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Craving

Liberty Daye

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LADY LIFE

Ibrahim Safa

She's a loopy scientist, randomly selecting lab rats,
 Throwing them in her maze.
 I'm up next.
 Driven by the smell of cheese,
 a primordial urge
 concocted by my significantly
 Insignificant reptilian brain,
 I search for my trap.

She's a boring hot chick.
 She blabbers on, spilling her secrets,
 But I'm not listening. All I see is how sweet
 Her lips will taste at the end of the date.
 But it's far from sweet.
 It's damp, sticky, and uncomfortable,
 Like having to walk ten miles back to camp
 In Jezzine, Lebanon with water in my shoes,
 Because Fadi thought it would be "fun" to jump
 In a puddle that turned out to be a couple feet deeper than anticipated.

She's a grandmother drinking tea on the porch,
 Watching the sunrise every morning.
 She tends to her garden, reads her favorite book again,
 and cooks for her grandkids.
 "Life is really simple, but we insist on making it complicated."

The strong tides of dreams and aspirations pulled me too deep
 Into my own head.
 I smother my pride in ketchup, so
 it'll taste better as I swallow it.
 The knowledge of my ignorance takes the wheel,
 Blasting "just enjoy the ride" on repeat,
 As my hopes jump feet first into the next puddle,
 Maybe this one's not two feet too deep.



CRAVING Liberty Daye