

A Portal to the Soul

Driftwood drifts to shore,
Waiting to be collected
And made into art.

Debris repurposed
To connect with the spirits,
An intricate mask.

Done in the present
Like millennia before
Along the same shores.

Yet, it feels different.
Now it serves a new purpose,
Cultural rebirth.

With the mask in hand
And waves crashing against land,
Comes a peaceful soul.