the ice cream
truck.
They ran past her.
They held their ice cream in one
hand
and throwing a frisbee
in the other.
The wind picked up
and the frisbee

sailed the arch of movement
around the wind
until it fell on the sand
at her feet.
The little child ran to her.
She thought:
You will never see him again
Just look out to a million stones
throw one in the water
and watch it skip
You will never see him again.
Heartache
like ice cold waves.
The water drew away
it floated like foiled gold
farther and farther away
until she could not see it anymore.
It will become as smooth
as sea glass,
She thought.
She had high hopes for it.
The child tapped her leg
"Can I have the frisbee?"
The outline of the child's
shadow in the sun
startled her.
She leaned down to pick it up.
She had almost forgotten
the little thing at
her foot
just outlined in light.

