

Muck

By Laura Sharon

Crisp air clears
Blue sky,
A strong summer breeze.
Bike wheels
Crackle across the gravel road
Emerging amidst clapboard houses,
Front porches galore.

Island time.
Dancing leaves
Shimmer.
Bouncing sunlight
All around.
Reeds blow
Sideways
Amidst the low tide.

Smell of muck.
Beneath
Oyster beds
Surface unabashedly.
No shame.
Raw wet earth
Provides.
A balm
Dark, rich, thick muck.