ROWYDA AMIN

Beach Glass

Her wants are small: a few paperbacks, a box of Oolong tea, some greens from the garden in which new types of flowers come up each spring, though she does nothing to make that happen. She likes people now. When the neighbor comes with a plastic bottle of homemade wine,

she listens and smiles, at times holding out one of her own thoughts, admiring its pale, watery colors, and placing it back in her pocket unshared. She likes most to swim in the ocean when it’s calm, and afterwards to find her clothes still spread out on the rocks where she left them.