

BY ISOBEL SINCLAIR

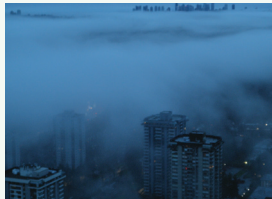
i lie easily

I lie easily,
with the smoothness of ocean foam,
and tell myself nobody has ever done this.
That these words have not been placed in this order yet,
with the knowledge that to ask is to admit defeat.

I talk too much,
with the weight of a heart in my throat,
knowing that dreaming aloud is the only way
to hold what hands cannot have and
The brain cannot grasp.

I agree too easily
to contemplate that the true threshold of freedom
is an open doorway you refuse to cross,
rather than stepping into a wave that will stain you blue
once it rushes back to itself.

I find myself
thin and amorphic, drowned on the beach,
with a song of a siren's taunt burned deep.
wooden and floating, an arm in each ocean,
the current taut as a string.



Blue Morning
by Maya Barillas
Mohan