



## Endquote

### Sandcastle

*O*n an empty beach  
in sunlight  
I built my castle  
the wind was my architect  
together we sculpted  
soft curves from the dunes  
I found ribbons of seaweed  
sprawling like handwriting  
in the tideline of debris  
washed from the sea of knowledge  
with these I garlanded the walls  
I made a roof from shells  
that giggled stories about crabby hermits  
and boring barnacles  
someone has spilt black  
tar on my castle  
ink black sticky stains  
that burn where they touch me  
that burn

—**Gabriellr Maughan**