

Lime the Mud

Tourists gone, except for us. We splurge for a sleep by water. Sun's up. The mist makes all soft hue of steel, uncertain—like my trek of late. A white-tailed kite wings through, alone in frills of fog—no, a bird beneath flaps along in the very same rhythm. I'm wrong again—a water mirror made a twin, a presence that can't be touched. I feel it so myself.

While time sails on, three fowl of brown poke beaks down, grasping mud snails from the muck. Marbled Gobwit brunch too—they're year-round nesters. Birds—tens of thousands—winter here but can't be seen.

The mist pulls back. Between tendrils, an anchored trawler sullied white. A wide stripe of red streaks it. Above black wings beat, a string unfurling—sooty shearwaters go far. A single heron stands tall and regal. Staring, still, and ready to strike. Its spear yanks out little sand dabs. How many to fill its stomach? The tide ebbs and water recedes. How will I feed in years to come? Bits of algae lime the mud stretching far and farther out.