

bitter sweet



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do you think flowers will grow here
when you and i are off
building something new
with someone else

- the construction site of our future









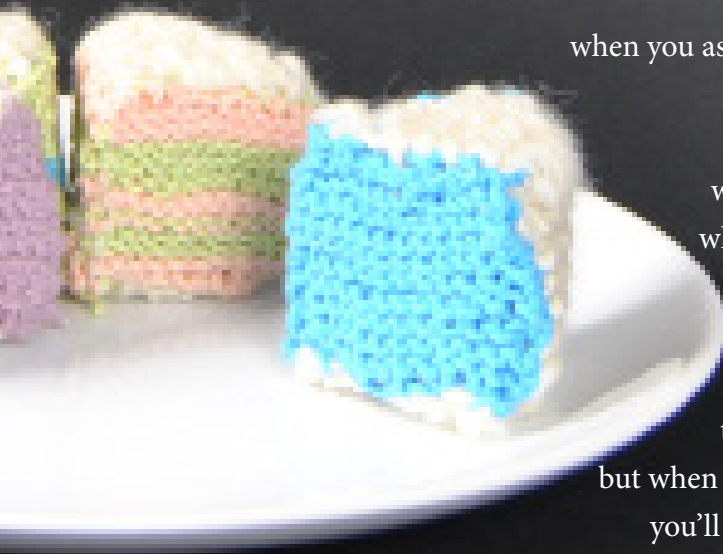
it isn't what we left behind
that breaks me
it's what we could've built
had we stayed

why are you so unkind to me
my body cries





cause you don't look like them
i tell her



the most important conversations
we'll have are with our fingers
when yours nervously graze mine
for the first time during dinner
they'll tighten with fear
when you ask to see me again next week
but as soon as i say yes
they'll stretch out in ease
when they grasp one another
while we're beneath the sheets
the two of us will pretend
we're not weak in the knees
when i get angry
they'll pulse with bitter cries
but when they tremble for forgiveness
you'll see what apologies look like
and when one of us is dying
on a hospital bed at eighty-five
your fingers will grip mine
to say things words can't describe



i stuffed towel at the foot of every door
love i told the air
i have no use for you
i drew every curtain in the house
go i told the light
no one is coming in
and no one is going out
- cemetery









yesterday
the rain tried to imitate my hands
by running down your body
i ripped the sky apart for allowing it
- jealousy



between the cracks
she was twisted, dark,
and painful stories crammed
between the cracks in her heart
scattered across the surface of her own soul
stay with her and listen
she's worth it
she's always been worth it



self-talk
some of the most honest conversations
I've ever had
were in a room
occupied by just me and my own voice





lost out here
and here you are
a slave to your own sadness
subjecting yourself to disrespect
self-medicating with alcohol and sex





all based upon the mistreatment
of someone who failed to love you
putting yourself at risk
every time you let them touch you



some days

some days we spoke about life, other days, we discussed the
weather— and whenever we laughed, it was the best sex ever



echo

i am hopelessly in love with a memory. An echo
from another time, another place.





Bibliography

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