

# The Mud Slicks at Low Tide

*by Agnes Ezra Arabella*

The mud slicks at low tide were a mood.  
Thick gobs that smelled of fish, sulfur and clay  
salt and wild seaweed like fungus  
moldy like left out fruit  
yet it drew her closer  
to the shoreline  
closer to feeling  
it between her toes  
thick, squirts  
as her feet lifted  
like a suction cup  
and then back to squirting  
with footprints.  
She saw the clam spout  
out the water.  
Then the dull drum sound  
hammering  
beat  
beat.  
The beat of children's foot steps  
coming from the ice cream  
truck.  
They ran past her.  
They held their ice cream in one  
hand  
and throwing a frisbee  
in the other.  
The wind picked up  
and the frisbee

sailed the arch of movement  
around the wind  
until it fell on the sand  
at her feet.

The little child ran to her.

She thought:

*You will never see him again  
Just look out to a million stones  
throw one in the water  
and watch it skip*

*You will never see him again.*

Heartache

like ice cold waves.

The water drew away  
it floated like foiled gold  
farther and farther away  
until she could not see it anymore.

*It will become as smooth  
as sea glass,*

She thought.

She had high hopes for it.

The child tapped her leg  
"Can I have the frisbee?"

The outline of the child's  
shadow in the sun  
startled her.

She leaned down to pick it up.

She had almost forgotten  
the little thing at

her foot

just outlined in light.

