

Week 11 Poem

by Shen Wu Tan

I hear the mouth of the tide
consume the wave's saliva.
It gnaws on chewed algae
and drinks until the water
is gone. All that is left,
salty remnants and sour memories.

A crab scuttles across
the shards of sand,
but cannot escape
its tight grasp. It drowns
in a sea of dust. All that is left,
chipped shells and broken faith.

Along the shoreline,
the water pounds and collides
into stripped rocks.
Its roars devour the dusk.
All that is left,
fragmented stones and elapsed content.