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## NYC Shoreline

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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