

**7 Ways of Looking at Sand**  
**By Cheryl Chen**

I.

The dip between your toes  
with skin kissed damp, still  
by the beach.  
Your fingers brush through

II.

In and among the  
crevices of sidewalk  
molecular tumbles  
of the sea, idling  
like a bird's breath on a  
Sunday afternoon

III.

Miniature medieval empires and  
the way promises are kept  
when wet

IV.

The waxy wrapper  
of the yellow crayon  
and how sand  
is the same flush as the sun  
every time

V.

Soft plink of glass  
when you pinch time  
by her waist  
and the sifting doesn't stop

VI.

When you want to wetten these words but soon  
the waves will wash

VII.

The night after a day out is like  
a sigh against your back.  
You shift in the blankets

Sand on the patch  
behind your knee reminds you  
that some skin needs touch  
to exist.