

Digging with Pails
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We dug like miners.
uncovering
seashells,
crab claws,
last year's broken peach pits.
The sound of our pails
fell in sync with the ocean's wavy pulse,
digging,
digging.
as we hauled buckets of water,
the blue sky above
swimming in a soup of
seaweed,
driftwood,
small, polished pebbles.

We spilled the sky on the sand,
letting it seep in
and solidify like concrete
that clung to our bodies,
making its way into our bathing suits and hair,
pressing itself annoyingly
into tender, tiny spaces.

We became the other flotsam
it had swallowed up,
burying ourselves,
our heads sticking out—
how brazen we were
to dig a place for ourselves in the world,
with just water and a pail.