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April Showers

Mason Harper

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APRIL SHOWERS

Mason Harper

I leave my shoes in the car.

Damp grass becomes wet earth,
the grains catch and grate
between my toes.

The tide is out and
I walk down to the water's edge,
where the wind pushes it against gravity.

The rain on my hood drowns out
the sound of the wind and surf.

Water lapses over my
ankles, and
something hard traces its way along the
inner arch of the right foot.

Looking down, I see
a crab; its shell is dark and weathered.
Suspended in the water,
the legs search lazily for some footing.

Currents spin, flip, and push it along
like an elm leaf in October.
When the tide recedes, the
small crustacean is pulled along
with it.

Three times the tide comes in,
Three times it goes out,
Three times the hermit's journey is hindered,
And three times he begins again.