

A Tiny Grain of Sand

By Robert Standish

WHY I LIKE IT: Poetry Editor Hezekiah writes: *Anne Carson (an award winning poet and Member of the Order of Canada) in conversation with Michael Enright (a journalist and CBC radio host) commented, (I may be paraphrasing.): “Some poetry is banal; some poetry, I don’t understand; and some poetry changes my life.” Standish would fall into that final category for me. ‘A Tiny Grain of Sand’ pours over me like tsunami waves. Robert simply refers to it as a long-ass poem. Who can say? “I dance in nature’s heartbeat” “distance I have drifted wind-assisted” “Not all of us will reach the approaching shore / Some will join the clouds and rain and some the ocean floor” “the winds, our puppeteer” and “What I envy the most is the chance to achieve everything I was meant to be” (Spacing and font size are poet’s own.) HS*

A Tiny Grain of Sand

Look at me, look at me, look at me
A tiny grain of sand on a beach without a sea
Surrounded by millions of billions that look just like me

A desert as far as I can ever see

I’m just a little grain living in an endless sea of sand
I can travel yet I have no feet I have no hands
Am I trapped here without a purpose planned

I move through my world at others command

The breeze has found me and places me at the stone lion’s feet
I can see three Pyramids of might stand proud backed in summer’s heat
The winds swirl me in circles up up up I go I dance in nature’s heartbeat

As I am lifted, a short distance I have drifted wind-assisted new grains are here to meet

There are other grains brought to me by the distant winds hand
They speak of an oasis from this distant land

I now know there is more to the grains more to the sand

Their tales unfold and inspire me the shape of their edges speaks of travels unplanned

Look closer, closer and then closer still

From a distance, we look the same and on the outside always will

I take a place in the sand and a search for a purpose to fulfill

My future hides from me but wants to be part of something bigger would be a thrill

Equality in appearance a moving carpet rebel as one might

Individuals disguised in plain sight

We reflect an outward appearance projected by light

One grain represents the impression of all is our fight

Sands of the Sahara is all I know as home

I've seen unbelievable sights from my place on the ground civilizations grown

I have seen mankind advance suffer loss and disappear and are left alone

Their meetings can be violent blood spills we receive them as the overthrown

A force or reason unseen brought them here they carry mistrust

Their hands create images of their worship made from us

they will disappear over time without care monuments return to dust

We witness their decline and secrets entrust

Water is the only visitor for us here it tickles

thunder and lightning signal their arrival drops form rivers as it trickles

The force of its power tries to shape us carves our prickles

Transformed in our way unlike the idols we surround so simple yet fickle

The invisible hand of wind sweeps, a breeze of fingers it creeps gives us the power to fly

It comes for some but not all this time, refusals denied, our departure without tears, no time to cry

Some are left to watch them go do they look back do they try

Our land paints a new picture everyday grains turn to dust carried into the sky

Where do they go when they are out of sight

Is the landscape is forever changed as they are taken away day and night

The sand is forever shifting winds grows strong and too hard to fight

I see them carried away without wings I finally take flight

Caught on a wind and carried to the sky the limits of which impossible to show

I have never before seen the size of this mighty lion or this many buildings bellow

The beach beneath me as far as I can see continues to grow

Over the top of the pyramids higher and higher and higher I go

From here I see the desert that for so long I called home
I am on a journey controlled by the wind I feel so alone
There are others here with me I see them and feel strong

I wonder if the ones on the ground will know that I have gone

For the first time ever I look past the clouds
I look down on the birds a river the crowds
Higher still higher I hope for more if I am allowed

For the first time, I see what I was a part of and of that I am proud

Up here I see stars where only astronauts play
The sky has no end I see night and see day
Have others seen these same things was their journey this way

I am scared and excited unable to return so here I must stay

Far below me, the horizon curves the land away rivers feed the oceans
The land moves from beneath me below blue water in my heart warm emotions
Everything to be seen at once but not a part of the grounds commotion

Peace is found isolated in this cloud from dirt to sand to dust all promotions

I visit the places beyond all dreams where raindrops are born and will eventually fall
Each looks alike as we did from the ground a journey their own and a place for them all
Their pathway seems clear, create a cloud to fall as rain or as snow freed by the wind their downfall

Are they so different from us our desert becomes their sky do we give life as we trade places below

3000 miles of my journey elapsed
The distance means nothing as endless time has passed
How much longer will the wind that carries us last

A new future awaits and doesn't care about the past

Millions of trillions of us taken, removed from the sand
As long as time began a grain is all that I am lifted above the rest I fly, I can
Like those that surround me, I escape the deserts hand

From a land unforgiving across an ocean of life to deliver myself and be part and more than I am

Not all of us will reach the approaching shore
Some will join the clouds and rain and some the ocean floor
A new beginning to be revealed at this time is what the journey is for

Each and every raindrop every grain of sand overlooked by how were seen yet worth so much more

Creatures of the deep I can see the secret world you keep
I see how the rain brings back what you need as you sleep
I envy the rain as I look at the lakes and rivers deep

Their sacrifice from the sky from delivered to the trees to the grass creep

Up close I Look at the clouds and see where raindrops live
They drift around the world bring change to the weather filter the air like a sieve
The wind pushes them from hiding and fuels the ground below feeds the land and the life it gives

like socks for the sky creating electrical charge allow thunder and lightning to be collaborative

The wind turns gentle and releases its hold on me
A world away from a land that I lived from where my trip began replaced so easily
Seeing things, I could never prepare for, is this what I really lived for I don't believe what I see

From a barren dry desert landscape to an Eden set free

Breeze weakens, the wind release me a new path of life waits to be found
Your horizon of the sand is my past, out of view is my future we separate without a sound
The invisible hand that carries me past the waters of blue weakens as I look around

Sights I see are unimaginable life in forms indescribable abound as I am welcomed to the ground

I take my place, make my new home in their soil
This life and growth never seen in my time, surrounds me unspoiled
The wind my necessary savior, I continue here anew from their toil

From a desolate beginning, I am humble, in the presence of this new tranquility I recoil

I find others have arrived before me, look at what they have done
From such a simple beginning in a sea of sand where life is so hard for everyone
No one would ever think that from a land thought dead so much life could ever come

I bring what little I was to this place because from me life begun

I am a drop of rain, I cannot swim, the confessions I hear as my wind, their wind, the wind,
approaches their clouds
I never dreamed I could fly, but here we meet, our differences collide, shared in our deserts of
shrouds
To them their home must be just like a desert, each one so alike we are similar opposites our
singular journey away from our crowds

Fears face the unknown to be brave changes nothing, this time we are alone it is all that it
allows

Our time seems endless, another day promised as the sun rises, we have always had our place
here
Appearance of time and travel only show on sharp edges that in youth still appear
Worn away from wind, and in time the kiss of the clouds moved by the winds, our puppeteer

Thoughts of what is left behind are memories time will hide, once in this lifetime means in the
next they may reappear

I am a grain that has left the sand, will they miss me, did they see me leave
The sights I've seen I could never return to tell the words escape me how could they believe
A tiny part of the land like the trillions of others called sand the transition a greatness to receive

The time spent where you were taken from is only as long as was needed to become the one
you would never conceive

I Envy the water the life it gives it cover so much like the land from my past
I envy the wind powering ships that sail the lakes and oceans so vast
I envy the birds as they own every sky they live on the winds and hunt so fast

I envy the clouds I envy the trees I envy the worlds true creations I'll never surpass

A mere speck of dirt a grain of sand my value means little after all I see
Embarrassed by my insignificance lost with my idea of my identity
I am braver now my fears are gone I have gone so far I can stand alone I face my destiny

What I envy the most is the chance to achieve everything I was meant to be

THE POET SPEAKS:

The Tiny Grain of Sand; The simplicity of a grain of sand is so easily overlooked and devalued as it remains under our feet. A grain of sand is a building block that can be a part of something special, something great, something as an individual it could never be; and at the same time that greater thing could not exist without each grain. A grain of sand is controlled by the world around it and may have several

journeys before its final destination. We are much like that and can exits in much the same way.

The simple beauty of the wind introducing a grain of sand to a world it may never know and see from a vantage point though only accessible to rain. Outside forces show the grain that although they may not be exactly the same as every grain of sand, their journey is so similar. Much like our life is, we are not all the same but have the same opportunity to become something greater than ourselves as the greater thing requires all of us inclusively. The inspiration of the poem came to me as I tried to decide how I would tell a child about life and death and accepting change is a part of every journey. At the same time to show them how even the smallest most unassuming thing on earth can live to take part in something as great as a rain forest and heal an entire planet.

As I write I find that my style and influences are not driven by the works of others as much as they are what I am compelled to do in way of thought. I am not a follower of any specific writers, rather I find my experience, environment and the inspiration in the pain of music and comedy offers me an abundance of appreciation and inparation. I appreciate others for what they have to bring to what I can write and can share an experience with them in that way. I am grateful to anyone that would take the time to read this heart felt poem.

AUTHOR'S BIO:

Robert Standish is an aspiring writer and devoted father of three. After several years in the film and television industry in Canada, he has had the chance to meet some amazing people, travel and experience things, not for normal consumption. As a camera assistant and operator he has been in the line of fire on many occasions and inside explosions and crashes, just to name a few incredible opportunities. 'Chalk Outline These Thoughts 1 and 2 and a fiction novel 'The Secrets Men Keep', most recently the creator of a collection of poetry entitled 'The Passion Hidden Within'. (*Amazon and Kindle*) I have found most recent success with three poems published on Terror House Magazine and soon a short fiction story will be published in February, it is my hope to extend and expand my exposure and develop as many relationships as I can. Now transitioning into a creative writer who has self-published four works and counting, Robert is setting his sights on the next project. His story **IF** appeared in Issue 2.

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