

# It is Love

A poem by Alexandra Lee (Jan 2024)

*Bracketed lines to be said by the audience on cue from the reader.*

It can arrive with the velvet of rose petals  
kisses by moonlight  
or the scent of a slow-dance

(It is love.)

It can be felt in the warm embrace of a mother's arms  
the chortling of a baby's laugh  
or the reflection in a grandparent's eyes

(It is love.)

It can be tossed and passed in the rough-and-tumble games of school kids  
a sincere "I'm sorry" after tears  
and a shared ice cream cone

(It is love.)

It can grow and grow  
protect and nurture  
be lost in History  
or fresh as new rain

And

It can hurt, sometimes.

stabbing hurt,  
slow hurt,  
a bath of lonely hurt.  
and for those times

Thank god for Song

To ease...

To take a melody and transform hurt into something Exquisite

Change a pitch, and a chord can shift  
tectonic plates of pain  
crush the hard stone in your gut to precious gems,  
refracting sorrows into rainbows.

And if, through a tempest comes a sunrise  
And if, through a cracking seed comes a tree  
And if, through raging rapids becomes the sea  
Then if through all this

You still stand

then you know

(It is love.)

**with** you

(It is love.)

**in** you

(It is love.)