

Imagery Poem

Love looks like a famous painting, almost unattainable, but priceless once you have it.

Love smells like a rose, deep but sweet and ensnaring you in its beautiful fragrance.

Love feels like a fire, hot and passionate, sometimes painful but warm and comforting against the cold wind of the world.

Love tastes like a strawberry, sour when harvested early, rotten if harvested late, but sweet and refreshing if it's picked at the right time.

Love sounds like leaves in a breeze, whispering and excited.

Love is painted scarlet, a child's handprint, intrusive and messy.

Love moves silently and quickly, and refuses to let go.