

SEAGLASS

The incoming tide is relentless. At my feet, white foam, bits of glass worn smooth. I thought she would be okay—she was buying a house. *Hey Mama Bear, I've got it arranged. I'm looking at properties Friday.* The sea's glass is broken and broken and broken and tossed. Brown, green, white, blue, aquamarine. She said she would be okay—I'm looking at properties Friday—studied reviews and ordered a Smith & Wesson online. Seaglass, polished by currents. *I've got it arranged.*

I was in Holland. She was buying a house. Did they do a background check? I said I could bring shoes for her from my trip—let me know the size. *It might be too late, but I'm a ten and a half.* She studied reviews, purchased a Smith & Wesson and found homes for her cats. *I'm looking at properties Friday. It might be too late.* Seaglass the size of teeth—the tide holds more than enough. Why didn't she answer my calls? *We can talk later. I've got it arranged.*

She was approved for a mortgage when she bought a Smith & Wesson. Did they do a background check? *I'm a ten and a half. We can talk later. I'm looking at properties Friday.* Impossible currents—I was away; she stayed home from work, wrote a last note in her journal: *this was ridiculously easy. It might be too late.* Why didn't she call? How relentless this thunder of ocean—glass ground to milk teeth, the tide coming in. *We can talk later. Ridiculously easy. I've got it arranged.*

28

I was away. She left a note, made plans for her cats, phoned her friends to say goodbye. Didn't she tell me she'd be okay? *Arranged easy I'm too-late Friday—broken glass in the tides. We can talk later, Mama Bear.*

by Laura Apol, from "A Fine Yellow Dust"

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