

MODIFIED TERZA RIMA

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Love used to be picking cucumbers from my partner's plate, Holding hands in public, but embracing alone,
And settling because it was much too difficult to separate.
Love meant ignoring all their faults and learning to tolerate Their harsh words which hit like a hailstone
And watching every word I said to avoid pointless debate.
After years I realized I was stuck less in love and more in a stalemate. After just months free from painful love I've already grown,
Much like a comet, pursuing its own bold and unfettered fate.
Love is packing a picnic with a friend and calling it a date, Staying up far past bedtime, talking on the phone,
Finding any reason to be together and every reason to celebrate.
Love is finding inspiration in the other when wanting to create, When they're the first one you tell about a big milestone,
And the future seems like something beautiful and exhilarating to anticipate.
Love is when you work hand in hand to develop and cultivate
The garden in which the seeds of your affection are sown,
Where the flowers and succulent fruits shall begin to germinate, And to one another's burgeoning buds you do not stifle, but elevate.