

## **Sands**

21<sup>st</sup> June 2005

*“Everything is temporary. Everything’s always temporary.”*

I hear you weak over breaking waves  
As you struggle over sand-heads  
Body low to the ground in a swift wind  
And hiding your head in a sand wind  
That dries the damp eyes.

You dig your fingers into fine African sand  
Where we climbed at Wilderness  
And it moves under your hand  
As the seadrift of wind takes your shoulder  
And turns you to the ocean.

I stand there, back to that sea  
Watching you spread like butter  
On the steep sand-bread of your struggle  
Unable to help and hating to watch.

But as you turn from your ephemeral dune  
Your heart filled as your fingers with the nothingness of change  
You see behind you two fine permanences  
An ocean  
And my love for you filling it.