

Edna

Reavis High School

You are my Boston Crème Donut,
nice enough on the outside, but filled with unimaginable goodness.

You are my Agua de Horchata,
comforting, soothing,
as familiar as my childhood and the back of my hand.

With your hawk-like eyes you watch over me,
wordlessly threatening anyone or anything that might be a danger to me.

Your eyes are like mood stones, changing colors along with your emotions--
my pathway into your most private thoughts.

You are my redwood tree,

Your arms strong and secure around me.

You are a strong and tall pillar in an ancient Greek temple,
an impenetrable fortress,
our love just as mysterious and old as the gods themselves.

Your kiss is the Nochebuena flower,

Dangerous, poisonous, making my head swim,
and turning my once steady thoughts into nonsense.

You are my ocean,

vast and beautiful and absolutely mine.

With your sandpaper hands--

hands that show hard work and indescribable sacrifice--

the hands of a man.

You are my Boston Crème Donut,

My beautifully plain and simple shell,

with an incredible center.