

4-22-2022

Castle Crumbling

Emily L. Vest

Cedarville University, emilyvest@cedarville.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

[DigitalCommons@Cedarville](#) provides a publication platform for fully open access journals, which means that all articles are available on the Internet to all users immediately upon publication. However, the opinions and sentiments expressed by the authors of articles published in our journals do not necessarily indicate the endorsement or reflect the views of [DigitalCommons@Cedarville](#), the Centennial Library, or Cedarville University and its employees. The authors are solely responsible for the content of their work. Please address questions to dc@cedarville.edu.

Recommended Citation

Vest, Emily L. (2022) "Castle Crumbling," *Cedarville Review*. Vol. 22, Article 9.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol22/iss1/9>

Castle Crumbling

Description

Castle Crumbling is an extended metaphor poem illustrating the futility of holding together temporary, earthly "sandcastles" in the face of inevitable waves of change. I use Biblical references to Matthew 7 in which Jesus talks about how the foolish man built his house upon the sand, instead of a firm rock foundation. The second stanza is intentionally arranged to give the appearance of it falling apart, just like the sandcastle in the poem.

Creative Commons License



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/4.0/).

CASTLE CRUMBLING

Emily Vest

Gathering grains of sand
with sun-stained back, spine
sliding, inclining down
the shore—in my nail beds;
I build a castle with towers and terraces,
flags and front doors thrown wide.
Seaside, it stands, grandly
surveying the leaving-boats at the quay,
screened by palm leaves while
Solia plastic spoons sculpt
sandy sides, till symmetry
makes my placid sanctuary.

But I cannot keep the seeping waves
from sweeping up the beach ,
shaking non-rock floor .
Rains fall and floods rise , spilling silt
from the deep into my castle on the hill —
my house on the sand .
The remains sift and sink through
my fingers , washing grains away ,
sloshing clay fortitudes . . .
and I'm left struggling
to save the castle c r u m b l i n g .