## Foster's Landing

## by Kitty Boots

two black lines divided by a white, broken stripe last spring's patches bubbling up in the heat

punching radio stations no CD's because I enjoy the satisfaction of the randomness

my stomach is empty, but it is my eyes that are hungry scanning for sustenance

every bottle of water I drink oozes through my pores the paint ponies won't even come to the fence all their energy is used up fighting flies

goats are huddled in a shady corner a Great Blue Heron probes the ditch the road still bearing marks of the last flood tide

I take a wrong turn and apologize to the people in the yard permission to turn around on their property don't be silly, Mrs. Foster says

come sit with us, take your pictures she offers me a glass of tea and we realize we know each other

under the big shade tree I sit in an old lawn chair crinkly webbing digging into the backs of my legs we talk

I look, eat with my eyes crab pots, old docks, part fishing camp, part trailer park old Airstreams, kayaks, wind surfers

Delbert's just boiled up a mess of crabs, she says won't you stay?