

## Trolling Atlantis

The calm of the ocean wind swirls around me as I face the salty sea air.  
So many years have I seen this ocean, but never before was it mine to behold alone.  
The Mother's claim had held it for so many generations; all had given in to it.  
The silent submission of siblings and father had allowed it to be lost forever to a past I  
    have never known.  
No longer will I allow that hold to bar me from what so rightly could be mine as well.  
The moon shines down on the tracks my bare feet have made in the sand.  
This beach is myself, alone.  
The stars agree with my acceptance as they sing the wind's song all around the island:  
Proclaiming my freedom and...  
A memory of my own that no longer holds her wishes,  
The smooth glass (I so joyously ignore) cuts my feet  
    and I bleed out her ever-present hold on my heart.  
This is my life and forever more will I remember that.  
Not daughter, not sister, not friend, not lover,  
Je danse seul.

-Ryan Lancaster

## "1-dimensional"

On cloudy days  
I have to steal  
    into your eyes looking  
for images of myself. I remain

Waiting like a thief  
in your retina, prying  
    into the blindness,  
hoping to catch a glimpse of recognition.

But there are only involuntary  
blinks-first  
the left, then the right  
eye. Sightless movements.

Without depth, I wait  
for the clouds to clear  
and the electrical impulse  
to reach your brain.

-Brea Thomas