

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 43
Number 2 *Spring 2021*

Article 23

Spring 5-1-2021

Sunset Boat Waves

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Recommended Citation

Egbert, Samantha L. (2021) "Sunset Boat Waves," *The Prairie Light Review*. Vol. 43 : No. 2 , Article 23.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol43/iss2/23>

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Egbert: Sunset Boat Waves

When I reached the little bay across the channel, there was no one in sight. Typically, early in the day, tourists weren't up and about, today appeared to be no exception. I scanned the beach and saw something piled above the tideline. I pulled in closer, threw the anchor, and waded to shore.

There in the sand sat the last vestiges of you. A faded blue beach towel and a pair of old leather sandals. I couldn't make out from the size of the sandal whether you were 16 or 60, a grandmother or a grandson. From the fraying edges of your towel, I could see that you had spent many a day beachside. I stared at your shoes for a while.

I walked the 20 yards or so to the path that led to the parking lot. At its starboard side, a tall wooden pole stood guard over the lonely beach. At the foot of the denuded pole, facedown in the sand, lay a sign. I flipped it over and read the red capital letters.

WARNING!
RIP CURRENTS
YOU COULD BE
SWEPT OUT
AND DROWN.

