POETRY

To the Flung Out

by Isabella Cruz Pantoja



"We see you" by Serge Lecomte

Tint Journal, no. (), www.tintjournal.com

Copyright © 2026 by Tint - ESL Literary Journal and Association.

Swear off poplar trees.

Swear off those congenial fields of high grass
and dandelions that have not yet grown white
and feeble and old.

Swear off any view that sets.

Come down the equator,
retire from your tightrope days.

Let yourself fall onto that braided net which
masticates and bounces you, foreign object,
from side to side,

Wipe off the sweat on your forehead.

Pry yourself out.

Suffer this indignity and swear off
any forgetting.

The crowd's million-and-one faces
staring at your slanted, coltish walk.

The spine is malleable and you say
a prayer for it.

You straighten yourself up not feeling
even a single twinge.

The human body is capable of more than we think —

Most people don't test that out though,
because who wouldn't choose if given the chance

to just feel good?

You close your eyes before walking
out and silently say another prayer,
not even daring to ask, only a soft
proclamation of awe, a longing.

Here's to feeling good.

Copyright © 2026 by Tint - ESL Literary Journal and Association.