

A Swig of the Universal

By Scott Thompson

My feet sink into wet sand
as cold Atlantic rushes
in around my ankles
before casually retreating.
I gaze across steel blue surface
at three white boats
and back in the far distance
what is certainly also a boat
tucked into the horizon line.

A swooping gull, its wings swinging
easily, pulls me into the nearer view.

I experience this at Long Branch, New Jersey
late afternoon on June 25, 2018,
but the thing that defines the moment
is that it could have been on any beach
in the world during any century.

Anyone could and nearly everyone has
taken this swig of the universal
and felt the moment stretch
like salt water taffy.