

Persistence of Memory

After Dali

The light, dry beach.
Covering the vast land toward the
Sharp beige
Cliffs.

Home to the odd looking
Thing.
Skinned over time,
The smooth pale face of a
Young girl.

Bending time,
On the all so lonely beach.
The bugs crawl on.
A raised platform in the
Distance.

A fog crawling in,
Seeping into the

Dark, hollow log.

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