

Dandelion

This feeling is not new,
And yet somehow, unfamiliar

Love is patient, love is kind, so they say.
But this has not been my experience.

So when love blooms inside me like a dandelion,
Persisting, patient - a weed.
I am ready for the pain to come.

And it does not.
To know love as peace feels so unfamiliar,
To see not the weed, but a spot of yellow in an unkempt yard -
I'm afraid that I like it.
I really, really do.

We met and I learned that a fall into love doesn't always have to hurt.
When I come crashing down,
My heart bracing for impact.
I land somewhere yellow, soft
And am reminded that not all love is violence.