

Emily Eddins — Two Poems

Master Teacher

My greatest teacher
Taught me who not to be
I watched you ruin yourself
Then plant the seed in me
The drinking the women
The women the drinking
Two roots of the same tree

Your wildness reaping sadness
Grew a hardness in me
Rings circling rings worry chasing grief
But I'm stronger for your weakness
I've shed the blame like leaves
Thank you for showing me
Who not to be

The Years Will Humble Us

Haven't the years humbled you, my love
The pride dripping from your fingers like melted wax
As your wick burns down
Mascara puddling, red nails crumbling

The question is not, did we ever love enough
But rather, can we continue to love enough
See through the mist of disappointment
Suffer disillusion without dissolution

Will we still choose to cling
One to the other
Two old cats on a sinking log
As we droop, dwindle, and gray

Steel yourself
The years will humble us, my love

Emily Eddins has been a professional writer for twenty years. Her career includes time spent as a speechwriter, a journalist, a grant writer, and an editor. She holds a BA in English from Vanderbilt University, an MA in liberal studies from Georgetown University, and she has studied creative writing at both Georgetown University and Stanford University. Her work has appeared or is forthcoming in *The Cape Rock*, *Crack the Spine*, *Forge*, *Front Porch*, *Toad Suck Review*, *RiverSedge*, *Westview*, *Willow Review*, *The Louisville Review*, *Rio Grande Review*, and other publications. Last summer, her essay collection "Altitude Adjustment" hit the Top Five in Kindle Hot New Releases in 90-minute memoirs and biographies.