

OMNIVISUM

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who we are

Carving My Path

Written by Tessa Campbell

Because my feet are like fish that flop helplessly below me, I
decide to walk on my hands
but my hands, sharp like knives, carve a path everywhere I go so
I can never hide.

My father says that the key to my success is to climb beyond
where my fish feet touch.

That is to say,

if they don't
try to swim
away first.

And to mount every ladder, even when the rungs run out and
just keep going.

The radio buzzes below me as I climb, threatening my exposure.
I slash peonies with my knife hands to shush my anxiety.
but the reckless flopping of my fish feet alerts every passerby so
hiding is off the table.

So perhaps,

Father, I am
destined
to be me.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Tessa Campbell
is an adventure-
seeking Pisces
attempting to befriend
the mysterious black
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