

last hurrah, wave lines

by Kitty Boots

to be the first one, in the morning
pad along damp sand, devoid of foot prints
watch brown pelicans scoop up breakfast

hungry you are, but not for food
lowering yourself into the water
warm, swirling

up to your neck in it
hands grasp sand
you're on the edge of the curling lip of it
where all the good stuff is before it gets washed ashore

and you will be the first to see it

