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An Object in Motion

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An Object in Motion

ERICA GARCIA

The wind blows, the sands shift
Drifting like waves that search the shore
Sifting for shells and sand dollars to consume.
Hungry hands reach out foamy fingers
Lingering as long as the tide allows
Gliding constantly like gulls.

White feathered flocks turn beady eyes
Upon burning sand where sticky hands have
Dropped french fries and plastics bags.
Beaks thrash and stab, snatching bits
From other birds, always shrieking,
Shifting constantly like sand

The sand is a field of burrs
Clutching at everything it touches,
Prickling and sinking, yet burning
The sand is a field of suns
Torturing everything it touches
Scorching and broiling, yet turning
With each step, constantly, like clouds.
White weathered clouds hang softly,



A backdrop like a drop cloth
Accumulating and adjusting appearance as
Paint drips off God's walls.

The stone is still and solid in my hand,
Newton's law of motion not yet applied.
I rub the water-worn surface against my palm.
My arm pulls back, my wrist flips
The stone jumps away,
Skipping constantly like waves.



NYC Shoreline | Amberly C. White | Photograph