

# Foster's Landing

*by* Kitty Boots

two black lines  
divided by a white, broken stripe  
last spring's patches bubbling up in the heat

punching radio stations  
no CD's because I enjoy the satisfaction  
of the randomness

my stomach is empty, but  
it is my eyes that are hungry  
scanning for sustenance

every bottle of water I drink oozes through my pores  
the paint ponies won't even come to the fence  
all their energy is used up fighting flies

goats are huddled in a shady corner  
a Great Blue Heron probes the ditch  
the road still bearing marks of the last flood tide

I take a wrong turn and apologize to the people in the yard  
permission to turn around on their property  
don't be silly, Mrs. Foster says

come sit with us, take your pictures  
she offers me a glass of tea  
and we realize we know each other

under the big shade tree I sit in an old lawn chair  
crinkly webbing digging into the backs of my legs  
we talk

I look, eat with my eyes  
crab pots, old docks, part fishing camp, part trailer park  
old Airstreams, kayaks, wind surfers

Delbert's just boiled up a mess of crabs, she says  
won't you stay?

