

BY AMINA HASSAN

## *Just Another Beach*

I haven't been to the beach in three years.  
There's an odd mystery hidden beneath the waters.  
It hears of you often.

The knees of a stranger were locked in my waters.  
The tides rested silent, the way you needed them.  
What swimmer fancies the waters but steers away from my oceans?

Each grain of sand, intended for your footprints.  
God forbid a spec was out of place,  
the beach would be banished.  
*Now who would banish a beach?*  
The same man who fears limbs locking.

The beach has been closed for three years.  
With it closed, you are quick to blame.  
It never told you.  
It was not the water's fault for doing its deeds.

In the future, another beach will rise,  
it holds no significance to you.  
Just another beach.  
Maybe that's not so bad...*just another beach.*

### **Sunset at Stanley Park**

by Jules Webster



**Sunbathing**  
by Jules Webster

BY ADRIANA SCHULTE

## *Midday in Toledo*

Here I am still  
sola y suelta and sweltering  
under the July sky  
under the sun's eye

Where I find  
myself, mi misma  
sola y suelta and  
same

I never felt much like going  
Overstayed my own welcome  
and found myself  
sola y suelta  
and drifting away.