



Lottie Williams is a part-time MA student in Creative Writing (Swansea University), and a full-time mum. Alongside spoken word and a number of published poems, flash fiction, articles and reviews, she has featured on the YouTube channel Just Another Poet.

On Solfach beach

lie helter skelter braided locks, tide-woven liquorice black with tan,
heat crackled honeycomb. Sifting treasure, she picks up strands,
crowns green her head and smiles, *look mummy, now I'm beautiful.*

Last week the storm surge hit, left swollen bladder-wrack,
puss-pockets welcoming a crowd of flies to taste sea-softened femur.
A broken ball joint, I push down softly with my thumb, flour ash.

She counts beats between the waves and shimmies sideways,
elbows bent, tears air from clumps clinging with crabs. Flesh
stripped, they blush in coral-grey. Nearby a cormorant, wings out to dry.

I watch, hold a hardened sack, once full of life now slicked oil
black. Today it holds a different rate, shakes sand percussion profit
and clings to plastic bottles, splayed starfish gripping shale.

She calls to me and a stonechat curses *tak tak tak*. She means no harm,
does not realise her threat. *Look mummy, here's an oystershell*. Not yet.
She strokes the curled pearl edges of a battered coke can,

wraps a fishing line necklace around her throat.