

Carol Burdick

*Discards*

Sari

picks her way slowly  
back and forth  
along the low-tide beach,  
catching gleams —  
fragments with promise.  
Overlooked by collectors,  
each tinted enamel shard  
invites her sensuous,  
deliberate attention.

And after she's gone  
I find them  
heaped on my table —  
broken shells  
with porcelain interiors  
jewelled by the wearing  
of waves — sand — age.

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