

Shoring Ourselves by Jason de Koff

The infinitesimal, tiny grains,
crunch solidly underfoot,
as foam beckons the toes,
and respite from the present.

The rhythmic ebb and flow,
of both touch and sound,
create otherworldly mementoes,
for future reminisces.

The expansive horizon,
contains boats below,
and birds above,
satisfying synaptic needs for symmetry.

The pungent air,
so precisely unique,
leads the beholder,
to their own salty exudations.

Returning home,
to our earthly cradle,
engages preternatural understanding,
that there's no need for more.