

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
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
the children from the ice cream
truck 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
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 smooth
as sea glass
She had high hopes for it
The child tapped her leg
"Can I have it?"
The outline of the child's
shadow in the sun
Startled her back
She leaned down to pick it up
She had almost forgotten
The little thing at
her foot
Just outlined in light.

