



SEA, swallow me

POEM BY Sakari Jackson

ART BY MANNING ADKINS

The insane ramblings of a
madman
can go on for hours and
hours-
even days, in the right
setting.
It's like that constant
rambling,
that constant talking,
that inane understanding of
something
so deep that coming up from
its depths would certainly
give you the bends.
That is what plays in my
head all day long.
The inescapability of the
insane ramblings
of that madman