

# In the Sand

*by* Mark Waldrop

A man stood on the beach, looking out over the ocean.

He watched his son practicing turns in his sailboat, and pushed his feet

Under the warm sand.

Above him someone flew a silent helicopter.

"That's my son," the man was screaming even though there was no noise,

"I'm so proud."

The silent helicopter hovered still, its blades whipping

Perfect buttery circles in the air. And for a moment the man sought approval from

The

Pilot.

He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, still looking upward.

"I'm sure you are," the pilot hung out the door, stroking his long white beard.

The whole thing was so loud and in a moment the helicopter

Was gone, rising high and out of sight.

