

GRAINS OF SAND

Elizabeth Smith poetry

I am a soul, billowing across the sapphire river—The Nile.
Wind whistles through my clouds of stardust,
sparkling shimmers of silver sterling.

I am a soul who has searched the seas: The Pacific, Atlantic, Indian, Arctic,
Mediterranean, Caribbean, Gulf of Mexico. Only one, I have found. Earth has been
abandoned. Forgotten.

Sun blisters the only one I have found,
Mayra, a young girl, lays upon the sand with no pulse.
Her black hair spread far across the grains of sand.
Mayra wore an emerald, on the links of a golden chain across her neck.
A crimson gown reached her ankles.
A silk cloth lay over her face.

Whistling wind carried my clouds of stardust into her very mind.
Mayra's rhythm, her heartbeat, began again.
Off with the cloth!

Her eyes. *Blink, Blink, Blink.* She rose.
Her feet melted into the grains of sand.
Her essence befuddled from death.
Her heart awoke from the presence of me, *a soul.*

Mayra's mind was so peculiar.
It was intricate, like the pyramids.
Thoughts imploded, as if every star died.
Yet, within her I could not find the moon.
Invisible, complete vacancy.

She ran.
360-degree view, nothing.
Nobody was left.

Even the sun fell, into the crust of the earth.
Whistling wind blew grains of sand into her bloodshot eyes.
Mayra fell into the sand, staring at the dune before her.
Climb, climb the sand dune, she did.

I, Mayra's soul, felt her say,

**“It is only I. And I alone am left to this earth.
It is only I. And I alone will collect the grains of sand.”**