

by Grace Salzer

a lonely child  
a world lives and dies within herself  
she searches  
but what for?  
every time she picks up a shining shell it turns to sand in her hand  
the tighter she holds on, the more it slips from her grasp  
the glimmer is gone and all that is left is a fistful of  
disappointment  
is there anything more?  
or is it all just crumbling sand?  
perhaps there is another lonely child  
perhaps they can search together  
be alone together

two lonely children picking up the shells  
turning them to sand  
sculpting it with their hands  
making something out of nothing  
reaching in the endless void for purpose  
hoping to feel the truth  
is there a truth? is it even worth it to know?  
perhaps all the purpose they need is playing in the sand  
smiling at their little creations  
hoping that someone else will come by to see it  
before the sea takes it away

