

WRITING

The Devil is Beating His Wife

Trinity L., Grade 11, 826
New Orleans

TYPE**POETRY****GENRE****GRADE 11**

Sometimes loving you feels like
that painting where the hands are
reaching out to each other.

I'm waiting for you
to close the space between us
grab me and hold me so close

our hearts begin to tether

and our rib cages interlock.

Our lungs will become a shared pair

the breaths we share fulfill me

more than—

It's hard to find words to describe my love for you because my best metaphors are rooted in pain, but my love for you isn't painful. It's like that moment I told you about; when I was lying on the ocean as I let the waves carry me back to shore. The sky was a dark gray and rain began to roll off my body and into the ocean surrounding me. I watched the rain return home then the sun showed its face again and a rainbow smeared its colors on the sky soon after. The rain that followed was gentle like a mother caressing her child's face while putting them to bed. At that moment I was so in love with life I nearly cried. You resurrect that feeling everytime you say my name and I love you in the same breath. Only memories can describe my love for you.

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