

LOVE AND ROMANCE

The taste of love is sour,
The shape of Eiffel tower.
The fragrance is smoky...
The only access to a gentle heart is an iron
key!
It looks like a purple heaven,
It expires exactly a quarter to seven.
It can be »love at the first sight«
Shine bright,
Like a glittering light.
It's like a fantasy...
With it comes the conspiracy.
Are you ready for the jealousy?
It's a pain
And when you already think it's over, it strikes
again
Makes you feel like you are crumbling
Gets everyone to think you are malfunctioning
Your feet will be stumbling
Pushes you to the edge
It has a rough sketch
But it doesn't need to turn out like planned
It's usually »a one man band«
It makes you dream things you never thought
you would
To like things you never understood
And if it lets you down
And you fear that sound

And if you're afraid you will never be good
enough
That life is way too tough
Then honey I hope you feel better if you know
Not one person knows exactly where to go
The future will be confusing
You won't be able to explain your actions with
any phrase you're using
We all would die for perfection
Even if for a price of deadly infection
Because sometimes love is not enough
Our memories are full of useless stuff
And this is a lesson you should remember for
life
Never try to force love with a knife...

Ana Gregorn, 8. razred, OŠ Mozirje