Our Love
Our love is a hot pink backpack,
splashes of neon emotion and bits of inspired sparkle,
strapped to me and burning bright
for all the world see.

Inside of this backpack are secrets compartments,
holding all of our secrets—
stolen glances in Algebra,
intricately folded paper notes passed in study hall,
and notebooks with your name all over them...
love, graffiti-style.

At times it is too heavy to carry,
attachment that comes with a sense of responsibility,
a welcomed burden I want to bare—
still I may need to hang it on a hook from time to time.

The contents are unusual,
seemingly silly and frivolous to the untrained eye—
inside jokes, camaraderie, understanding.
But you and I, we know better.
This backpack can take us anywhere.