

NUMBNESS

by Clare Snow, St. John's- Junior Division Poetry

The gentle rhythm
of the Waves
begins to consume me.

As far as my eyes can see
(or my mind can know)
there is
nothing.

She always told me not to
build so close to
the Water.
The Waves know nothing
but destruction
And they will not rest
until every castle
of sand is consumed.

It's become all too familiar though,
my routine.

Build the castle
Watch it crumble
beneath the might of
the gentle Waves,
Begin again- always forgetting
the inevitable outcome.
Just as I refuse to stop building
the Waves refuse
to relent
Both too stubborn to let the other
win.

I always remain
within grasp of
the surface.

But this time,
the rhythm cradles me,
the moment is
too peaceful

And I forget that I am
drowning