

# “Untitled”

by

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Some days are like the ocean. We sit. We cry salty tears that slip into the crevices of our mouths and make us remember the sound of the waves crashing against the shore. We rock back and forth and it's not because we've gone crazy, it's because we're in a rowboat out to sea. We sing old sailor songs and eat grapefruit candy because you once heard that citrus prevents scurvy and I couldn't find any limes. We slip into each other and become one with the water, the night sky above singing us to sleep with its plethora of stars.