

Drained away  
Zachary Tan

The ocean in my body that  
gently laps and stuffs seaweed in my  
in my coral-red soles, smells of  
sulfur. And the birds are  
pecking, pecking. I wish for  
reality to sweep me away and cover me in  
clams. Pecking. Swept away, in the current, where  
meaningless emotions swim. Pecking. I let my body,  
pecked, waste away with an ocean's uncaring.  
If only I could. Pecking. I float. Pecked.  
Birds enter the ocean. Pecking.  
Birds enter the ocean. They have no other choice.