

Drained away  
– after Carl Philips  
Zachary Tan

There's an ocean in my body with  
rolling waves gently lapping and  
seaweed in my coral-red soles, smelling  
of sulfur. Not in. I am  
imagining it, wishing the  
fake to become reality, and if  
reality could cover me in  
clams. Swept away, in the current, where  
meaningless emotions swim. As if I am  
the ocean. I let my body waste away  
with an ocean's uncaring, I  
wish I could. I ocean. I float. Listlessly.  
Birds enter the ocean the way obsession compels us.  
Birds enter the ocean, the way obsession compels us.