

# *Sandpipers, Again*

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I went back to the sandpipers today –  
it's been a while.  
Six of them, or  
was it twenty? Never matters;  
somehow we all know when a meeting has been called,  
somehow we all know  
exactly when the surf will start tossing back  
its wild silver hair.

One time I was astonished  
to find them waiting for me on the beach in Newport.  
It was so quiet it was like rain  
without the rain.  
I wasn't planning it  
my car just brought me there,  
a most uncommon thing-- it's not that kind of car  
but there we were, alone on a beach.  
It almost made me giddy,  
like today,

just now.

I'd forgotten how much

I need them.

Like me they were laughing and

sputtering about the beauty.

A few of them couldn't help it

and just kept throwing their small bodies

again and again

into the wild, white water.