



The Dune Fence

Grains of sand come down to the bay,
Carried along rivers starting far away,
And the grains move out into the Gulf,
Tossed and turned 'til they've had enough.

And then the tide takes over the work,
Pushing and pulling the grains with a jerk,
Transporting the sand to its resting place,
A deep ocean trough or a beach makes space.

And some of the grains that hit the beach,
Continue to move beyond the water's reach,
Picked up, pushed around by omniscient wind,
Set down further up to do it all again.

And then one day the grain meets the dune,
A home has been found and none too soon,
But can it stay in this place of rest?
Will it move on after reaching the crest?

But here comes a friendly helping hand,
A human has erected a fence for the sand,
An attempt to anchor sands that shift,
Trying to maintain nature's lovely gift.

The grains gather round nestling up to the wood,
It appears to be working, doing some good,
The human intervention received and noted,

But will the fence with sand become coated?

It seems to work for several months,
But reality the human being confronts,
When the big storm comes along one day,
And sweeps all the lovely sand away.

But the dune fence remains hopeful still,
As it again tries to bend nature's mighty will,
And once again it'll succeed for a while,
This whole process simply makes me smile.

So welcome to Earth church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Here we smile at human hopes,
And so might you.