

THE FOOTPRINT

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I glimpsed a mark
In the shifting sand,
At twilight.

A footprint,
At the water's edge,
Pointing to the sea.

I searched
For its fellow
In the restless surf.

White foam swirled
Over my toes,
My feet sank into the sand.

The beach, bare and lonely,
Called back the tide,
Shadows cloaked the dune.

From where had the footprint,
Severed from its mate,
Come?

I gazed at the mound,
Listened to the dark.
Nothing stirred.

I raised my arms
To the sky
And sang.

Until
The sand filled the footprint,
The water covered the dune.