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Love: A Composer

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IN THE GLOW OF THE NIGHT

“Are you sure you wouldn’t like another margarita, Miss?”

“No, I’m fine.”

He goes back inside.

“You are too kind,” Ella says.

I wave my arm. “You deserve a new pair of shoes.”

The scotch in my drink is like the moon. Not quite half-full. I watch a pair of boys come down the beach and start to dig for crabs in the sand. They have a big bucket and two short shovels. After a little digging they find a crab and toss it in the bucket. One of them says something and they both laugh.

“We will swim in the morning, then,” Ella says.

“Yes,” I say. “It’ll be nice.”

I finish my drink, and leave some money on the table for the drinks and a tip. We walk out onto the beach barefoot, carrying our shoes. Up close, one of the boys looks older than the other. Maybe, they are brothers, but maybe not. From a distance a woman shouts something I can’t make out. The boys grab their bucket and shovels and scamper down the beach into darkness. Hand in hand, we walk along the seashore in the glow of the night.

— *Paul Lydon*

LOVE: A COMPOSER

Love: a composer
wont to spy an opera
curtained in the heart.

— *Robert N. Georgalas*