

Me and You

I am the cliff wall
Along the surf.

Your waves crash against me,
Eroding my outer layer of sand,
Exposing the true marbling
Which makes up my being.
The metal ores,
The fine gems.

Mostly just a lot of sand.

Sometimes a fossil.

Your waves crash hard,
Endless.

I don't know if I will survive.

I is me, and he,
That one,
The other.
He is not Me,
Who is You.

All we need now is another one of Your storms.

Bring on the Hurricane!

| Brett M. Wilbur