

Be Human

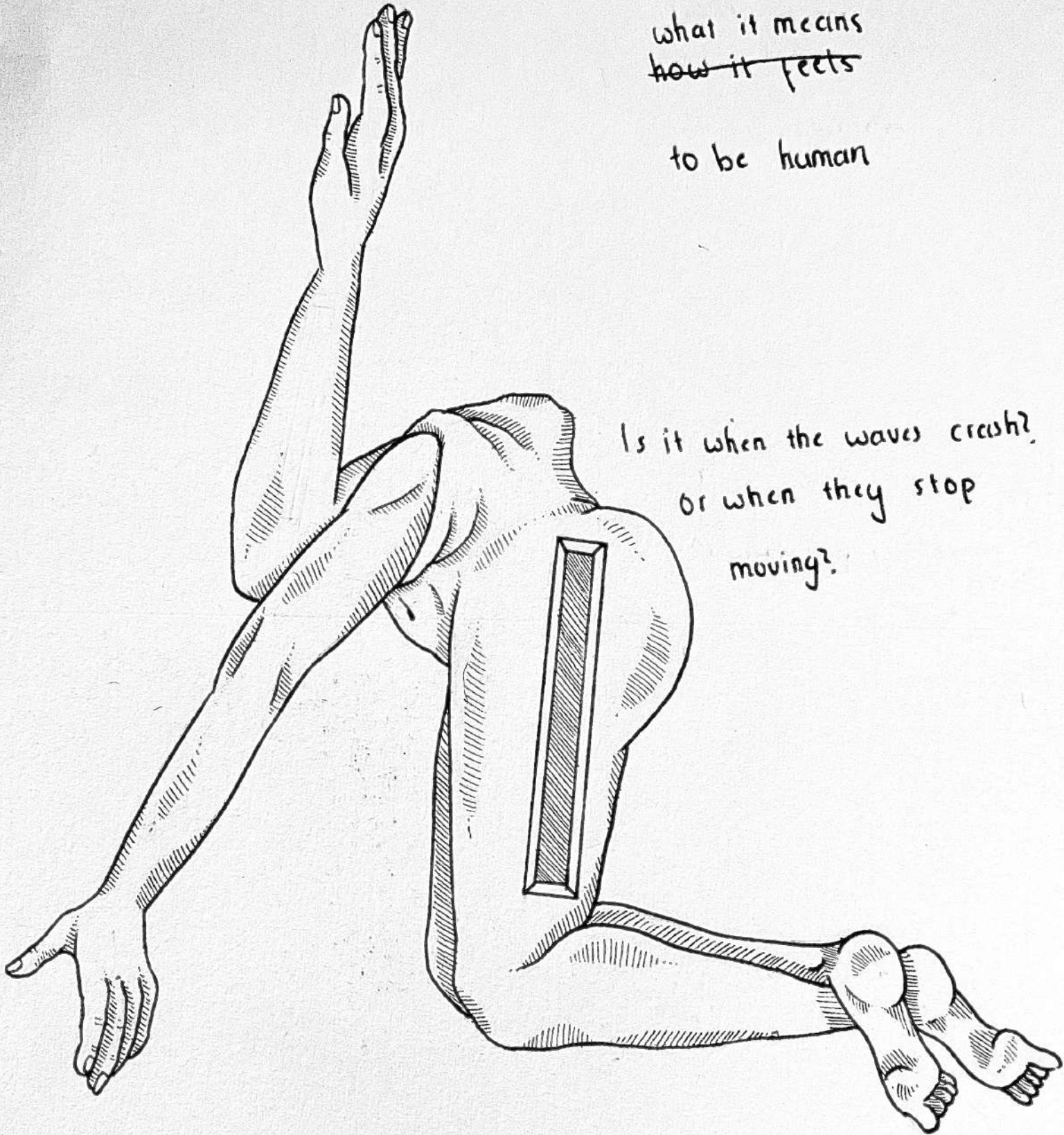


A four-part illustrated poetry zine

JOANNA DU

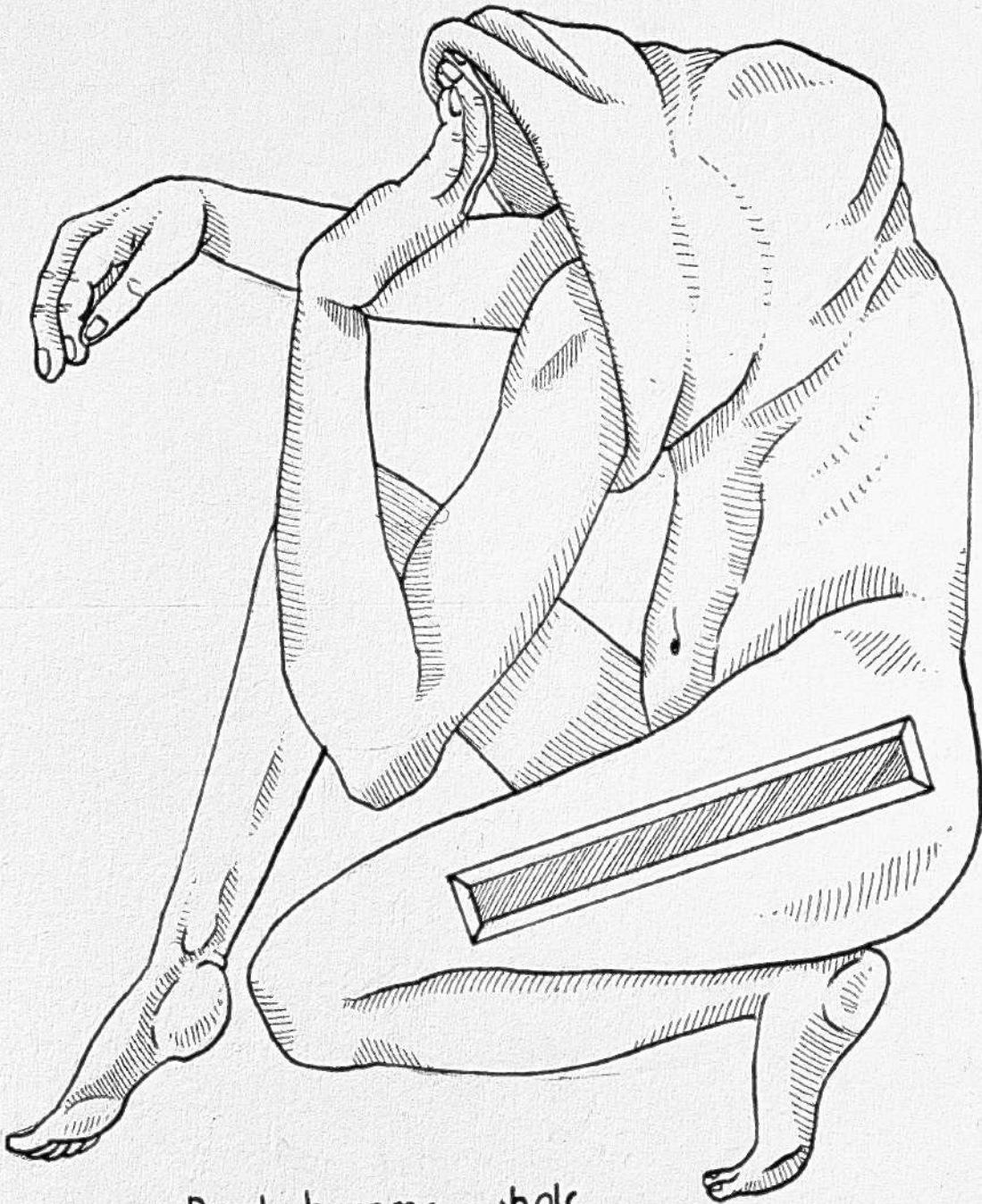
I often forget
what it means
~~how it feels~~

to be human



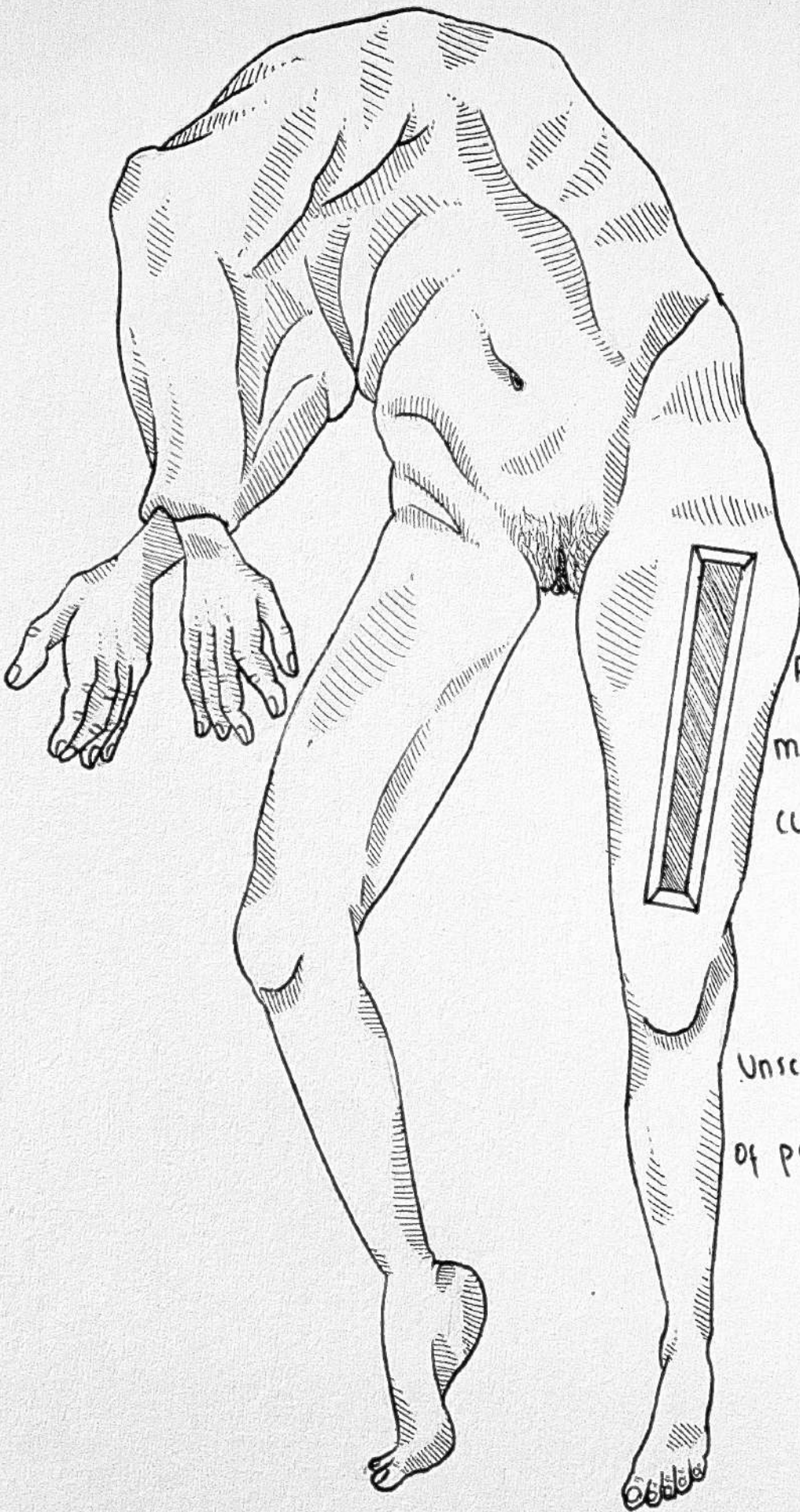
Is it when the waves crash?
or when they stop
moving?

When I hide away
and let myself feel nothing



Do I become whole
with only my heart beating?

If it melts itself into the ocean of sound
the beating and I exist in what is around



Am I more human
moving within this
current

Unsettling the stones
of past and present

kicking the stones
and feeling my flesh cut open

The warmth from my body
seeps into the ocean



The further I am carried out to
the water

The more I fear my heart and mind growing colder.

✉ JOANNADU.96 @ GMAIL. COM

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