

Marks in the Sand (Poetry-Rhythm)

by Rand M. Burgess

I am only ever
What you seem to be
Without the leverage
Of sweet reality

It is very lovely
To sit upon the beach
Pondering the good times
We have yet besieged

Yet the songs that are all sung here
Gag and choke the air
One must close tight their mouth
Lest bitterness they ensnare

I suppose if I were a demon
Then I'd rise up from the beach
Sprouting forth an oily carnage
The light would surely flee

Or if I were an angel
Skipping alongside the sea
I would surely lay to rest
Bringing forth an era of peace

But I am just a message
Written in the sand
The tool that wrote merely a stick
Its guide a mortal hand

And if I were to speak now
You should know what I would say
“We must go further inland
Before they reach the bay”

