Christmas Morning

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Abstract

Tiny grains fused together in a limitless, sea-carved strand. Her eyes comprehended the one
While her toes curled, touching the many...
Christmas Morning

by
Mary Honstead
Applied Art Education 4

Tiny grains fused together
in a limitless, sea-carved strand.
Her eyes comprehended the one
While her toes curled, touching the many.

Each step left an outline,
designing a long, comical trail
of human patterns, fated to obscurity
by the gentle ruthlessness of salt waves.

The sea gulls laughed together.

She looked back at the straggling prints,
back at fifty years of living
that had brought her to this Christmas morning
and this sand between her toes.

Being alone was her choice. She smiled:
half a century of living didn’t make
her foot pattern the less amusing
as it stumbled along by an infinite ocean.

The sea gulls laughed together.