

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.