

February Beach

I visit
on a day when the dunes
are traveling.

Everywhere I look
there is a fog of sand
blowing from the peaks
as they shift. At my feet
individual grains stumble along,
close to the earth (bumping
into others, more rigidly fixed
or else (gaining even
the slightest elevation) whip
past at the speed-of-wind.

If there is a god,
who tracks each particle
(as I have been told) she must
have an infinite mind indeed.

The plan was for twenty minutes
or, perhaps, half an hour
to walk along this shore,
let the surf and spray know
that there is one human being
who cares enough to visit
on an off-season day.
I discover, however,
that I can barely remain

in one place
without being blown over,
decide walking
would be a bad idea.

Either going
or coming
would have to be
in the wrong direction.

And so, after spending some time
in standing contemplation
I return to the spot where sand
gives way to pavement
look back, surprised
to discover no trace
of footprints left earlier,
watch as those just engraved
grow less distinct with each
passing moment, decide
it would be best
to leave now,

before I am obliterated
completely.

Steve Bloom
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