

Justine Chan

MASTERMIND

To you who asked my brother to swallow the sea so you could gather all the cownose stingrays & Spanish doubloons & black combat boots filled with smooth pink pebbles & red bits of burst birthday balloons that could choke sea turtles hurtling towards shore to drop their ping pong eggs in the sand so you could save the world while my brother is waving his arms about like a lunatic trying to fly & his head's the size of the moon except he's actually got a face & not craters like flying saucer pock marks because that's a lot of water & it's awful salty & takes some time to get used to but there's no time right now & you've got to get the hell out of there, like right now, but first let me be the seahorse curled on your shoulder, the one you'll dry out, if you make it out, & crush into powder for medicine to make you better & me better but my brother is better than the both of us & look, he can fly!

Storm Cellar Vol. II No. 2 · 21 · stormcellarquarterly.com

Justine Chan is a writer, poet, singer-songwriter, and troublemaker. If she had her way, she would probably start a one-girl traveling circus with her lovebirds, guitar, a ukulele, books, and a gypsy caravan pulled by a cow. Check out her music at youtube.com/user/brionokey.