Owen's Song

by Kitty Boots

I hate people

the voice comes from a 30 year-old pick-up truck, black, battered, Yosemite Sam floor mats, guzzles a Cherry Pepsi

gray hair, high and tight blue eyes baggy jeans, high tops

I hate people, again, as he pulls on waders rummages through the back of the truck, looking for his phone, digging stick and weed

Low, beautiful tide peat banks exposed tidal pools and pockets holding little treasures, Orient fish tails, Adenas, worked bits of quartz

"Look for something shiny", he says as I work through the wrack lines and uncover moon snails, turtle bones, driftwood that looks like the faces of gazelles

Jumping sand ridges, water ebbing traps minnows Least terns squabble sandpipers glean on the flats

I hate people and I have to agree as I turn my hat backwards and face the wind