

Grains

The void of space expands eternal
against a stretching time forever,
makes us, of a product such,
insignificantly random lives together.

The grains within the mighty dunes
shed their individuality
with each passing gust that tumbles them
colliding in conformity.

No single dreary drop in the frothy flood
believes itself the deluge's cause,
as every drip flows just the same
by chained identical physical laws.

We each are just some tiny grain of sand,
microscopic specs of inundation.
But still so small we are unique to us,
who down here can give such close inspection.

And even while remain at macro scale
where single personalities fade away,
pulled out perspective lifts away the veil
to show emerging purpose from the disarray.

For without those gathered elements,
if not for me and you and all of us, hand in hand,
whence would come this lovely sandy beach
upon the edge of which this gorgeous ocean we now stand?