



# On Coronado Beach

by Gayle Brandeis

artwork by Catrina Horsfield

My mother's face was covered with sand. Grains clung to her sunscreen, coated her like a dark cutlet. Her face was gray with it, crusty in the fancy cabana she had rented for the day. The hired man brought water, oranges, ice, but he could not give her back her smooth white face. Sand whipped in dust devil after dust devil through the tent; my mother tried to cover the sandwiches, the bags of chips, but grit got into everything; even the cheese crunched between our teeth. The towels on the ground were buried in drifts. Sand castles formed themselves in the scoops of her ears. When my sister and I returned from the waves with our kids, our legs speckled with wet sand, our feet thick with it, she was a statue on her lounge chair, a pile of sand that vaguely resembled her form, something that looked like it would crumble if we sat down at its feet.

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