

## **Dream: At the Beach**

by Robin Rosen Chang

They were sitting at the edge of the ocean, my mother and Eve, digging for mole crabs. *Amphipods. They're prehistoric, my mom says, like horseshoe crabs. Look at their exoskeletons. Like little armored torpedoes. Or drills. Their legs tunnel them backwards into the sand.*

Eve catches one, holds it between her finger and thumb, examines its tiny alien face. *Its eyes. Planted at the end of two stalky appendages, next to their antennae,* my mother said, trying to teach Eve, like she'd done with my kids and me, unaware Eve already knows.

*Watch out for gulls! When I was still married, one tried to steal a fish right from my husband's hand.*

Then they're looking for tiny coquina clams, shiny pink and *purplish-gray ones*, each with its *tiny muscled foot burrowing it*, before the next wave.

Like the waves and clams, they washed in and faded out. Appear for a second and then disappear—

They're talking. About something. *Blue. Kind of rare. Sea glass*, I think she says. Then *those gulls. Black hoods...slender wings: laughing gulls. Hear them laughing?*

The two of them. Bent over, faces invisible. Shrieking.