



a flick of The WRIST

by allie MARINI

*I don't know when I'll be back,
I told the angry grey crests of surf,
breaking over the pylons of the Dania Beach pier.*

Atlantic-side, the sand is silky grey,
like the tip of a cone of cigarette ash
dangling off my grandmother's Marlboro Red

a flick of the wrist; the ember is gone

*I'll visit, I told the horseshoe crabs,
fucking quietly, their gentle movements a ripple of bioluminescent plankton
in the sandy shallows of Sarasota Quay.*

I promise.

Gulf-side, Tampa Bay sand is as fine & white
as the Swan's Down cake flour my grandmother used to triple-sift
when baking my birthday cake.

a flick of the wrist; beat the whites into stiff peaks

*I'll miss you, my toes whispered,
sinking into the slippery squelch
of muddy sand & brackish water at Wakulla Springs.*

Primordial beaches, springs whose waters drive so deep,
they're immeasurable, how my grandmother gasped at the beauty
of Johnny Weismuller's Tarzan performing a breathless ballet
under waters clear as glass.

a flick of the wrist; the glass becomes a mirror

Pacific Ocean, West Coast sand, how we misunderstand each other's needs,
I mutter, kicking the tip of my boot against rocky sand
too cold to dip a toe into.

*How disappointing, I think,
taking a drag off a Marlboro on a day that isn't my birthday
but nonetheless, I want cake.
I've turned into you, I think.
A tide that only ever goes out, never to return the same.*

a flick of the wrist; we are gone



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