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Untitled

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Untitled

Cover Page Footnote

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MARCIA DODGE

UNTITLED

The world is ever-changing, turning
Hope
Waiting for the cutter to carve that perfect piece
A mistake
Shards of glass
Nothing

ANGELA MERADJI

YOU'RE NOT IT.

“ . . . until I find the right one. And you're not it.”

My blood freezes up,

but my palms grow sweaty,

As I lay naked next to him, the curves of my breasts presses against his chest.

I want to lash out, to smack him and grab my clothes, run for the door, and leave
his bed, his laugh, his perfect hair . . . his life.

But I lay there still. smiling if I have not just given him a piece of myself.

Why are his kisses so hungry?

his hands so rough?

demanding more, but shutting me out.

making me feel like the bad one . . . dirty, tainted, unpure.

. . . too foreign, no religion . . .

“Someday a man will love you like a princess.”

But not this man, not this day.