

Textile Beach

By: Allie Neltner

There is a place,
With a denim cottage,
On linen shores,
With a satin sheet of sapphire,
And a canvas sky of baby blue

A small, spindly road of leather leads here,
To the ocean where oilcloth dolphins ride the waves,
Gliding southern bound to their winter destination,
And where the burlap seagulls converse on the coast,
Chattering the life into even the corduroy grasses

Gauze clouds scatter across the sky,
With sheets of light filtering through,
Spilling onto the lace earth,
With a delicate grace

When the cloak of night falls,
The minky sky is dotted with stars,
And the nylon fiddler crabs scatter across the shore,
Looking for basket weave mussels

The land itself is a blend,
Of satin and lace,
Of burlap and canvas,
Of oilcloth and nylon,
The differing textures of the world
Are why it flows together so well