

Grains

Sand seems like the simplest thing
Just some little pebbles in the same spot
From afar
Sand all looks the same
And it is everywhere
But a little bit closer
It's really not the simplest
Because the sand that gets stuck between your toes
Is like one in a million
Because every single grain
Is different from the next one
A small, orange carnelian
So rare to find
Which were once in abundance
Until all large pieces were found
And taken away
From Rodeo Beach
Which they called their home
Now all that remain
Are the small pieces
Which are fun to look for
After a long hike
A brown, smooth rock
Which became smooth
Only after years of being tossed around
In the big blue sea
A pink, almost transparent grain
Glistens in the sun
With the slightest patterns on it
Only visible from up close
A glossy teal grain
Looking somehow like a completely different shade of teal
Than any of the other teal grains

A tiny, small rock
So round
That you would think it would be smooth
Yet it is actually rough
A grey, large rock
Which looks like it would be rough
But is actually rather smooth
All of the grains and rocks
Maybe from a beach
From a distant land
But that was the past
And this is the present

All of the sand serves the same purpose
Drifting around the world from beach to beach
Being the ground for all kinds of creatures
Each grain is doing just the right thing
Sometimes something different from the grain next to it
So where the sand came from
Doesn't really matter
Your feet know the feeling of sand
And each different grain is making up that feeling
Some small, pointy rocks
Some big and smooth rocks
Some circular
Almost microscopic grains
Together, they are almost soft
Together, they are all just doing one thing
Being sand