pound of sand

Ben Drum

every night he says
since that one night
he woke up dazed
his daughters asleep
he was craving the taste
he had been crunching
ice for months but
this was deeper
grittier he tried
to go back to sleep
talk himself out
of it all but he
could not shake
the feeling the
satisfaction of the
grains in his teeth
in the gutters
of his mouth
his saliva the ocean
tide taking it away
he went outside
in the full moon
to his daughters’
playground his eyes
found the corner box
he felt drawn to it
the castle mold
became a bowl
as he succumbed
to the spring tide

no one knew his secret
until the emergency
room marked
anemia sand eroding
the shores of his
stomach kissing ulcers
little volcanoes spewing
blood from landslides
they took nightly
embarrassed that he
could not stop himself
how he would fantasize
about sand at work how
he could not wait to
get home and fill
his stomach with
a pound daily
from home depot
even as he felt
his wind die down
saw black sand
in his toilet
and felt his time
running out
like an hourglass
hoping someday
his stomach
might make a pearl

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