

Life of a Grain of Sand

Here I sit, cozy, in my home on the beach
Snug under my blanket of waves.
I hear the sounds of gulls and their friends
Speaking with their kind of speech.

Here I sit, cozy, in my home on the shore
Watching the sun cross the sky.
I feel the sea turtles as they cross over me
To meet their uncles and cousins and more.

Here I sit, cozy, in my home in the sand
Smelling and tasting the breeze.
I can feel a slight tremble, as feet hit the ground,
And the fingers of somebody's hand.

Here I sit, unsure, in a little tin pail
Intermingling with seashells and stones.
I'm jostled about as I'm carried along
And all over the pail I do flail.

Here I sit, bruised, in the little tin ship
Counting the sunsets I've seen,
When I hear a voice calling, "O Johnny! O Sue!"
And that was the end of the trip.

Here I sit, exhausted, in my smooth sand bed
Glad that I'm still in one piece.
I sit back, relaxing, for I know I'm allright,
And a crab crawls over my head.

Here I sit, cozy, in my new sandy home
Smelling the salt of the sea.
And I look all around me, surveying this world,
Knowing that, yes, I am home.

Here I sit, cozy, in my home on the land
Feeling the breath of the earth
Protecting, caressing me, keeping me safe.
For I am what I am-a grain of sand.