

HUM-131 01

Fall 2023

November 1, 2023

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Puppy Love

To speak of love, to begin a poem is
Always a new adventure, if only
A vision renewed begins to dance and
The feeling that frolics comes home to roost.

A sight unseen until seen again is
Never as close as could be, distancing.
Left wanting, an appetite desires.
Fulfilled, is there anything?

Fleeting; here and there, coming, going.
Invisible in the present, only
Exposed in the clarity of a moment.
A mirage, a hope, a dream.. something more?

A moment where dreams can last forever,
A wanting smile, a taste of real puppy love.