

Nutella, Dear Nutella

Ethel Liao

My love for Nutella is trumped by none—
 I long for it like a caged bird longs flight,
 Innately seek it, like flowers the sun.
 I'd wither without it; that is my plight.
 For who could resist its sweet temptation?
 Each rich taste makes me desperate for more
 Of hazelnut's grace, darling sensation.
 Eat ice cream instead? I would be left poor.
 Yet, with my daily Nutella spoonful,
 Over time, I notice my growing pudge.
 As I suspect this might not be healthful,
 With each bite, my arteries clog (my judge).
 Perhaps, of my Nutella consumption,
 I should deliberate moderation.

She Tells Me

Jessica Chen

She tells me she's broken,
 Mumbling incoherent somethings about
Cracks and *humbled pasts* and *flaming memories*

While she sits on a ledge,
 Fishing for gems she'll never have,
 Ignoring the refracting ripples
 Which originate from her peeling lies,
 Noting only hypocrites' faces flake off in desolate grays.