

POETRY

Ariel Machell  
Devotion

I feel like a lake.

I know  
I am not the first.

Look, my hands  
are water.

I can

grab nothing,  
claim nothing.

Is that what stillness is?

And yet, the ripples.  
My heart, a flutterfish,

its wet scales gleaming  
as I float upon myself,

lulled  
by mirror light,

my blue-dazzle body.

Once, I remember,  
I drank from a river

as I swam in it.

What utility,  
what daring!

It was a declaration.

I must tell you, now,  
I don't like the way I taste.

I've had enough of myself.

But to watch you  
bring me to your pelican mouth

and drink?

Drink long, I say,  
drink deep.



Analog Collage, Mixed Media  
Mark Millazo  
No-MEN