

i sit in the sand.  
plastic shovel in one hand,  
sandcastle bucket in the other.

i build houses.  
a delicate placement of shells and seaweed,  
intricately carved out doors  
and windows made of sticks.  
on this beach,  
i turn slices of shoreline  
into a magnificent array of little homes.

i come to this beach every day.  
i have done so for a while now.

some days, as i return,  
i find that all my little houses are gone.  
they have been swept away with the atlantic tide,  
or destroyed by some tourist,  
who does not understand that  
this is my beach,  
and i can make my homes where i please.

those days,  
i sit in the sand.  
plastic shovel in one hand,  
sandcastle bucket in the other.

and i build again.  
and i build again.  
and i build.

**“beach homes.” by Elle Morson – Waubonsie Valley High School, Aurora**