

The Perfect and Imperfect Ways to Look at Love

I.

It's not something that comes easy,
sometimes it's hard to understand.

Love is patient, love is kind.

II.

Love is that mushy gushy feeling that you have for someone.
Not the same love you have for your family but for your steady.

That butterfly feeling in your stomach.

Or at least that's my description of it.

III.

Love is waking up next to someone when they haven't showered yet
but you still feel like they are perfect.

It's breakfast in bed the morning after.

IV.

Love is sharing your last bit of your favorite
ice cream with them.

V.

Love is playing music and dancing around
the room for hours and laughing until
your stomach hurts.

VI.

Love can hurt like no other.

Like your heart has been ripped
out never to be put back again. But you
have to fight through the pain and know that
someday you'll be okay.

VII.

Maybe not today, and maybe not tomorrow but
one day you'll find that love again, but a better love than the first time.
Your second love, or third love is better than your first one, it's different
but a good different. It's pure. Its reassuring.

IX.

Love is not a competition or a race.
It's progress, it's failed attempts and successes.

IX.

It's perfect and it's imperfect.

X.

It's not jealous, it doesn't boast.
We are love. We create love.
We hurt with it and we hurt without it.

The Purple Ribbon

It's such a simple piece of fabric
but yet it holds so much within.
Nine years ago it was but I can still smell
the flowers that were there that day.

It was hard to lose such a person like you.
I remember standing there looking
but you couldn't look back at me.

The smell of the beautiful flowers filled the
room in remembrance of you. That distinct
smell didn't leave my nostrils for what seemed like eternity.
I wonder if anyone else experienced that too?

Before we said our final goodbyes I took one of the
ribbons off of the flowers. I loved the color purple. I clenched the ribbon tight as
I walked out the doors never to see you again.

How can such a simple piece of fabric from nine years ago hold so many memories and
emotions?

Everything You Weren't

You weren't there for me when I needed you most.

I shouldn't have to beg you.

You weren't my safety net when I was plummeting to the ground.

I didn't need a parachute, I needed you.

You weren't my light at the end of the tunnel.

You weren't even my guide.

You weren't my soulmate.

But that's one thing I'm glad you weren't.

Thoughts

When I was young, I thought I couldn't have more than one bestfriend.

I thought home was just the four walls and the roof.

I thought my heart belonged to you.

I thought you could die from a heartbreak.

I thought the tooth fairy was the one leaving me money under my pillow.

I thought vanilla ice cream was the answer to every problem.

I thought the way you looked at me was captivating.

I thought your late night whispers in my ear were promises.

I thought I wouldn't survive without you.

But I thought wrong, all this time.

