

**WRITING**

# Pink Love

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**TYPE****POETRY****GENRE****GRADES 11–12**

Pink required “love” is its most terrifying form.

Some monotonal affection so blatant. That stood there  
all its life

accustomed and obvious to its plentiful green  
landscape.

And I’ve never been such a monolith to you. Nor  
capable of that

flushed pink sort.

I still feel feverish and windswept from your presence  
and

leaving.

I’m not of the praying sort. My knees bend for no  
monoliths my

confessions go widely unheard.

But God,

Since I met you. I find myself waking up with hands  
clasped and

head turned to your patron-hood.