

## A Touch of the Poet

### Sand

Blue roars in.  
Twists,  
rolls me away.

Sky and waves.  
Cool, fresh  
air.

Currents pull.  
Tides tunnel,  
sway.

I let go.  
Release want,  
care.

Fight?  
Not right  
to stay.

I am sand.  
The ocean,  
my prayer.