

All Sand Falls

I float atop the sand as it funnels under my feet;
My breath makes circles on the glass before me.
The chamber shrinks as grains shuffle and scratch at my back.
There is spice in the air: cinnamon, thyme, salt of the sea.

There is peace in the rhythm of this golden whirlpool
The only thing that promises to exist.
I can hear the pleas below me, kicking against the grain,
Only to knock more over their heads, burning me with the mist.

Sometimes the spice crawls into my lungs and I pause.
The only way out is to finally match the flow
Of the eternal, heavy promise of time.
Like I said, there is peace in the know.

All sand must fall someday.
I do not know why someone can't come join me.
We could breathe cinnamon and draw our names on the glass,
Hold hands through the whirlpool, and hope we find each other...
When the world flips over.