

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