

Love Is...

By 4th Period Intro to Creative Writing

Love is a strobe light.

Love is a sunset; beautiful even as it's dying.

Love is a light bulb guiding your path, toxic if broken.

Love is a feeling that is too hard to express with words.

Love is the edge of a cliff, is the ocean - so beautiful,
but you need to know how to swim.

Love is the sun, brilliant, bright, and stunning, but you might get burnt.

Love is a peaceful animal

Love is the fire that burns upon water.

Love is a secret whispered into a mockingbird's ear.

Love is an orchestra - with a few squeaky notes here and there

Love is a hot water heater slowly getting louder.

Love is hail, a dripping faucet, snow on a cold stormy night.

Love sounds like a fire truck

And smells like chlorine (nice in the beginning, but too strong and powerful the longer
you smell it)

Love is peroxide, there to help, but sometimes burns.

Love is an orange vanilla candle dripping sour tears.

Love is burning cinders consumed in rosewater.

Love is a walk in the forest in fall, crisp and earthy

Love is an old book in a library

Love is the serenity you have been looking for.

Love is hot coffee.

Love is kombucha, some hate it, some don't

Love is unsweetened chocolate -- you think you will like it, but it tastes bitter.

Love is ice cream that sometimes gives you a brain-freeze.

Love tastes like a cake that is made of salt.

Love is a pretzel dipped in cheddar cheese

Love tastes like snow. Plain, but delicious.

Love is an over cooked brownie - the sweetness breaks through.

Love is a book that will rip if you're not careful

Love is salt at the bottom of the bath -- soft if you run your hand along it, but if you sit on it it pokes, hard.

Love feels like a cold kiss sending sparks from the nerves in your nose down to your toes.

Love is a new hoodie

Love is butter in the microwave, solid at the beginning, but softer as time goes on.

Love is the rain falling on your bare face, the ocean waves hitting your ankles

Love is a song that's hard to understand

Love is "Creep," by Radiohead

Love is that song by Rick Astley, because *I'm Never Gonna Give You Up*

Love is your favorite song, playing on the radio in the evening

Love is "Dancing Queen." It makes you want to get up and dance, but if you hear it too many times, it can really get annoying.

Love is the song of the wild, that can bring great joy, but has the potential to have many sharp barbs

Love is the song sung by a wolf -- gentle, but still the song of a hunter.

Love is a song on repeat

Love is the acoustic version.

Love is Sunrise -- beautiful, until you realize it's Monday.

Love is 8:00 p.m. at the tree park

Love is 2 pm in sunny california.

Love is the secret pocket of a grey hoodie

Love is the warm familiarity of your room.

Love is a place where you know you're safe.

Love is Phoenix, beautiful from inside your car.

Love is Steep, a cute tea shop downtown - cozy and sweet but also too expensive.

Love is Crater Lake, the deepest blue with an explosive history.

Love is a place you should make sure to always come back to.

Love is the person that you can spill your guts to.

Love is a person who can teach you what to be and what not to be

Love is a person you can steal food from and they don't mind

Love is a person who's equally awkward

Love is someone who you know will never leave you in the woods.

Love is a person everyone can relate to.

Love is Richard Nixon, he seemed good, until one day.

Love is a person who can comfort you in your darkest times.

Love is a person who won't be afraid to tell you if you messed up.

Love is someone who you can dump your worst of problems on and they wouldn't treat you any different.

Love is your gut.

Love is the eighth color at the end of the spectrum, no one knows what it is

And the person I will meet when my heart is ready.

And love is a question.

Love is "why?"

"What did you do today?". (You might not want to answer it, but it might end up being very useful.)

"What's hurting you?"

"Can I leave my world on your shoulders?"

Love is "How do I really feel?"

Love is the question, "Will you hurt me?"

"What is your favorite food?"

Love is the answer with no question attached.

Love is a question you will ask yourself for the rest of your life.