

## *A Bad Sandstorm*

SHERYL L. NELMS

“We all  
saw it coming  
  
that evening  
at sunset  
  
blowing down  
from Lubbock  
  
a rolling boil  
of grey  
  
some said it  
was a haboob  
  
I just called  
it a bad sandstorm  
  
when I woke up  
the next morning in my bed

there was sand  
all over my

house and sheets  
and pillowcase

and there  
on that pillowcase  
where my nose had been

was a breath print  
where I breathed in and out

looked like a slim whisper  
molded in sand.”