

Owen's Song

by Kitty Boots

I hate people

the voice comes from a 30 year-old pick-up truck,
black, battered, Yosemite Sam floor mats, guzzles a Cherry Pepsi

gray hair, high and tight
blue eyes
baggy jeans, high tops

I hate people, again, as he pulls on waders
rummages through the back of the truck,
looking for his phone, digging stick and weed

Low, beautiful tide
peat banks exposed
tidal pools and pockets holding little treasures,
Orient fish tails, Adenas, worked bits of quartz

"Look for something shiny", he says
as I work through the wrack lines
and uncover moon snails, turtle bones,
driftwood that looks like the faces of gazelles

Jumping sand ridges, water ebbing traps minnows
Least terns squabble
sandpipers glean on the flats

I hate people

and I have to agree as I turn my hat backwards
and face the wind

