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## Broken Promise

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N/A

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saddened by the violin's minor thirds and flattened sevenths giving voice to his melancholy, his groans of misery and longing for a friend. He remembers a friend from years past who had once understood him just as the violin does tonight. Since her passing he has wandered hoping to rekindle something, a joy or purpose to keep him going. In his pack lay notebooks full of unpublished poetry, untouched since that day. Each step takes him closer to her. He walks absorbed in his thoughts before bumping into a woman carrying a canvas and brushes. They pass a smile

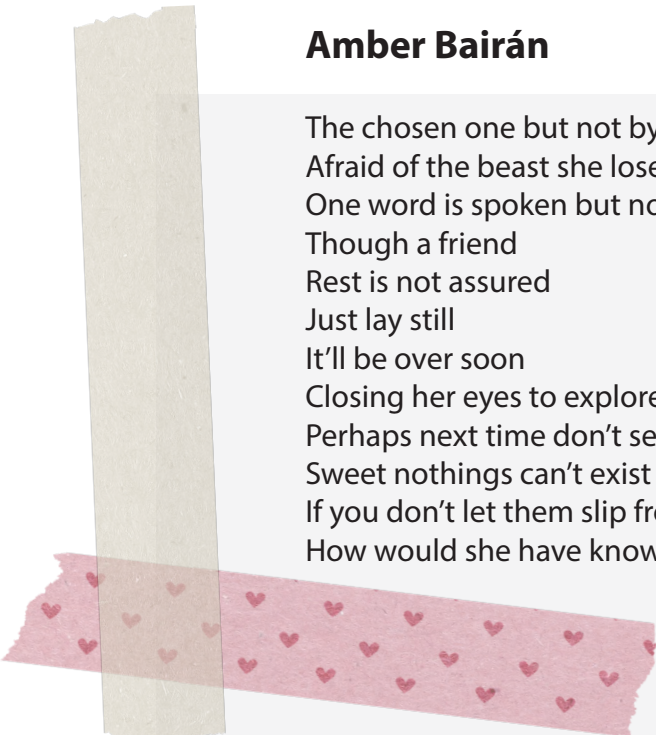
and exchange a few words. He helps her gather her things and they continue on their separate ways.

Back on the sloop, the fishermen finish their song. From their lips comes a tale of seafaring when cod ran cold and seaward roads ran south. They sing for their captain, an artist whose legacy once was bound to portray the lives of society's orphans, forgotten dregs at the bottom of the glass called normal.

Content warning: This piece contains reference to sexual assault

# Broken Promise

**Amber Bairán**



The chosen one but not by choice  
Afraid of the beast she loses her voice  
One word is spoken but not heard  
Though a friend  
Rest is not assured  
Just lay still  
It'll be over soon  
Closing her eyes to explore the moon  
Perhaps next time don't seal broken promises with a kiss  
Sweet nothings can't exist  
If you don't let them slip from your lips  
How would she have known she was just a kid