

## **Digging with Pails**

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We dug like miners.  
uncovering  
seashells,  
crab claws,  
last year's broken peach pits.  
The sound of our pails  
fell in sync with the ocean's wavy pulse,  
*digging,*  
*digging.*  
as we hauled buckets of water,  
the blue sky above  
swimming in a soup of  
seaweed,  
driftwood,  
small, polished pebbles.

We spilled the sky on the sand,  
letting it seep in  
and solidify like concrete  
that clung to our bodies,  
making its way into our bathing suits and hair,  
pressing itself annoyingly  
into tender, tiny spaces.

We became the other flotsam  
it had swallowed up,  
burying ourselves,  
our heads sticking out—  
how brazen we were  
to dig a place for ourselves in the world,  
with just water and a pail.