

day at the beach
Isabella Waldron

a man sells donuts in a pale blue shack
he speaks no words
just drops pale blobs of dough into giggling oil
watches them swim along the track
pats them tenderly with a paper towel

for me?

a prelude to the sprint through dunegrass
down the sandy slope
sharp whips of plant against shins
grit in my gums
not unlike cinnamon sugar

the tide is loud if you don't chase it
back pressed against the sand
icy water restless between toes
lick your lips
remnants of sweet grease
sun spots like little orbs and
thoreauvian mantras:

simplify