

True Love?

by Kaylee Alameda

What is true love, exactly?

Is it the feeling I get when he smiles?
Or the feeling I get when he's not smiling for me.
Is it the tremor of hope I feel when he talks to me?
Or the sinking despair when he walks away.
Is it the grin that plasters my face when I dream of him?
Or the tears that stain when I wake up alone.
Is it how alive I feel when he's near?
Or how dead I feel when he leaves.

So what is true love, really?

Is it when two are together?
Or one is waiting alone.
Is it kissing, hugging, sharing each other?
Or gazing at a picture, pretending.
Is it the laughs two share?
Or the shy smiles never returned.
Is it the nights and days spent together?
Or the life spent apart.

So I'll ask once more, what is true love?

Is it the love of two
Or the love of one?
Because the love of two,
I've experienced none.
But the love of one,

I've experienced tons.
