

Poem: *Matched Flip-Flops*
MISMATCHED FLIP-FLOPS

They rested on the night of sand,
after all beachgoers had left,
remnants of the busy day,
nuzzled toe-to-toe.

An odd pair, one black striped
the other a delicate pink flower,
they came together purposely,
by default, meant to be.

An odd pair, he
waited for her color,
she, for his black-and-white wisdom.

Who had put them together
to become a secret couple, he
the bee, carrying pollen
to the wet stamen
of her open, furtive flower?

Centered in crashing union,
night waves surround
their darkness.
With the light beyond them,
they could be seen,
solely by those
attending to detail.