

# UC Merced

## The Vernal Pool

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Parched

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**Parched**  
By Leng Xiong

My tongue is dry.  
Unfelt of love or passion,  
Nothing but liars and false pacifiers disguised as 'truth.'  
As I feed and feed, I hope to be granted peace and solace,  
For I am made of lust, gluttony, and envy.  
As I lay motionless, borderline deceased, as pronounced by kin.  
I am stuck in this motion, scorched, gasping for air.  
But I cannot let go of empty truth.  
I shall drown in a river of dark rum and warm vodka  
to sooth my self-tormenting mind.

Who continuously dreams of a calm moon and soothing stars in wake.  
As a passionate, lusty creation replaced that of a scarred and battered young hopeful,  
Mis-used and misinterpreted as a rightful hurricane stripping everything naked,

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For waters of love came but only in drops of rain on a cloudy afternoon,  
Through the gullet of self-hatred and loneliness, they are felt.  
The starving the thirst of need for an understanding as your own,  
Spilling through each crevice.  
My words were like water.