

Starfish

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A starfish
lies motionless in the sand,
tossed onto the beach

by the froth of casual waves.
A stranded star,
with five golden fingers

reaching out of a sunburst
noon, mourns the loss
of the darkness which

birthed it, then hurled it
to death on earth.
It comes to us all,

this fall from grace.
Longevity's a mere illusion,
dissolving into grains

of salt. We dive down
from heaven,
discovered by children

with shovels and buckets,
then pocketed,
forgotten.