

O
ur

Our love is like art.

Except the canvas is blank.

Color would not give it justice.

L
ove

The gallery where it hangs is
in my mind. No one can see the
art except us. It is poetry in motion,
the love expands before it can be
documented. A picture or record could
not be produced. And just like art some

cannot see it. But for those who can, find it

overwhelming. It's a look. A feeling, a time less freeze.

Where everything stops as we move.

Our love is like art. Except it is better kept in the

gallery, Locked in my mind.

— Desiree Stogdell