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.
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