

In Prayer
Marsha Kaminsky

The fissures through the sand
like fingers separating
after holding hands
a lifetime together
are now a cleft
at eye level
the incoming spray
an aged tidal glow
pulls the fingers
further apart in slow motion
a diurnal dance
between now and later
How often have we held hands
in this ebb and flow
walked the beaches
fingers entwined
helped build sand castles
and patterns
with our bare feet
and once we built a giant turtle
knowing that by morning
it would be washed away