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## Loving Her

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# *LOVING HER*

Tavia Lloyd

I Like you... 3 words she sang out had my face smiling like a light bulb in a dark room. That was the day I could eat flower petals for breakfast tasting the beauty of her for the rest of my life. Taste her vibrance like the sun radiating through my bedroom window midday on a summer in July.

I Love you... Hung in the air my lungs never tasted, yet felt like the sweetest sensation a vibration that shook my chest in accordance to the rhythm of her every syllable. Since that day I've clung on to every little word her eyes speak as they dance around my features when she looks at me.

Those soft opal eyes pull me in like the tide of the ocean with no notion of all the emotions I feel when she gazes into me. Like deep sea diving she plunges into the darkest parts pulling the sun under so I can beam from the inside. Feel light. Feel warmth, her warmth reverberates through my vertebrae sending shivers down my shoulders like cold icicles touching my taste buds. I feel my tongue squirm in excitement every time her name flows out my mouth and into this atmosphere of wonder. Where the stars couldn't get any brighter. The moon no higher than the love I feel for her.

To you this creature of features so exquisite even Mona can't help but smile. Heaven in every curve of her hips, dip in her lips, drenched with elegance more beautiful than a girl on her wedding day. More beautiful than dancing in the rain. More beautiful than anything in my wildest imagination.

To this woman whose breath blankets my fears with comfort calm. When the palms of her brush against my chest landing in the softest center I did not know I had. To this woman whose love saturates into my bones bringing alive my spirit like reviving the dead. I feel all the thoughts of her fluff up my head like cloud 9 in the daytime of when the sky is the bluest of blue.

I thank her. I thank her for taking her time to handle my rubric cube feelings that she peels out my arms like onions, layer after layer. She finds my warm place behind the cold chamber I keep it hidden behind. She makes it beat again, bleed again, in the way it leads to new beginnings and fun never endings. Laughter that fills my medicine cabinet heart because no medicine is greater than the sound of her piano tone voice I fall surrender too, like a musician oxygenating a crowded room with feelings of complete static goosebumps.

Her arms remind me of the smell of home with wood fires and hot chocolate cozy kind of nights. Safe and relaxing. She is more than enough I deserve. More than enough I reserve to my heart every day I wake.

She is what beautiful is made of.

She is what sunsets dripping on front porch steps looks like.

She is my land of wonder I could wander around all day.

Thank you, sweet love, for all the ways you help me say I like you, and all the more ways I love you.

