



Love comes, at moments we never expect  
Like in a car park or working on a project  
or even in a classroom to a child too young  
and so, when I was way too young  
to understand what love really was  
Cupid found me, with her sharp arrows

When you fall “in love” with someone  
who is way out of your “league”  
your self-esteem becomes a candle,  
two centimeters tall  
long enough to guide your feet to them  
then melt completely,  
leaving you to grope around in the dark  
Trying to find your words

You become satisfied with being insufficient  
it becomes okay, that you will never be okay  
You let their eyes tease your skin  
because you’re so devoid of their attention  
and your name is a song unsung by their lips

To them, you become a toy, not cradled in a bed  
Or hugged with affection. Not tended to  
or fed in faux tea parties  
but twisted and turned and set to run  
till you collide with a wall and the cycle continues.

I could write about the million ways  
in which young love scarred my heart  
but I have learned eventually – the longest kind of eventually  
That the truest kinds of love cross boundaries  
This kind leaves its league to okay at your game  
It shows you first, that you are enough  
and it makes a forest fire  
out of your 2-centimeter candle.