

## **Maritime**

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Self-immolation scares me because  
I know that as my all-engulfing fire  
ignites and grows, the flames  
would not be what kills me  
The oxygen which I need  
now decomposed by hateful heat  
my lungs and nose  
would become obsolete  
given the substitution of air  
for smog and torched flesh

I wish to be one with maritime.

I am too scared to jump from  
any brutalist goliath  
of concrete and glass  
which permeate the city  
like coagulated cells  
of a cancerous growth  
There's too many people to see me  
I do not want to be saved  
nor talked down  
When I fall they would  
just watch with  
open jaws

Should I leave and be despised by the  
crowd of gaping mouths?  
Or  
Should I leap and be devoured by the  
thousand-toothed maw?  
Do they even care about me  
or have they only  
just stopped to film me?

If I were to fall to the

concrete burial ground  
an abstraction would be drafted  
on the pavement as canvas  
with my bones as brushstroke

I wish to be one with maritime.

I beg the  
endless ocean to  
rid me from this  
world of flesh and concrete despair  
I pray that  
Poseidon will  
deliver me from the faceless droves  
of judgmental humanity-ridden pupils  
Bring me there  
to the realm of oceanic affairs  
where there is no one to watch me dive  
where there is no one to watch me die

Although the permanent pelagic plunge  
to the depths of the ocean  
will be an eternal fate for what's left  
of my asphyxiated brain  
I know that my body  
bloated and cold  
ridden with seaweed  
will eventually float  
and someone will have to find  
my body  
disfigured and embarrassed  
divorced from existence  
an oyster of ballooned organs  
a husk of human life

I wish to be one with maritime.