

Destiny

Valentine's Day

They say it's full of love in the air
But all I smell is my despair
Lovers shower one another in a lovey mix
While I hide in my room and watch Netflix
Cheeks flush while holding their crush's hand for the first time
While I stand on looking as if I've swallowed a lime
Couples play tonsil hockey, standing in my path
While I shuffle awkwardly, wondering how I'll get to math
Valentine's day is a time for love and fun!
Will you please get me from the library, whenever it's done?

Janet

Called to the doctor's who said I'm severely anaemic
And can't have a much needed operation next week
My husband is beside himself worrying
And all he wants to do is go out
And buy steak to cook for me
To make me feel better
He is my forever Valentine

Annabeth

Violets Aren't Blue

Roses are red
Violets are blue
But... violets aren't blue.
They are called violets.
Shouldn't they be purple?
If this isn't true, then what about
The rest of Valentine's day?
The love and the kisses...
The roses and wishes...
Is this all true?
Because violets aren't blue.

What really is this holiday?
Is it only between lovers?
Or friends and family as well?
Who gave the first chocolate?
Who picked the first flower?
Who made these high standards?
It seems nothing can compare
To our mental expectations.
Roses may be red,
But violets are purple.

Everyone stresses about this one day.
Dinner reservations
Bouquet of flowers
Suit and tie
Pink dress
Box of fancy chocolates
Do your hair
Pick her up
Hope to high heaven you don't mess this up.
When did this all grow so hard?
When did this all get out of hand?

And so, today
As I think about this dreaded holiday,
Why don't we do things differently for a change?
I'll honor my friends
And show my respect.
I will welcome my family
And show them my love.
How about sugar cookies,
Instead of chocolate?
Or maybe a pink rose,
Instead of red?

So...

Roses are pink.
Violets are purple.
Just tell me how you feel.
There's no need to sugarcoat it.
Not at all.

Because violets aren't blue.

Laura

My Valentines Day

6:00 am

Living through Ahira's eyes

Openly mocking Azmaveth's cowardice

Vivaciously turning electronic pages

Ecstatic when Cinder is trapped

Shooting digital heart-shaped arrows at Ahira

8:00 am

Bickering about whether Levi or Kohath is cuter

Openly gaping at Tuneeta being one of twelve dancing princesses

Obstinate believer of Kohath's dwarf origins

Kneeling in prayer for more of Ahira's adventures

Sobbing at the end of the story.

10:00 am-6:00 pm

Read again, and again, and again, etc.

Wait, it's Valentines Day?

Tricia

My Love's a Big White Horse

My love's a big white, monstrous mustang horse,
His fur's the color of the day-old snow,
With charcoal mane and tail, both thick and coarse,
He is the tallest, fattest horse I know.

My snorting stallion from the Western plain,
Tail streaming, on his hoof tips he can dance,
With rearing might, defending his domain,
So wild and free, I love to see him prance!

To him no fairy tale prince could compare,
A friend who whinnies when I am in sight,
He's lonely when I'm hurried in my care,
But when I'm sad, he makes me feel just right.

So that's why I a handsome prince don't need,
Because I already have the big white steed.

Elizabeth

What is love?

Love?

It is a crazy emotion

One that is thrown around on whim

How can that be true love?

If it is just given.

Love has to be earned

It has to be cherished,

It has to grow.

Love is not just there

It connects us to the ones we truly love.

A tangible feeling,

Once it is there, you can never lose it

It will haunt us till the end.

Belinda

One for All Us Single Girls :P

To Valentine couples, so joyous and hale
(Or e'en those who from excess love grow quite pale):
You may be sappier,
But I'll be much happier
The fifteenth: When chocolate's on sale!

Colleen

A Fairytale Haiku

Spinning straw to gold
The maid to queen wants his name
It's Rumpelstiltskin

Katie

"Missing Valentine"

Everything about this day reminds me
Of you, my missing valentine
Has me glancing over my shoulder
To see if your're there staring back
Makes me daydream about a smile
I've never seen or a laugh I've never heard
Makes me wish for someone who
Could make me laugh until I cry
And then hold me through the tears
Though we haven't met yet, I miss you
And there is an ache in my chest
That has your name on it valentine
Because everything I am is saved up for you
So come find me Love, I'm here waiting

Maya

A Valentine's Text

Mr. Brown had one flaw,
He was exceptionally shy.
And because of this,
He'd never had a Valentine.

At last he plucked up the courage
To ask out this girl call Jess,
And he figured the safest way
Was to send her an SMS.

So after hours of hesitating,
And trying his very best,
Mr. Brown finally managed
To write a romantic(ish) text.

He was all set to send it,
On the 14th of Feb,
Only to find to his dismay,
That his phone's battery was dead.

Kathryn

I love you
Lots and lots
One and only
Very special you are to me
Everyday I love you more
You are lovely
One special person
U are the only one for me!

(This was written for me by my 9 year old daughter)

Hazel

Violets can be purple,
Roses can be too,
But no matter the shade,
They're used to woo.

Love songs are sung,
Buying bouquets,
Yes, of course,
It's Valentines Day,

Alone I may be,
With no cards received,
Yet a smile on my face,
Not a moment grieved,

See, on the 15th,
I'll be in my lair,
Stuffing my face with chocolate,
And no need to share.

Jillee

Love, to me...

Love to me is like waking up on a Saturday morning,
stretching my limbs and feeling free.

Love to me is talking to you,
about everything.

Love to me is looking into your eyes,
and seeing home.

Love to me is that feeling I get
when I know true love is real,
and that it's just waiting for the right moment.

Love to me is reading quotes by Shakespeare, Yeats, Tolkien, and Saint-Exupery.

"One sees clearly only with the heart."

"All that glitters is not gold."

"Though art more lovely."

"The worst are full of passionate intensity."

Love to me is love to you.

We see clearly only with our hearts.

Our eyes were not made for sensing.

Love to me is knowing
that you love me too,
and that you won't give up on me.

Love to me is never letting go of
my belief in love,
and happy endings.

Love to me is a happy beginning
that starts with one, single, unequivocal, beautiful, ethereal, unforgettable, lovely, moment.

Jessica

Cupid is stupid
And his arrow is narrow
Hearts are like farts
They stink like dead Pharoahs

Love is in the air
And kisses fly from dares
Even My Little Pony
Has a crush on Stark, Tony

Madison

Roses are red,
Blushes are pink,
Just like you,
My poems also stink...

Zoe

Valentine's Day, what is it?
I never understood it as I never got to experience it
So instead I scoff it, thinking it is just flowers and free sweets
Saying it is just another average day with a little bit of fuss
Even so I envy the people who walk by
With joy in their eyes
And a person by their side who cares and understand them
I wish with a part of my heart that is smothered by my fear
That I would find my own special someone
Who could in the end help me understand what makes this day special
Valentine's Day, what is it?

Abigail

From the prophet's kit
Three candles are lit
Three visions a night
By a prophet's sight
Three events are sealed
These people's lives will be revealed

Sophie

To you I give my heart, so that we never part;
Flying free like a dove, that is to you all of my love;
Let not our words divide, as we have decide;
For you are mine, my dear Valentine!

Zoey

The wild roses grow tall
But they shall soon be plucked up
It is Valentines

Georgia

The magical words,
A whispering, I love you,
Now, Forevermore

There is a sweet holiday,
One that our purses do pay,
For our hearts shall lift,
In Valentine's gifts,
Now honey, what do you say?

Emily

Love is a present
That comes from within
No matter if you try to stop it

It can take you by surprise,
Open your eyes
To the wonderful world around you

So this Valentine's Day,
Open your heart,
To the books and the stories we tell

Love is everywhere, don't you forget it,
And tell somebody
"I love you"

Cleo

Oh what a sad day it is,
For my lover has gone away.
I cannot celebrate Valentines,
For my lover has gone away.

Briana

Valentine's Day

Roses on the table, a splash of red against white walls,
their perfume soft and smothered by a blanket of anesthetic
and the cloying scent of sickness.

Her hands, soft, wrinkled, hold his, calloused, worn, and
her eyes, green and tired, search to see his, blue and loving;
but his fingers don't close on hers, and his eyes stay closed to hers,
so she watches and holds on for both of them.

Even when dinner comes, she hardly notices the food because
she can't take her eyes off him and the ways he glows
as the medical equipment illumines his lined face.

She leaves the paper plate with picked-at food beside the roses and listens
as she watches. The song that plays in the background is her favorite song,
a desperate, too-slow beeping pattern, harmonizing
with the hiss of air pushed into his lungs, and she holds her breath
To hear it better.

She leans close, listens hard, and squeezes his hands once before
releasing them to let her fingers brush his face.

Its familiar turns and shallow movements tease a smile
from her lips, as he always did. The taste of the smile lingering,
she presses it in a kiss on his forehead, sharing what he gave her,
even when the warmth of his skin and steady music of his breath
is the only return.

People bustle to and fro, but to her, there is no one else,
Not the young couples with their moon-lit walks miles away,
Not the sales men with their smooth words carried over the TV,
Not even the nurses with their needles, or the doctors with their fast walks only feet away,
just him
with her
on Valentine's Day.