
Bearing to Know

The State of our World

Not Even A Sandcastle

I want to stand on the beach
seeing this landscape as it once was

No tall neat piles of stones
built for some spiritual effect

No moving of the long-bleached driftwood
into beach huts along the shore
Not even a sandcastle

I can ignore the dark sandy roads
and the tracks down to the beach
The holiday homes laden with summer memories
I can even block out the hungry picnic tables

I want to stand on the sand
look out and pretend that this
is nature as it was
Naked
Before we covered it
with our myriad of modifications

I want to stand on the shore
and see only the sand, the waves
the rocks, the seaweed, the sea
the seabirds

A landscape bare of us

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