

TONY LINTERMANS

Walking towards Mud

Each meticulous step is planned
as precisely as a moon landing.
Leaning on metal sticks, labouring
towards the beach – half crab, half man –
he takes an hour to get there.
Arriving, he will watch the sea
then limp back to his fibro shack
with his mate who carries the chair.
Just mudflats, mangroves, the pewter chop
of distant, dirty sea – not much
when each step sweats. Perhaps it's mud
he's after, a strong syllable
to match the stroke which slowed him,
anchoring moondust in his blood –
mud's wet muscle, unkillable.