

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.