

## Futility

That wind knows how to walk on sand, leaving a dance of prints  
To puzzle teams of cryptographers, that light colours water like a child,  
That oceans shore up history even before its telling,  
That a log eases up on a beach, ragged after years of adventure,  
That a pale flank of sky steps gingerly on hard, cold sand bed,  
That grains from the Indian coast can wash up on Jones beach,  
A shock of maroon dots white rivers cascading from a fenced road,  
That froth can freeze into cream pugs,. serving itself to gulls,  
That an orchestra of dried weeds awakens fingers nesting in a lover's hand,  
That waves have found stillness in their movement  
That birds can fall like messages from the sky, but rise again,  
That wind and sun, sea and sand, have woven into us their tales  
Makes this human telling the most unspectacular of all.

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