

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?

