

Substance

Paul Waring

Watching a documentary about Maui
and Great Lakes sand - how single grains
house microworld treasures like pink
garnet, green epidote and sea urchin spine -
makes me wonder whether these bones
I carry once belonged to ancestors, their dust
recycled, my skin re-knitted, blood a soup
of hand-me-down genes; and why rhubarb
scent might not be summer speaking from
grandma's kitchen - that chorus I could
never name - notes held safe in sand,
still alive, near as next breath.