

## **Diane Webster**

### **Strut**

As ocean slams  
rocky shore,  
a fan of surf shoots  
upward and spreads  
its spray into an arc

like a peacock's tail  
as he struts his wares  
for all the peahens  
to gasp and gossip  
over in their muster.

### **Wave Rhythm**

Beach lies in front of the ocean;  
waves coming, going;  
sand given, taken away --  
like changing of the grains  
under ocean's finger painting  
and palming the beach smooth  
for next swirl and dash.

A woman sits on a bench  
in front of the beach  
in front of the ocean.  
Her breath inhales, exhales  
with wave rhythm  
spattering her face  
like lips of her lover.

Memories sail over the horizon,  
return in ship-wrecked flotsam  
or surf in anonymous white noise  
over a blank canvas of sand  
primed for visions past, present,  
sketched grain by grain.

**Diane Webster** grew up in Eastern Oregon before she moved to Colorado. She enjoys drives in the mountains to view all the wildlife and scenery and takes amateur photographs. Writing poetry provides a creative outlet exciting in images and phrases Diane thrives in. Her work has appeared in *Toasted Cheese Literary Journal*, *Better Than Starbucks*, *Home Planet News Online*, and other literary magazines.