

The Shore

Whenever I walk on a beach, I find it exciting to
keep pushing closer and closer to the horizon
in hopes of one day actually making it
and being caught at the very edge of the earth.
Perhaps the sand is like space dust that forms
a celestial path stretching to a universe
no one is brave enough to explore.
The shells I curl beneath my toes, scattered
across a plane, are ancient constellations that
share stories from the world next door.
Will there be room for me out there
in that silver sliver of horizon just before
the sky and sea blend their blue hues
and melt into each other? Can I wander
and drift through the dust until
there is nothing left for me here?
I'll admire the footprints behind me
as I teeter on a ledge that is perched
on the edge of the earth.