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Untitled

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Love

Elana Fishman

Love, like the bud of a flower,
Is born with the first rays of morn,
Sometimes protective, fulfilling completely
Sometimes leaving one sad and forlorn.
Love takes its first steps, both weak and
insecure
Stretching its wings like the tiniest dove,
Then either clings close as the scent on one's
skin
Or grows wide as the heavens above.
Love fights for itself, conquering all,
Like the fiercest soldier at war,
Love can make absolutely anything possible
Love can open all doors.
So what's the most powerful force in the world?
Electricity or heat, one might say,
Perhaps it's a weapon, a gun or a sword
Or the fiery sun that one sees every day.
But this force is definitely none of these things
It's the love in one's body or mind,
Isn't it odd, how this almighty force
Is the most difficult of all to find?

