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Untitled

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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.