

Dreams

I poke a hole into the sand
Shoving my fingertip through each
individual
grain

I pour water into the gap
Watching as it takes shape
And slowly
begin
to seep in

I scoop the wet sand up
It sits in the middle of my
palm
My finger presses into it

The sand crumbles under the weight
Pulling apart
again
And quickly drying

I carry it to the water
Attempting to save its
form
It submerges

Lifts up as I move my hand down
The sand
slips
through the cracks of my fingers
The water carrying it away

I reach for it
Hoping to grab it before it's entirely
gone
But each spec blends together

Each grain sinks into the other
So I let it swim
freely

Hoping that it will dare to dream