

Watermark

Walking Trá Bán with my sister,
the vast expanse of beach empty,
silent but for the call of the lark –
I resist an urge to discuss the novel
I'm reading; the meal we'll share later;
am rewarded by a flock of dunlins
wheeling in, peck-pecking the shoreline;
find myself humming *between the saltwater and the sea sand...*

As we get closer, the birds take off,
retreat further along the strand.
I stop, inspect the marks they've made –
tiny arrows leading nowhere.
On our way back I notice they've gone,
washed away by the sea –
just as our footprints will disappear,
all trace of us having been there.
I catch my sister's eye, smile.
I will remember this walk
because so little happened
and we never spoke about it.