



Sand. No. 77

## THE BEGINNING

Cells enmeshed  
hexagonal  
weave wire  
green,  
slipping too  
like light  
sand drifts            blood red  
and glows            between our fingers.  
War  
and high            the beach  
marbles            the water lingers  
within infinite grains.  
Storming    hold    still    hill-high    a  
seas    birth    between    folds trough.

Static water  
breaking            flat  
grey hexagonal,  
swirling  
white  
cells.            and marbled  
Its shape  
echoes our birth enough.

by Hilary Thompson

