

# Anew

By Michael D. Wessely

The hunt for an oddity

Shard of glass smoothed

Among the grains of sand

Delivered by waves

Driftwood an artwork

Wrought by nature

Worn by water

Carried with weather

To another time

For a different finder

Our grandest ocean

Mere meters away

To be experienced

The unexpected gift

Joy in the finding

The memory

Old prize—new treasured