

Room on the Page

Ash Farrer

Perimeter stains
on the fringe of time,
like the frizzled edge
of a gown worn down
by the ageless tide,
sand so limitless,
boundless frame contains
an ever expansive embrace
of immeasurable sand.
What stretches before you
won't be chained
to the inane,
what you read
is limited only by time
and room on the page.