



Issue I.ii

Bastard Child Born at the Seashore

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I've got back-up plans and just-in-cases,
Float away in a sea of faces,
Yet somehow, perpetual stasis has crashed upon my shores,
So that I'm drowning in the heartache of forevermore,
So that I'm wanting more, so that I'm craving more.
This stasis erases the basis of my life-long philosophy.
It's invasive of the places I've been,
Pervasive of every crevice that I am.
But it's persuasive.
And you,
You are my oasis.
The one last lonely drop that turns out to be a tidal wave, enough
to save,
but also bury
in the darkest depths of the ocean
Black.
But these cracked and thirsty lips can handle that,
All in exchange for
something non-uniform.
This is the reason I was born:
Chaotic love, it's natural disaster,
so tear my heart out, I'm just a bastard.

mad-

