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What Love is Not

Kassandra Galang
College of DuPage

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What Love is Not

Love is like a rose –
 or so they say,
 with its soft velvet petals,
 whispering promises of comfort
 within its silky hold.
 But that is all they are –
 promises.

Love is like a rose
 with its sweet aroma
 enticing you,
 tempting you,
 drawing you,
 towards its beauty
 like a bear towards honey.
 And like a bee's sting,
 the rose's thorns prick you
 and stun you.
 You pull back as fast as you can,
 but it's too late.
 The damage is done,
 and a dull ache remains.

Love is like a rose
 with its blood red petals
 full of Love.
 Red like Anger,
 Red like Pain.

If this is truly Love,
 then Love must be a weed,
 harming others for selfish gain.

This cannot be Love.
 For Love is Patient and Kind.
 Love does not tempt you
 towards danger,
 but holds you in its arms
 shielding you from any harm.

Love is gentle in every way,
 whether with words
 or fleeting touches.
 Love does not make promises.
 Love makes declarations.

Here I stand before the world and ask,
 "Why should Love
 be like a rose
 when a rose is everything
 Love is not?"