

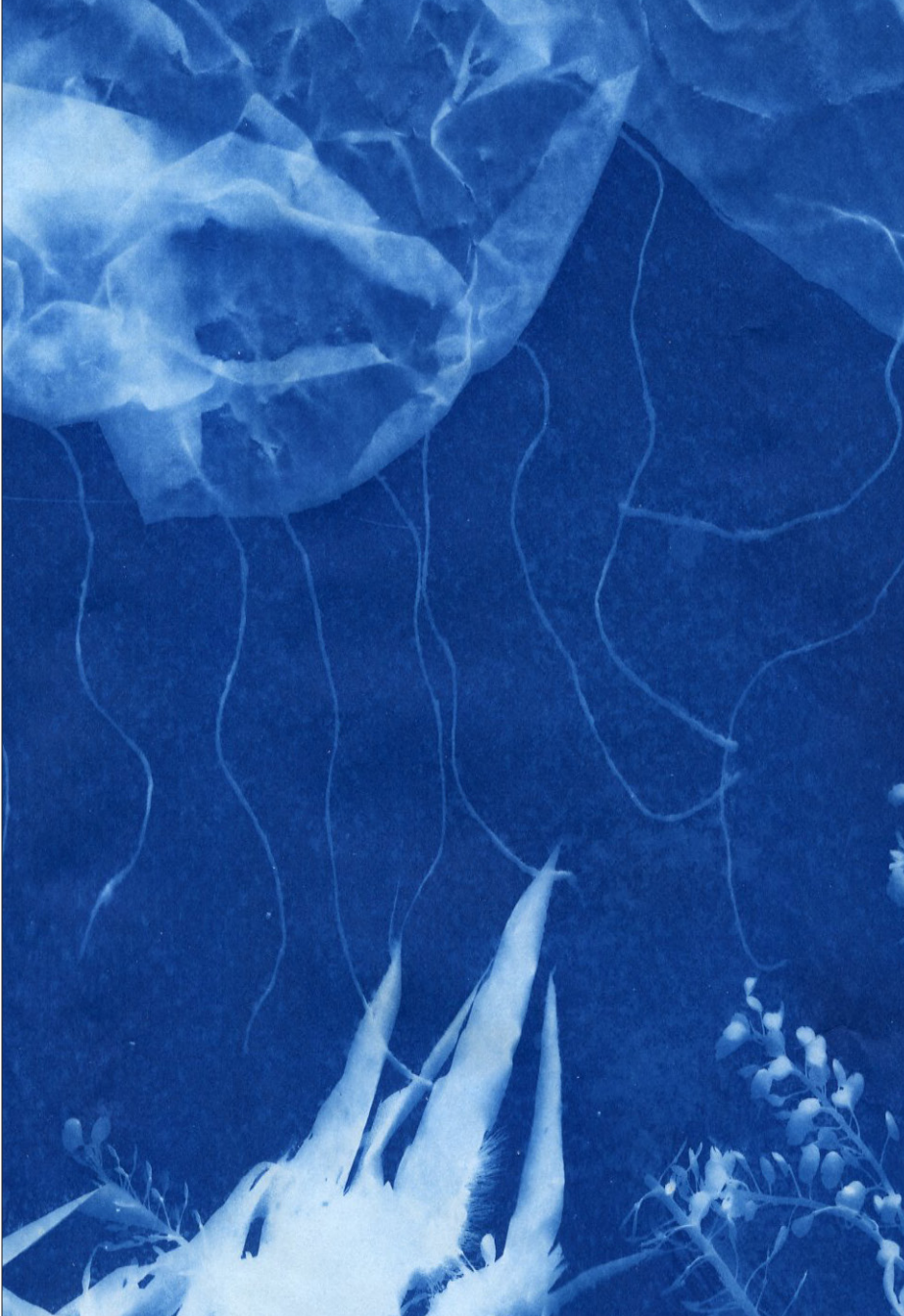
I am...

by Eliza Farley

I am drowning in the ocean of my love.
My chest rises and falls, pulling salty water
into my lungs, filling every pore.
The pressure squeezes my stomach into my spine,
a pain so vibrant my vision goes red.
Somewhere, someone is dying of thirst.
Even now.
Even now.
Hair floats
like seaweed, softly flowing;
like a dead fish, belly up;
like an empty lifejacket.
I cannot be saved anymore.

*I adjust your collar. I speak your name.
I look at you without closing my eyes.*

Underwater (Cyanotype 5"x7") Coda Wilson



The Way it Flowed

by Addy Eby

We come from water

from how the wood was grown to harbor the ships
that tore us from our home

and carried us to the land of wet soil

it was the water that washed away our culture
and rocked us across the ocean

it was water that crashed up and held our brothers
and sisters suspended
in the icy blue waters of the Atlantic

and it was the same water used to grow the cotton
weeds
we calloused our hands picking

it was water in the rivers that stole the stench
and allowed our children to escape the fields

and it was water that filled our eyes
when our sons were hung like dangerous fruit
eyes bugging necks bleeding
and feet half-burnt

and now it is water —
between us and our ancestors

the ones that jumped, and the ones that sent us away

I wonder if it is water that will take us home?