



[A #DarkMatter Publication]
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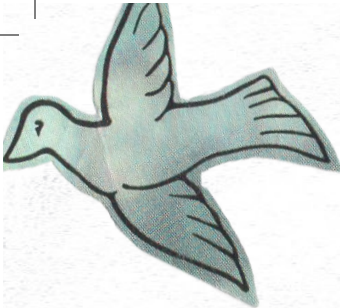


ROTUNTI

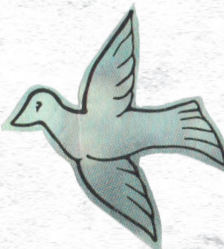
[written and illustrated]
by Jerica Griffin

I HAVE NEVER LIVED THE LIFE OF A RECLUSE

03



I OPENLY PERUSE THE WONDERS OF MY WORLD



05





AND THOUGH THE BORDERS OF MY COUNTRY REFUSE
TO LET ME TRAVEL FAR

07

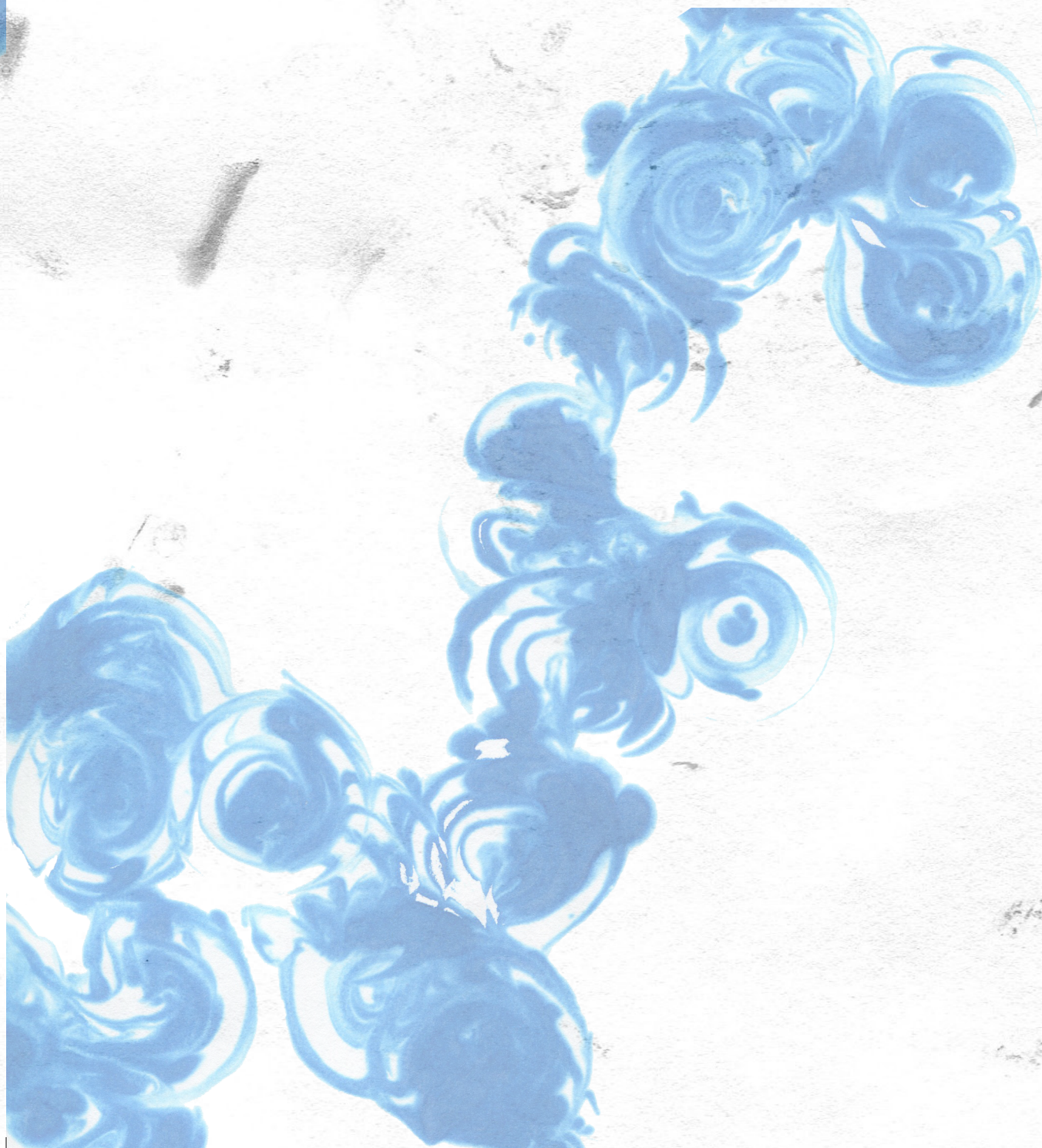
MY SPIRITUAL WANDERLUST FINDS ME AT HOME
NO MATTER WHERE MY MIND TAKES ME

08

THIS WILL ALWAYS BE MY HOME



09



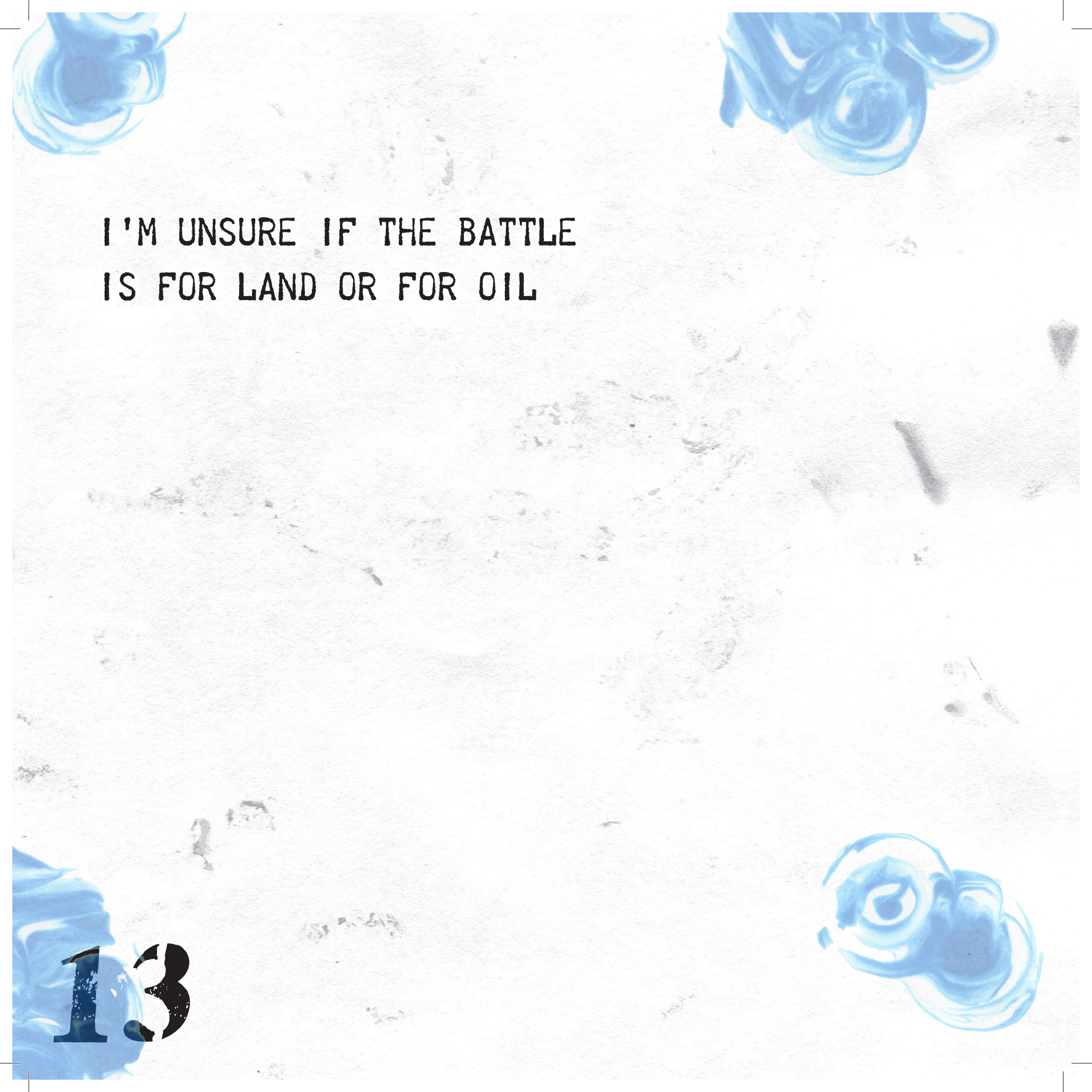
10

BUT NOW I AM AFRAID I MUST TAKE REFUGE

The background is a light, textured surface, possibly paper or fabric, with several large, vibrant blue ink splatters. These splatters are located in the corners and along the left edge, creating a sense of movement and chaos. The central text is in a bold, black, sans-serif font.

FOR THE BORDERS OF MY COUNTRY
ARE SWELLING WITH TURMOIL

12



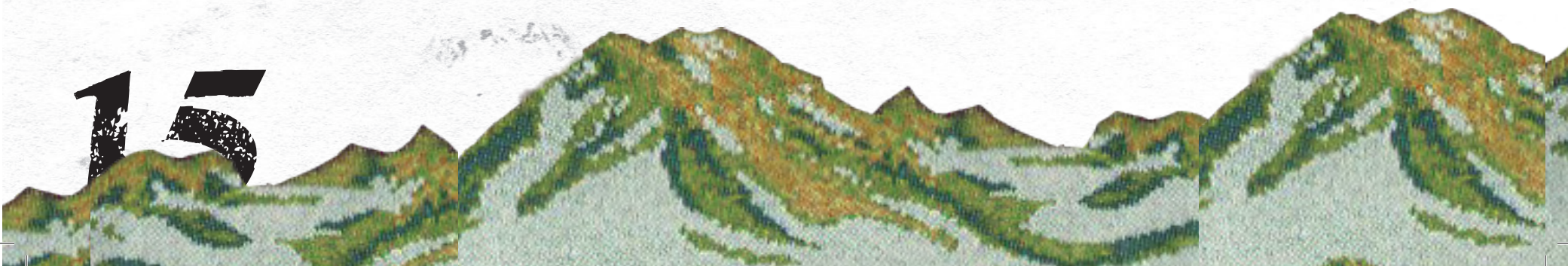
I'M UNSURE IF THE BATTLE
IS FOR LAND OR FOR OIL

13

BUT I KNOW THAT THE TENSIONS WILL BOIL
OVER

UNTIL EVERY NEIGHBORING BORDER
IS EMBROILED IN A WAR
THAT IS NEVER REALLY OVER

15





I HAVE FLED

I FEEL AT WAR INSIDE MY HEAD

17

FOR MY WANTON HEART IS TACKED TO MY NATION
BUT MY HEAD IS RACKED
WITH THE EVER-CLIMBING
TOLL OF THE DEAD

SO I MUST FLEE

19

EVEN THOUGH FREEDOM SEEMS SO FUTILE

20

I MUST LEAVE

21

FOR EVERY MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD
WHO DIDN'T MAKE IT OUT

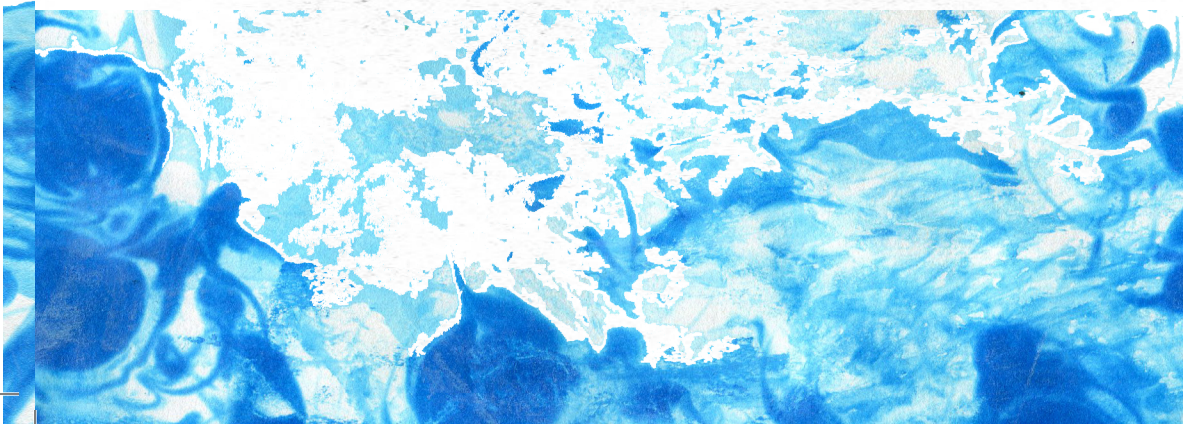
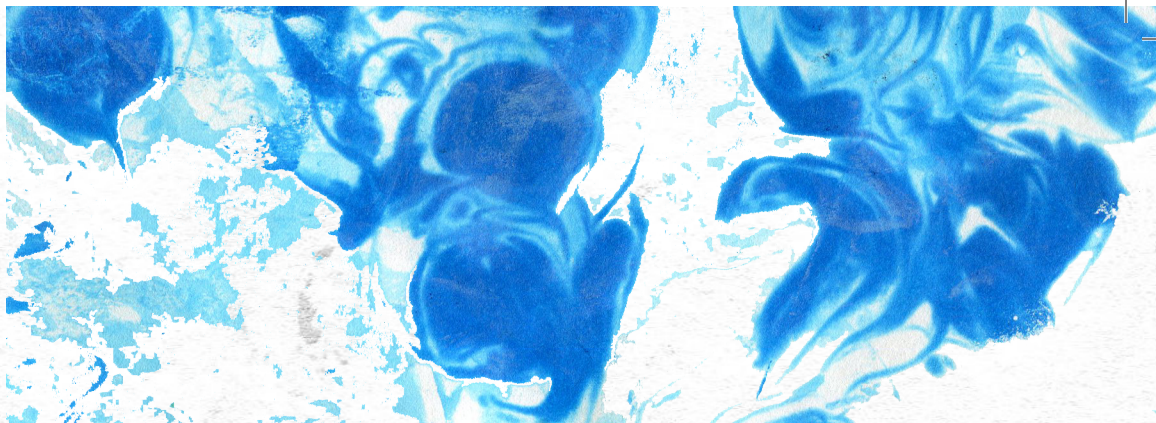
AT NIGHT MY DREAMS ARE SCREAMING AT ME

23

HOW CAN I SLEEP
WHEN THE IMAGES LOOPING
THROUGH MY MEMORIES
SNAPSHOTS FLICKERING FROM
WEEKS AGO

MAKE ME WEEP
AND REAP MY SOUL

WHERE DO I GO FROM HERE?

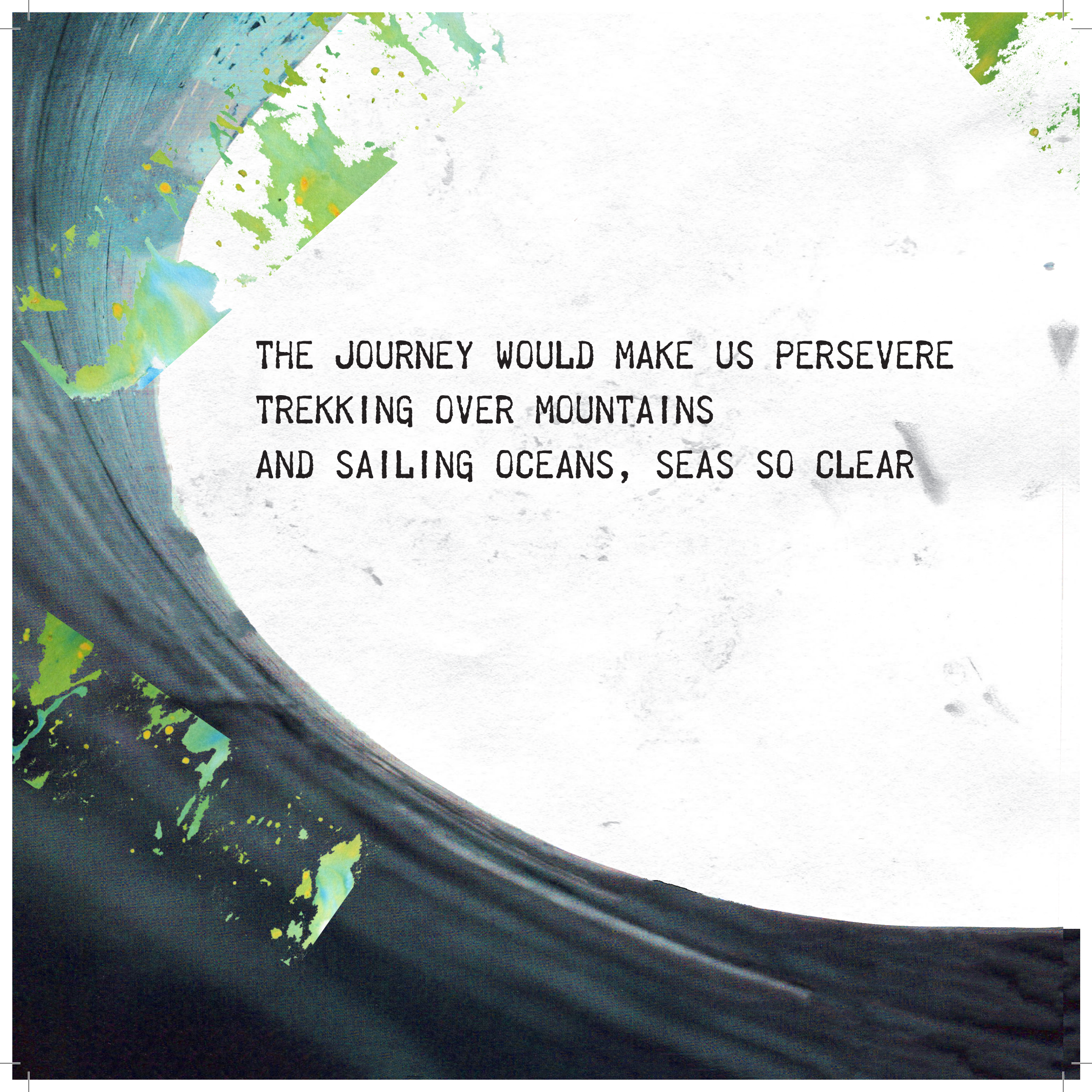


I WISH TO BE A VOYAGER





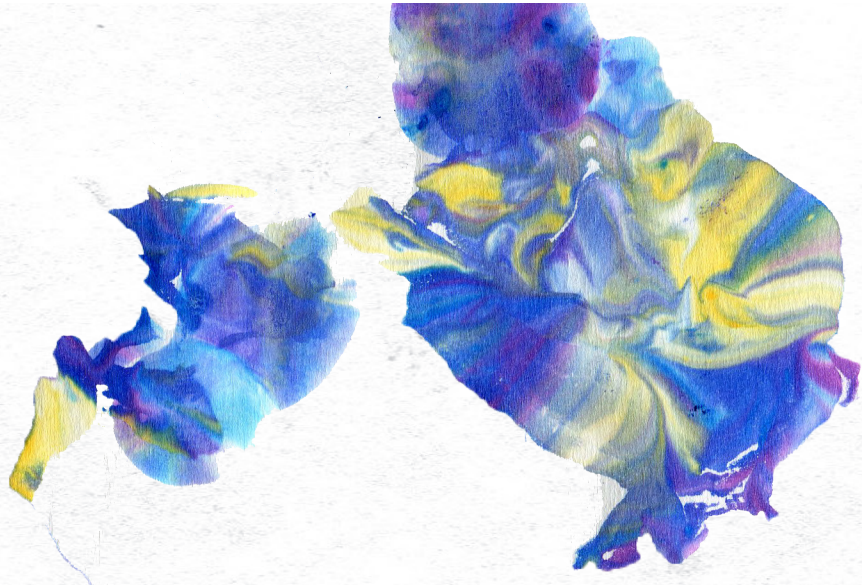
WHERE MY DESTINATION IS
UNCLEAR



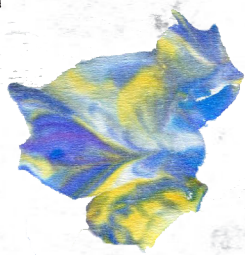
THE JOURNEY WOULD MAKE US PERSEVERE
TREKKING OVER MOUNTAINS
AND SAILING OCEANS, SEAS SO CLEAR




BUT THESE WISHES EBB AND DISAPPEAR



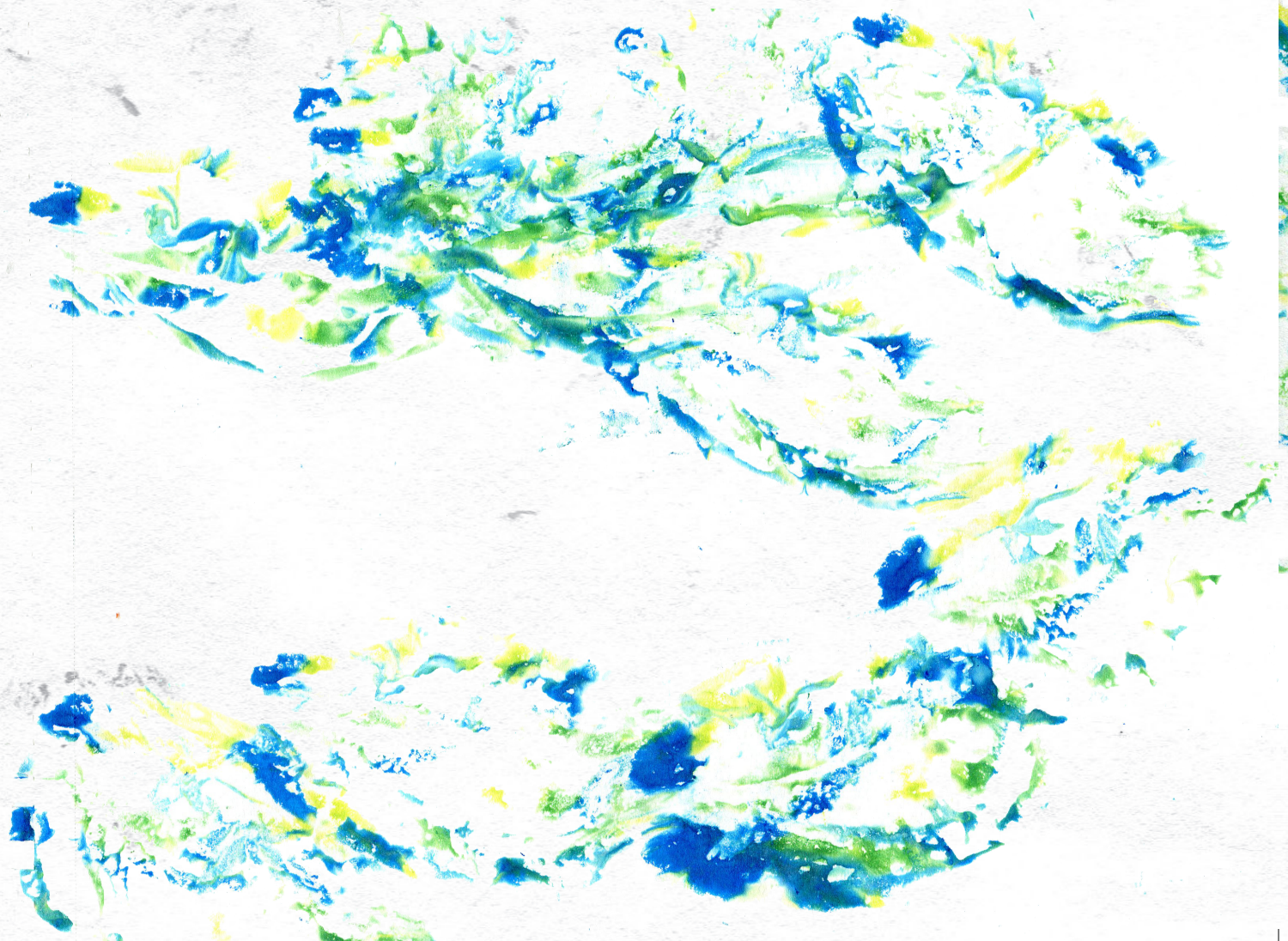
SO MANY OF US RELOCATING
THE FEW OF US THAT REMAIN
YET NO PLACE WILL TAKE US IN FOR LONG
AS IF WE'LL LEAVE A STAIN

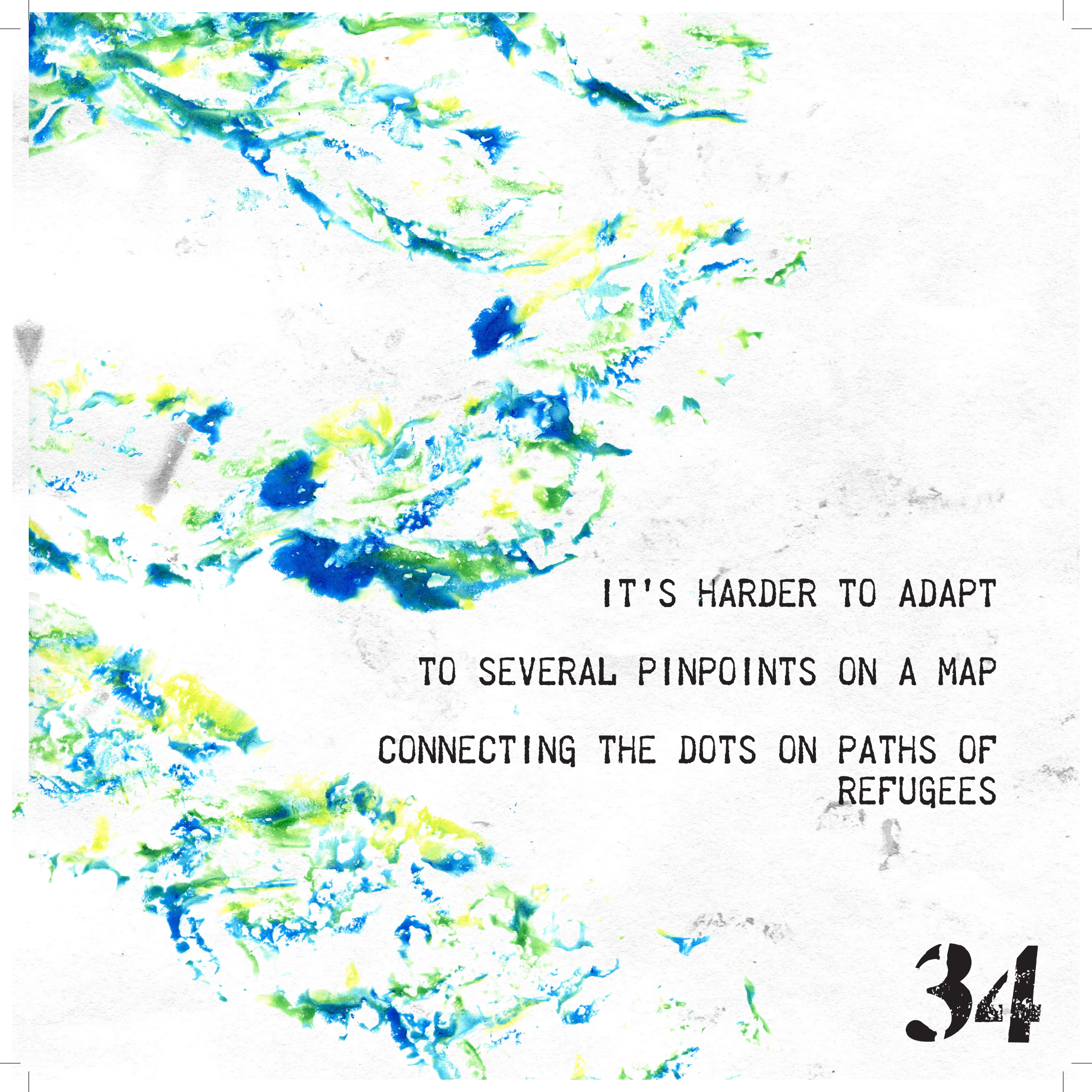




A BLOT ON THEIR ETHNIC CLOTH
AS IF HELPING OTHERS
WILL TURN THAT NATION SOFT

I FLOAT BETWEEN SEVEN WHARFS
TRYING TO FORM THEM INTO SOMETHING FAMILIAR
FINDING TRAITS THAT REMIND ME OF HOME
BUT IS IT NOT THE SAME





IT'S HARDER TO ADAPT
TO SEVERAL PINPOINTS ON A MAP
CONNECTING THE DOTS ON PATHS OF
REFUGEES

LIKE CONSTELLATIONS
WHOSE HOME MIGHT AS WELL BE
THE NIGHT SKY
THE DARKNESS
WHEN YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES

THAT BRIEF MOMENT OF PEACE

36

WE ONLY EVER TASTE DEFEAT

37

EVEN HIGH MOMENTS ARE SO BITTERSWEET



SCREAMING

"DON'T BITE THE APPLE, EVE"

30





BUT THAT'S ALL WE HAVE TO EAT

THERE'S AN OLD SAYING:

DON'T BITE THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU

BUT WHAT IF THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU
HAS VENOM PUMPING THROUGH ITS VEINS
THAT FOOD IS POISON ON A PLATE



YET THEY STILL WEAR A SMILE ON THEIR FACE
AS THEY SPOON-FEED YOU YOUR DARK FATE

WHAT DO YOU DO

WHEN THERE'S NOT MUCH LONGER
YOU CAN WAIT?

45

[FIN]

