

(!) (* +!%#!"\$&,
Zoe Schacht

I would walk to Peru with you
A quick weekend trip
You
Me
We
Us

Our feet calloused and sore,
When we'd get tired we'd find an ocean to lay near
The tide kissing our toes
would sing us lullabies
You would hum along

You are the sea
Never balanced
Never calm
Always drawn to the shore to find me
You'd crash
break
drown

ME
you
we
us

Aliens
foreign
Our tongues tied to our native language
hungry for fear
to feel uncomfortable

uncomfortable together