

SAND WHISPERS:

Thoughts on how planetary dust changes landscapes

All the time, sands are whispering:
rattlesnakes, scorpions, and mice take heed.

Most humans, however,
are too arrogant to listen.

Will bulldozers, blasting caps,
and machines ultimately rule
how landscapes appear?

Aren't most humans in endless
struggles against entropy?

Granules of feldspar, basalt, calcite, and quartz
are infinitely patient.

Eventually all things in this planet
become covered with layers of dust.

Tiny sand grains seem insignificant,
yet ironically the tiniest things ultimately win.

- T Newfields

Beg.: 2001 Nagoya ☆ Rev. 2024 Shizuoka