

OMNIVISUM

literary magazine



who we are

But What Can I Offer You?

Written by Grace Crouthamel

A warm room somewhere,
chapped lips and the taste of cigarettes still on my breath.
A sliver of my being, callous but coarse
- what little is left.
I can offer you a fashionable loneliness
the last laughs of a dying star a billion miles away,
a few centimeters between a raindrop and the splash on the
pavement,
an unsent letter in the back of my dresser drawer,
the faintest shades of blue before white.
I can offer you frivolous words and terrible secrets,
hidden pennies in between couch cushions,
my grandmother's beloved costume jewelry,
a hollow place in the lining of my stomach
- covered in acid and rot.
I can offer you nothing.
Yet,
hold on to me, I ask.
Drag your nails across my shoulder blades,
leave the scent of your favorite perfume on my coat.
Hold on to me.
We'll dance around one another
like moths drawn to the flame.
We'll break bread in the dark
and make our beds far too late.
Stay.
Once more, for a mere hour or minute more
-hold on to me.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

Grace Crouthamel is an undergraduate student studying Literature and Creative Writing. When she is not reading, you may find her spoiling her beloved pets – a dog named Asher and her gecko Balthazar.