

## **Glass**

I woke up in a room made of glass and you were there too,  
all my pain you suppressed.

The windows were clear, and your presence was near,  
but all I really wanted to hear was the sound of your familiar whispers in my ear.

The floor was shattering, and my heartbeat was faint,  
but your glow on the windows looked as lovely as paint.

The walls would crumble, I knew, I knew,  
but I couldn't withstand this collapse,  
not if it wasn't with you.

I woke up in a room made of glass,  
but what I didn't realize was that it had already imploded,  
deep within you.

## **Everlasting Love**

No feeling compares to being in love, loved, and full of love. We must gravitate toward people whose ability to support overpowers their longing for what they do not have.

Life is like a stoplight, not a remote, because we do not get to choose when things change, but they always do.

We can, however, choose to love. Love is inspiration, motivation, a declaration. It is loving life more, it is wanting nothing more, it is a feeling that makes us capable of anything and everything.

Love for people, love for places, love for things, love for the world's simplest beauties, like fall leaves, green grass, iridescent skies, glistening sunsets, the glowing moon, and the twinkling stars.

Those things will always bring us back to love and remind us of those we love. Love makes us motivate, reciprocate, appreciate.

From love we learn the lesson of growth, and there is a presence more electrifying than a fire itself: everlasting love.

## **Sweet Dreams**

He has a way of creeping into the bluest parts of my mind and making them pretty. We lay in a bedroom with stars as the ceiling with pink wisps of love floating through the air. There is nothing but love in the room and a disbelief that the love is reciprocated. There is energy there, between people and between worlds. Us down here and the stars up there, all part of a Universe greater than ourselves. I look into his forest green and dirt brown eyes as I watch the dark circles that trace them linger there, making me feel like the most glorious thing they have ever seen. As my vulnerabilities become puffs of white clouds above our bodies, leaving mine, he embraces me and sheds a tear for me. He wants me to be happy, and suddenly the wisps are no longer pink, but splatters of blue for his concern and yellow for his hopefulness. He acknowledges the worst in me by using the best in him. When he pulls away and looks at me, the air becomes purple, my favorite color, complementing our love and enhancing it. As our eyelids drift shut, all the dust settles and the room is dark, but our love is more scintillating than ever.