

Clam Search

By Robin Lipinski

Watching her grow,
Sand gritty in my teeth,
Tasting the salt,
Trying to think it was nice.

The tides of time had their moments,
Rising to great heights,
Only to recede.

Looking for the moment,
Digging hard,
It was time,
She was eighteen.

Expecting a shiny pearl,
Value held in anticipation like a street person longs for a hot meal,
I found disappointment inside.

It stunk foul like a fish,
And it was slimy,
Juices sticking to my mouth,
This clam was not the one I wanted,
Oh well,
Their are many holes to dig.
Maybe next time?

The End