**How are you invisible?**

if all 8 billion of us

were grains of sand on a beach

you could dig for hours

and never find me

you could scoop me in your hand

and not realize i’m there

i am so tiny

so insignificant

invisible.

so,

why did you delicately comb your fingers through the sand

and carefully pick me up

and squint at the puny thing that i am

and say “you’re beautiful.”

if we are all as invisible as grains of sand,

what makes me special?

i struggle to understand.

“no, don’t talk like that.

as long as this stretch of beach goes,

the glint of the sun turns you,

only you,

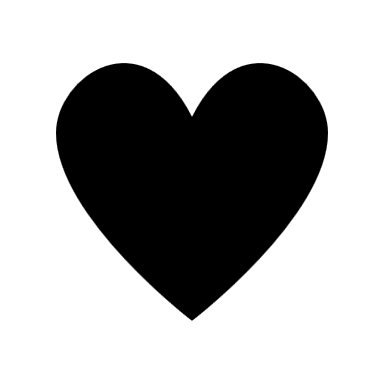
gold.”

This poem was written by

Writer’s Block student, Tara Harman.

Writer’s Block and Lions-on-Line

wish you a very Happy Valentine’s Day!



Love can be like a microwave dinner

Easy to find

Cheap to buy

All it takes is a little time in the microwave,

And you have a tasty, quick to enjoy meal

It won’t sustain you,

and it probably isn’t the best for you

It really shouldn’t be your primary source of nourishment

Though some people marry it

Real love is like a baked Alaska

There is the real

Possibility of setting yourself on fire

Takes awhile to make,

But you get something amazing if you do it right

It may hurt

It may take forever

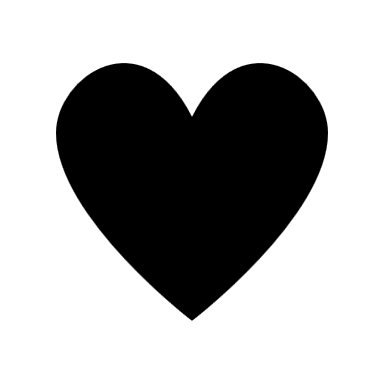
Yet nothing else will ever taste as sweet

This poem was written by

Writer’s Block student, Keegan Brown.

Writer’s Block and Lions-on-Line

wish you a very Happy Valentine’s Day!



**Brotherly Love**

Through storms that rage and skies that weep,

between us, a bond runs firm and deep,

forged by blood, a lifelong trust, a common name,

Through the tensions and battles of warfare,

he had hoped to spare,

his young brother,

the pain and tragedy,

certain that there will never be another,

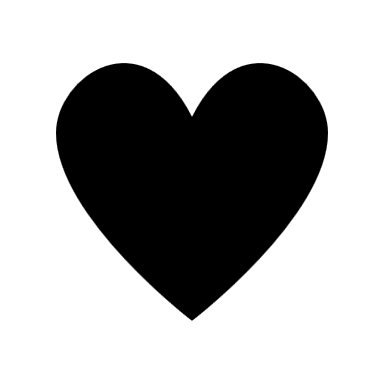
killer travesty

This poem was written by

Writer’s Block student, Aidan Christy.

Writer’s Block and Lions-on-Line

wish you a very Happy Valentine’s Day!



**Eat and Love**

You have to eat.

You will love.

You have to eat.

Maybe you eat an olive, and it’s so bad that you can’t swallow.

You will love.

Maybe you offer a hand to someone, and they spit on you.

But won’t you eat and love again?

You have to eat.

Maybe you eat grapefruit, and it’s bitter at first, but fulfilling.

You will love.

Maybe you speak to someone whose glare frightens you, and you find a friend for life.

But won’t you eat and love again?

You have to eat.

Maybe you eat a jalapeno that numbs your mouth. You’ll eat it again.

You will love.

Maybe you can’t tell if someone is hurting you. You stay with them anyway.

But won’t you eat and love again?

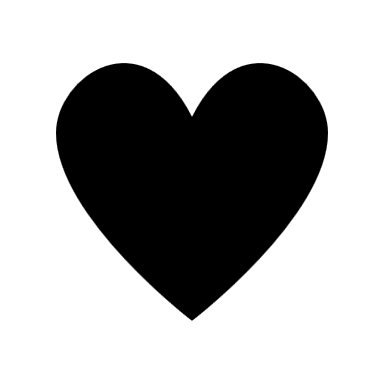
You have to eat. You will love.

This poem was written by

Writer’s Block student, Catherine Coleman.

Writer’s Block and Lions-on-Line

wish you a very Happy Valentine’s Day!



**Flavor of the Week**

Apple-crisp love was aged, old, and then bad. Like you and your best friend from high school. You tried things and it just went south so quickly. You realized you’re better as friends, and you will NEVER try THAT again.

Grapefruit love was so good and then SO bad. Like that guy you met in a college dive bar that wreaked of sweat and coors light. He was so fun for like 0.2 seconds and then ended up being a douchebag.  

Clementine was a book you didn’t judge by the cover. (pss. you should have judged that damn cover) After the smell smothered you to death, like a man love bombing you, you pulled back the layers and realized the man had no personality, had been manipulating you with gifts, AND wasn’t actually that good looking…

Nilla-wafer love was sweet and soft. Like the nice guy that every girl should choose, but runs from. The one you would flirt with for answers, tell all your friends that he’s the sweetest man, but then decline his date. 

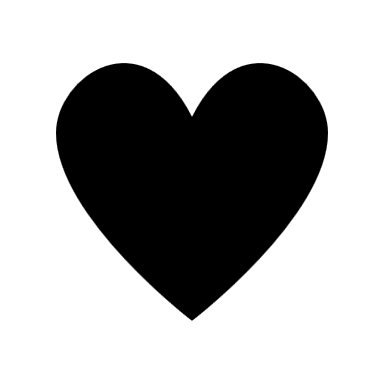
But chocolate covered espresso beans, that love is like marriage and growing old together. That love runs deep. It started young and fresh like the chocolate covering, and then melted down the best way, to a crunchy espresso bean. That love shows troubles or rough patches, but slowly develops into an intertwining of souls. It’s hard to get close to that kind of love.

This poem was written by

Writer’s Block student, Abby Crim.

Writer’s Block and Lions-on-Line

wish you a very Happy Valentine’s Day!



**Jalapeno**

Your kiss is like a jalapeno

The sweet, passionate heat that travels down my tongue

And warms up my body, my body now safe in your arms

The way your taste lingers in my mouth

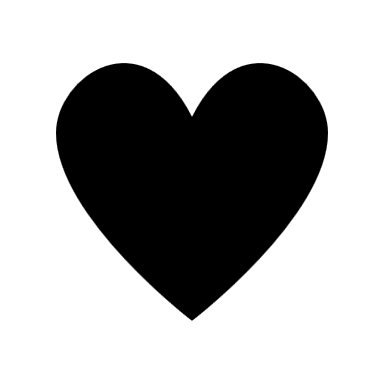
How it leaves me coming back for millions more

This poem was written by

Writer’s Block student, Tara Harman.

Writer’s Block and Lions-on-Line

wish you a very Happy Valentine’s Day!



Love is spicy, just like a jalapeno

At first bite or glance, it’s not so bad

Attractive even

You think that it’s all innocent

Until it isn’t

Sometimes it sucker punches you in the face with the heat

Passionate, exhilarating even

But, with some foods, just like jalapenos

The heat dies down eventually

And it’s a little mundane

But sometimes that is exactly what love is meant to be

Because the mundane might be the thing that sticks two people together

For an everlasting lifetime

Love has many forms

In all its glory

Sometimes it’s passionate

Or an innocent story between two lovers

However, love can be like a cherry

Juicy

Sweet

But eventually it becomes overripe

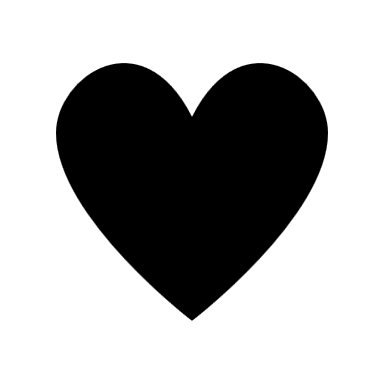
And loses its luster

This poem was written by

Writer’s Block student, Sophie Hirt.

Writer’s Block and Lions-on-Line

wish you a very Happy Valentine’s Day!



**Flavors of Love**

Love of many Many flavors Flavors of sweet

Sweet romance Romance turned to bitter Bitter

sweet Sweet turned sour Sour taste Taste of you

You were cheesy Cheesy kind of love Love

of many Many flavors Flavors of Love.

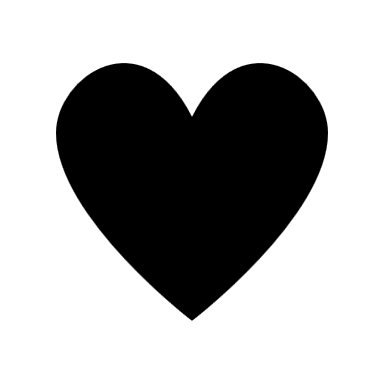
Flavors left behind

This poem was written by

Writer’s Block student, Mia Grace.

Writer’s Block and Lions-on-Line

wish you a very Happy Valentine’s Day!



**Love is like a Jalapeno**

Hidden under glossy green

Integument. A bite of sweetness,

Then raging fire. Hot.

It stings, like when you tell your friend

a secret. The lingering bite after the hot wave

Leaves a tingling. But when it’s gone, you crave more.

This poem was written by

Writer’s Block student, RaNiylah White.

Writer’s Block and Lions-on-Line

wish you a very Happy Valentine’s Day!

