

Low Tide

by Tom Peters

September 2021

walking in wet sand
as full moon pulls
from the other side
pulling a low, low tide
a wide wet path of intrigue
sea grass in embracing twirls
kelp imitating birds
Shells free from their host
gulls staring out to sea
my phone steals all of it
now a trail, an odd trail
tiny and zipperish
starting near a footprint
wandering in senseless patterns
a little south, then west
slanting towards the sea
curving with precision
an occasional tight loop to loop
turning slightly east then back south

stretching twenty some feet or more

on the other end

a bee

crawling and crawling

crawling at a steady pace

crawling instead of dying

the surfers are gone

lovers sit on my favorite bench

young girls with loud giggles

skip & run in and out

posing for each other

runners ignoring all

masked older couple

smile with their eyes

gulls staring out to sea