

Beach walk

By Nicola Easthope

On the low tide sidewalk

oystercatchers

stoop -

tired old men in suits

long orange-red bills

fuss into sand

the sky holds more oyster today

pink and grey clouds

filtering

squirting

gritty with distaste

bills burrow

under

making do with toheroa

until a redsetter

stupid & l o v e l y

sends this shoreline company

up

in alarm

his clumsy hounding

a lyrical chase

their synchronized flight

on a loose-lipped beach.

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