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## **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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