Fossil Beach

by Kitty Boots

half-winter, half-spring
did I live my life yet?

something blooms, while something lies dormant
the grandmother tree, roots reach out, whispering

a dust devil gathers dry leaves in a tornadic twist
and blocks the trail to the fossil beach as sparrows land on the cliffs

gar bones are strewn on the shore
something to treasure later, as I pocket them

to work into another dream

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/kitty-boots/fossil-beach»*
Copyright © 2017 Kitty Boots. All rights reserved.