

Learning to Disappear

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They say there is a Buddha
In each grain of sand

We begin huge and rigid. Life grinds
away at us. We grind against one another.
Lichen acids eat our flesh, crack and split
our surfaces. We tumble downstream
to the sea that spits us back
onto shore. We want to be big
and beautiful, forming deltas,
alluvial fans. Even in sleep
we create delta waves and
rhythms in our brains.
But life has other plans.
Our destiny, so small
the wind can lift us,
drift us back into
cracks in drains,
seams in sidewalks,
so small we end
in crescent
corners of
each
other's
eyes.