

# postscript

by Brian Michael Barbeito

the sand is hot to walk upon so you must run if caught there w/out footwear. it is like a painter has colored the sea and made parts of it dark blue yet other areas green. little birds jump around the fine grain world and that is when you wonder where they came from, appearing from thin air, and seeming, like quiet and secretive magicians, to invent more and more of themselves. at times a helicopter passes and makes large sounds indeed, but even then, the water and the sky are so vast that they are able to absorb anything. if you look far and far and far out, there are sometimes long cargo ships that awaken along the horizon line. they appear to be going so incredibly slow, and it looks like they could fall off of the flat world. bits of fiberglass, metal, or mirror from new and sleek vessels that come in reflect pieces of light in the shining mornings. a large confident machine rolls, under the sovereign sun, along the shoreline, an autonomous creature atop wide tires, its innards composed of metal pistons rubber bearings wires and more. it gulps up the seaweed via a contraption on its back-end. so strange to think that just a few streets over the inter-coastal waits so quietly with sturdy shore walls and strong houses with stucco or white painted brick faces. when the rain comes there it announces itself brazenly, small and sure bullets interrupting a still and certain water blanket. water against water. out here, the palms grow high and confidently and w/some valor that is at once both cosmic and native, even when they curve a bit. thick green grasses foil curbs and healthy buildings that are not too tall. dare one say that these buildings themselves seem happy. manufactured pools baptize you into luxurious new centuries while still honoring the ancient such is their proximity to the sea and sand. sometimes i run my finger along a brick or fallen palm leaf to see if it is all real

