

Waning

Chelsea Peterson

I am eternally unsatisfied like the moon,
waxing and waning.
If I ever feel full,
it's only for a night.
Most other nights,
I'm only a crescent of a person
when everything seems perfect
the weather, the mood, the laughter and friends
still
a sliver is sliced from the edge of my heart
giving my throat an uneasy taste
and I never feel quite right