

## MUD FLATS

Walking next to the mud flats  
Tide long pulled home by the bigger moon  
I allow a single toe to edge out into the squishy  
Wonder of the slimy clay.

If I had my way I would run full force  
Into the slick, head thrown back and feet  
Pedalling for grip.

Another toe wanders in sliding lightly  
Across the surface.

Oh to let go and slide – arms wind milling for  
Balance.

The breeze is gentle on my face and it reminds me of  
Responsibility, of work, of time, and such.

My foot slips in and is sucked down – I will need to put the other foot in to rescue this one and  
then no-one knows what may happen.

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