

Reality of Love

Shonda Dodds

Love is the strangest thing.
The feeling is the same as walking
Through a meadow one morning
In the spring.

The dew drops against your legs so bare,
The sunshine gleaming on your hair,
The pleasant sounds from everywhere,
Something sweet is in the air,
They seem to know that you are there.

Then reality plays a dirty trick.
It hits you in the head with its brick.
Depression next will come on thick.
Your heartache clings just like a tick.
Soon you will start to feel sick.

Yet your feelings seem to show,
Everywhere that you can go.
You cannot have him, but still you know--
The bonds of love tied in a bow,
Will never let this prisoner go.

**1996 High School Poetry Contest,
Honorable Mention**

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