

# Learning to Disappear

*Anita Tanner*

They say there is a Buddha  
In each grain of sand

We begin huge and rigid. Life grinds  
away at us. We grind against one another.  
Lichen acids eat our flesh, crack and split  
our surfaces. We tumble downstream  
to the sea that spits us back  
onto shore. We want to be big  
and beautiful, forming deltas,  
alluvial fans. Even in sleep  
we create delta waves and  
rhythms in our brains.  
But life has other plans.  
Our destiny, so small  
the wind can lift us,  
drift us back into  
cracks in drains,  
seams in sidewalks,  
so small we end  
in crescent  
corners of  
each  
other's  
eyes.