

## Emergence

In her hands lie the twisting sands,  
Floating off into the unknown nether.  
Slowly abrading as each grain flies,  
Effortlessly avoiding capture,  
Snaking forward unto the rapture.  
Sliding through the crevices and folds,  
Gouging deep trenches and loosening the flesh.  
Slipping, and returning to the primordial sea,  
Without memory, or mention of me.

Nothing in the grand scheme, but a flake, a grain.  
Humbling and sad, for she who wishes to leave a legacy.  
She who strives for greatness, significance, achievement.  
She who knows, it does not go  
With her on her final walk.  
It simply returns.  
It is placed gently back on the shelf,  
For the future generations.  
Waiting in vain, for humility of the same.

—*Amy Plough*