

White Sands

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international / poetry / post

the white sands of Fraser
attract miners like bees to honey
temporarily thwarted by the public
that value pristine islands,
spotless beaches and unique environments
above money

but miners are patient, the mineral allure
is too strong to resist

though while i live at least,
the island would remain
as it was/is

the pure white ocean beach and inland sands
will not be devastated by greed,
the great sandy island they once named it
is momentarily protected from rapacious
miners

value is relative --
following a creek that
empties ancient pure fresh water into the sea
i found a spiral sea shell
that was not part of the local sea fauna,
who knows how long it was buried
in the preserving sands or how it managed
its way so far inland, but time offers an answer?

as the sandy island was formed slowly by tides
dumping sand until vegetation took hold and stabilised
the shifting sands which attracted more sand from tides
until the largest sand island was formed off the
australian coast

if the shell could speak it would reveal its history
yet it has another more profound message
the spiral of its formation is a letter
from the milky way
signing its ownership over everything
in our solar system and the white sands
of Fraser

