

Diane Webster

Sand Grains

Day's jumble of footprints
clutter sand back and forth,
stampede of first
stomped out by last –
on top, king of the hill
but who can tell
who belongs to the foot
now long gone away.

Craving wind or surf
to smooth chaos; only
shadows blur traffic
into mini dunes
consumed by night.

Waves whisper --
clandestine lovers
rising and falling,
oblivious to grains of sand
shifting like constellations.

Diane Webster's goal is to remain open to poetry ideas in everyday life, nature or an overheard phrase and to write. Diane enjoys the challenge of transforming images into words to fit her poems.. Her work has appeared in *Home Planet News Online*, *North Dakota Quarterly*, *Talking River Review* and other literary magazines.