

Sinking

I am a stone, thrown ashore by the sea

My edges sharp, coarse and undefined

I am polished in your hands

Smoothed and rounded into a perfect pebble

I am a pebble rolling in the surf

The tide carries me gently

Moving me further along the shore

I am lifted and I soar, flying high

Before falling back into black, cold and still waters

I am pushed and pulled in the darkness

Carried by unseen unfelt forces

I am grazed again and again

Upon the rocky rugged ocean floor

Finally carried to the shore where,

I am grain, then sand, until I am

No more