

Ophelia

Oh Hamlet!  
That thou didn't have an Ophelia  
A vessel to stuff a second of your brimming  
madness  
Oh how you would have learned to control yourself

Oh Chaos, I am born in the mud  
Learned after a time to no longer suffer  
The absurd plight of cleaning it  
I live in the mud

Sitting, arms outstretched towards Ophelia  
Madness, stuffed  
Vision, waxing hallucinations and waning  
blindness  
Chaos, embraced and sucked dry

Oh Ophelia, she will suffer and die  
At the whim of an injustice  
A good chaos, so erudite and fine  
That stabbed such a sympathetic mind

Drowned herself in the freezing waters  
Of a spoiled faucet  
Running off into the outlet, standing still  
It caught her; she never ran dry

Arms outstretched towards Ophelia  
Please run Ophelia  
And if you were a fish in the sea, please swim  
Lest ye be drowned in the sulphurous air

Lest ye be burned in the spitting flame  
Lest ye be carried into shore to lie on the floor  
Please run fair Ophelia, lest I have to kill thee  
That it would not be of your own accord

- Reno Fera-Ducatt

Tongue Tap

Little  
Lovers  
Lumber  
Lawless  
Looking  
Lost and new  
Surely  
Someone  
Swift and  
Solemn  
Shall soon  
Say  
Something too

-Hina

FREAKY  
FAST!  
FREAKY  
FRESH!



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