

Two Poems

J.G. Grev

Lovesick

I had grown cold, rotten, sickening. I worried so much about keeping you full that I couldn't keep myself from spoiling. I might have been good in another life where hunger was enough to make you stay. If I had given more of my skin and marrow, would you be satisfied? Was I easier to stomach before you cut me open? Before you discovered the rot inside? You cannot pick and choose which parts of me to love. If I am to be swallowed, swallow me whole.

Falling or Flying?

Some things are like trying to climb a rose bush. You wait for thorns to disappear, but new ones grow in the wasted time. The blooms at the top look beautiful, but that doesn't change what lies beneath. You tighten your hold, and blood seeps from your palms.

The roses weren't always red, were they?

Sometimes, it's better to let go.

J.G. Grev is a senior studying English. She enjoys writing poetry, but she eventually wants to write and publish fiction novels. In her free time, she can be found at her desk working on her various writing projects. If you find her, her black cat named Jinx is guaranteed to be close by.