The Miracle of the Flip-Flops

They came unwrapped, Island style
slotted together firmly like hands
or two dogs greeting.
    Sliced thin and flat
hibiscus sole, plumeria toes
zories, chanclas, flip-flops
slappy oars bent and warped
delirious when wet, stowaways
in my friend's surfboard bag--
    $1.99 at the Kauaii Longs
    near the airport.

They came unwrapped, a gift
every time I slip them on
and slide into water clear
to where the surge
    leaves the reef
bright with oxygen and light
the tender embrace of sea anemones
luminous orange fish in the shadows
mermaids swaying in eel grass.

Ricardo Means Ybarra

Ricardo Means Ybarra is a 6th generation California, husband, father, Poetry in the Schools teacher and former poet laureate of Malibu. An admirer of ants but not termites, Ricardo has published two novels, a book series for children, two volumes of poetry and a collection of community poems and art--Radical Beauty, Malibu after the Fire.

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