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Love is a Home

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Love is a Home

This I know, from the day I was born
my soul purpose was to love.
The first boy I met, my heart was set
and the rest was forevermore history.
Through adolescence and a little beyond
I threw my heart like a life preserver.
Over and over 'twould land on a boy
who knew not how my heart needed love.

'Twas a feeling sugary sweet
like sour candy on your tongue,
playing strings on guitar along your heart
and a nervous pull in your chest.
This only gave me trouble
my heart shattered over and over
and a girl left wondering, "What did I do wrong?"

But let me get this straight—
that, my friends, is not love.

It is a heart of confidence
thump thump thumping
as you stare deeply into their brown eyes
that to a normal human are insignificant
but you, you will stare at them a million times
for a million days





for a million minutes each time.
It's the feeling of dark chocolate,
 melting along your soul,
 filling you with a satisfaction
and an insatiable desire all at once.
It's smiling when you are away,
and crying when you are together.
It is not alarming, but calming
in a way that you will never, ever be frightened again
 as long as they kiss your lips.
It's so deep, a bottomless pit
that, no, you will not fall, but be cradled in,
 their arms holding you
and shielding you from the worst of your days.

And when it ends, you will not feel shattered.
You will not feel crushed.
You will feel empty, you will feel half,
and incomplete in a way that will never be replaced.
For love is not a feeling
 love is a home.

Madeline Jefferies

