

Sandy Thoughts

Crashing waves hit the rocky cliffs nearby
As salty wind passes through my hair.
The gulls have relocated for the time being
leaving me with my thoughts.

I bring my knees to my chest
Dragging sand with my movements.
I can sense it getting in every crevice
every nook that it isn't allowed in.

This is why I don't like the beach.
I can't control the particles beneath me,
But I can control my thoughts,
and so I make them happy.

