

Gift of Love

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True love blossoms and grows

Whenever it really can

In whatever conditions it finds

With whomsoever it wishes to be

True love may bend

But, it will not break

It knows no set boundaries

It follows no form or shape.

True love walks about the Earth

Casting shadows on surprised prey

Who marvel at its inconsistencies

Who wonder of its existence.

True love does not from a mold come

As some form of relative normality

For only in its abnormality

Can it justly reign supreme.

Life moves ever forward

As time will not be stilled

With the dawning of each new day

True love shows itself in different ways.