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Love Poem

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Author Bio

With the goal of one day repaying her hardworking Vietnamese immigrant parents, Vivian aspires to become a pharmacist. Despite this goal and her passion for chemistry, she acknowledges that she would much rather write poetry in her free-time than study for her Organic Chemistry tests.

LOVE POEM ■ VIVIAN DANG

I love you truly. Truly I do.
Everything about me loves everything about you.
The flick of my manicured middle finger loves you.

The twisted way I sit in the passenger seat in your freshly
washed Volkswagen loves you.

The clicking sound of me typing on my laptop loves you.
Every upbeat song I sing offkey loves you.

Shocker! I love you.

The sticky green gummy bear that I'm chewing
With my molars, right side, loves you.
The plastic, neon-yellow bead necklace I won as a prize
On our first date at glow-in-the-dark mini golf loves you.
The bittersweet iced caramel macchiato I sip slowly loves
you.

My cheeky smile as you explain aviation and gaze
At every single departing airplane in the puffy clouds loves
you.

The dilation of my pupils loves you.

My rapid and irregular heartbeat, pounding out of my chest,
loves you.

My shy belly button peeking from underneath my heather
gray crop top loves you.

Also my high school friends.

My closed bedroom door is both a closed door and a symbol
Of how much I love you.

My soft, whiny baby voice when I crave your warmth: love.

My hesitation when I sneak out to see you for a midnight
drive: love.

My pleasant “hi” and “goodnight” on the phone: love.

My delicate touch as you pull my cold hands onto your
stubbled face: love.

You know how when I’m exhausted from studying
chemistry for 10 hours

I lay my head on your chest?

Love.

My long, silky dark chocolate locks all tangled up in your
mouth like chihuahua hair: love.

My short legs lounging in my tight black leggings 24/7 love
you.

Layers of love, a stack of overmixed cinnamon roll pancakes.

Hours after being with you, blissfully indulging in your
strong arms,

I count all the green specks in your ocean eyes, so that
I might love each one individually.

My lungs, a pair of attached souls, rise and fall

After each whiff of your woody cologne, which can never be
too much.

Breathlessly and deeply close, like two twinkling stars
aligned in the ever-expanding universe.