

Visit to the Once-Beach, South Texas

For two and a half miles my girl sighs.
110 million years ago, the shoreline of the Gulf

would have been at our toes. We're here
where dinosaurs roamed through mud, their prints preserved
as stone. Yet,

we can't seem to get past the present,
beyond the rocky trail and small discomfort
of my daughter's shoe.

In the canyon,
roped-off sections guide us to the tracks,
the best ones obscured by algae from last month's rain.

My daughter asks me to take her picture.
She steps into the sun and holds her arms up
as if her day is glorious. She smiles. Asks to see the image,

she posts herself on Instagram
with the caption: *Lovin' this winter*
and in minutes has 48 "likes."

I don't know how to find our way back
to the wonder of dirt. My daughter reverses
the camera, extends her arm, calls me into the frame.

The focus zooms on our selves.
Our faces block the footprints behind us.

We're captured, grinning in the virtual global sphere.

As water rises. As seas grow warm.
Inches of coastline disappearing
faster than the speed of the newest phone.