

# Sea of Sand

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between my fingers i rub  
grains of sand left  
astray from a castle  
built by  
sticky fingers that pull us  
apart as the  
Earth wanes and the children  
cry. but fragments left  
ashore are not forgotten in this  
Kingdom of  
ours. for, at last, the  
pebbles wound tight  
in the sea of  
sand: the ocean of  
we, the people.