

SAND PIPER

The waters lapping upon the shore with my toes between wet sands.
Do I follow the sand piper that dashes back and forth running away as the wave approaches?
Then run to the wave when it recedes back within the ocean?
It dabbles at the shore the sand piper.
He runs point beak down.
Look at the gathering of the speckles upon the shore.
Small tiny dabs of a diner's art he finds as he runs point beak at the sand.
Repeat ably he finds a small delicate taste that gives him the strength to dash away.
My toes remain in between the wet sands as I glance still at the sand piper.
A child's patience has been wakened as he also watches the sand piper.
The breeze is gentle.
A single feather upon the sand just in the outer bounds of the tide of the wave that laps upon the shore.
Wet sand has the dividing line of replication of east to west, north to south in a horizon.
Splash with the wave color of a painters pallet.
He the child grabs the feather- no perfection left upon the small silken hallowed stem.
Something to behold learning to examine.
The child's hand reaches for mine.
He still holds the small delicate feather with his other hand.
Toes between the sand's wiggle are mine as he gestures to wiggle in his.
Smiles appear upon our faces.
He shakes the feather in his hand.
"No noise," he says, "just the sound of the wave as it laps."
"Not running anymore the feather," I said.
"Sand piper's coats a little lighter." "He emptied his pockets again," he says and shakes the feather in the air.
The waves lap again towards the sand pipers as we watch and we hold our hands.
"Wiggle the toes," he says. "Cold and gooie but not over there," and he points in the direction of no water that
disappears into an atmosphere.
"Warmth in the sand," I say as I point to the dividing line.
The line that shows wet to dry.
"Wiggle the toes in the cool sand." "Gooie!" "Ooie!" "What's for lunch?"
"Sand piper's dining not appealing to you today?" I asked.
"What?" a quizzical look on an expression able face then he shakes the feather again.
"San piper's emptied his pocket." "He's still got dressed for dinner as he dances among the shore laps."
The child gestured toward the sand piper as I glance his way then look upon the sand piper.
"He looks good in feathered pants," said the child as he smiled, "Feathered pants."
"He's not naked like baked chicken," he says, "Feathered with a coat."
He shakes the feathered hand.
The wiggle of our toes explore the cool to warmth of sand.
Hands held a short walk ensued with a continued shake of a feather.
There are slight pauses on the way to a lunch that occurs day to day that awaits another day to watch a small bird
that dines in feathered pants that dashes away.