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Red Crayons

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RED CRAYONS

By: Autumn Franz

Is love infatuation? Butterflies?
Is it a good feeling?
The one you get when your eyes first meet
and you know already they understand?
Is it a coffee cake and dark roast at 10 am,
you know, the way it seems it is for twenty somethings
with tiny apartments and college debt?

Or is it a bloody necked mouse in the teeth
of your fluffy ginger snap colored cat named Sparkle?
Or the tiny still dewy hands of a child
grasping dandelions tighter
than you've ever held onto anything?

If I could give love a name I wouldn't name it after you.
Love isn't you or her or that guy from high school
that bailed on date night for his football buddies.

I can't say what it is.

Maybe,
to be cliché,
you can say love is the ochre of a sunset,
your partner's hands, the firework finale of a *First Kiss*.

But maybe it's also the swish swish
of your mom's polyester track suit or training wheels
or the way you tuck yourself in bed.

You know love when you give it away
and when people take it from you
and somehow—still—when you find it
again.