

**Underwater Love**  
*Britney Marshall*

Should I get a flower and tear the pedals off?  
He loves me?  
He loves me not?

He looks at me and  
I can feel my ribs breaking.  
My heart can't take the uncertainty.  
His eyes swim with curiosity.

They pierce my soul.  
They dig up my biggest insecurities.  
I don't feel peace;  
I feel distressed.

They swim closer and closer  
searching for an unblemished scale,  
but there isn't one.  
So they retreat.

Hook, line, and sinker,  
He loves me not.  
But I love him.