

# Hiya Butt Bay

Bethany Handley

Castors to the sky, face to the sea  
I'm sitting on my back wheels, leaning against my friend  
on Rest Bay beach as we sink into the wet sand

her weight willing us closer to the waves, driving  
us forwards like she's back in a scrum, gripping my handles,  
her feet digging as I clasp my push rims.

We wheel over a sandcastle, sinking into its moat,  
the turret's flag flying from my spokes,  
crushed walls in my tread. Dog walkers and families

stare as we giggle, my wheels  
submerged to the axel. A man approaches us,  
clears his throat, informs my friend that when he

takes his mother-in-law out  
he finds its best to drag her backwards.  
I give him my *piss off mate, we're doing fine thanks* look

but we try it anyway, slowly turning  
our backs to the sea,  
admire our tyre marks stretching their limbs

see the children pretending to be a train  
as they jog down our tracks and we're pushing  
quicker towards the water, sand surrendering.

I used to seek footprints that obscured  
my own, moved within another's trace.  
Now I survey my trenches with delight

(you could read them from a drone)

you wouldn't guess they're footprints:  
two unsteady lines claiming the land.