

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.