

“Sifting Sand through Our Toes with Military Friends on the Beach in Monterey, California”

by **Brandi Zinnel**

Beneath me I see pale limbs,
Disappearing into granules of sand,
White bulb toes pushing through.
Within talking distance, a lanky friend, a man
Staring forward with phone in hand,
His silhouette hazy in the deep night.
On my left another friend of mine blends into the night,
Laughing with brilliant moon eyes as the waves splash,
The sand and broken shells airborne as he runs settle,
Beneath him shifting into a new home.
Before me in the night is a dark void,
Swallowing the scene in a cosmic mouth,
The tongue of the sea is brushing against the wet sand,
Where I am lost staring into the void myself.

Brandi Zinnel is a current student at Hamline University pursuing a Master’s Degree in Creative Writing. She is a veteran of the U.S. Air Force and served as a Cryptologic Linguist for six years. Now she lives with her family in Minnesota working odd jobs from home. Recently, her poems were published in *Upper Mississippi Harvest* and *Washington Square Review LCC*.