Sand and Man

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Abstract

Spinning we fall, clenching, unfurling, always learning more of falling. Always closer, land uncurling, simply heeding matter’s calling...
Sand and Man

by
Andrew Stevens
English 3

Spinning we fall, clenching, unfurling, always learning more of falling. Always closer, land uncurling, simply heeding matter’s calling.

Even as sand from the slow mass parts, sifts, slipping through the hour-glass, we do not stem, for all our arts, the avalanche but help it pass.

As every grain will wear away, widen the pinch where it starts its fall, just so we smooth for those who lay up, past the peritoneal wall.

Both mark the time of a short stretch falling, fulfilling a tiny role. But we are bits who’ve learned to fletch ourselves, so speed from hole to whole.