

Genre: Romance

Theme: Shameless

Emotion: Disapproving

Title: Love and Magic

Lovey and Dovey are a couple non-plussed
By their neighbors' unending cries of disgust.
Lovey does yoga and Dovey, Pilates —
So both of them sport very flexible bodies.
Their crime? They publicly show their affection —
Entwined limbs and lips demonstrate their great flexion.
“Go inside!” “Get a room!” howl the people next door,
Hurling epithets the lovers choose to ignore.

Their love language is rooted in physical touch —
Nuzzles and snuggles and spooning and such.
While the townsfolk continue to stir up commotion,
It can't thwart the lovers from expressing devotion.
An artery connects them, drawing love forth and back.
Their hugs form a shield deflecting attacks.
“Stop this now!” one man yells, stepping between them mid-cuddle.
In response, the lovers envelope the man in their huddle.

This couple continues to nourish their passion —

Its expression is something they simply won't ration.
Says Lovey, "I wish that our town grasped the notion
That nothing is wrong with expressing emotion."
Says Dove to Lovey, "It may take some time,
But one day they'll see we're committing no crime."
They continue, unfettered by public disdain,
To show their love freely again and again.

"Hey, Lovey," says Dovey, "It wouldn't be hard
To move our bed out of the house to the yard."
"Oh, Dovey," says Lovey, "What a brilliant idea!
Let's spoon under the moon in the cool evening air."
They bring pillows and sheets and their little dog, Pete,
Who snuggles right up to their stocking-less feet.
The neighbors all gather to watch the lovemaking
And respond to it with their with "tsk tsk" and headshaking

Says one to the others, "This just isn't right.
This blatant affection is a neighborhood blight."
Then a celestial event occurs from up high.
A meteor shower descends from the sky.
A gift from the heavens, a force from above —
Each shooting star blazes a path to choose love.
Cosmic dust and debris drift down onto the masses

(From the comet's release of its ice and its gasses.)

Magical mist wraps the town in a cloud.

A bloom of emotions is released by the crowd —

An efflux of sadness, a discharge of pain,

And other phenomena, still unexplained.

The townspeople cry and they beat on their breasts.

They let it all out, their emotions expressed.

Now with room for new thoughts, new beliefs to espouse,

Two by two, they drag beds out of every house.

Down duvets, feather beds, weighted blankets and more

Are hastily carried through every front door.

When everyone settles in under their covers,

An enlightened young couple addresses the lovers:

"We're sorry we questioned your depth of connection,

And instead ridiculed your display of affection."

The lovers spring up, standing tall on their bed

And address the crowd speaking from their hearts and their heads:

"Love dies if you do not replenish its source

And we feed ourselves daily a huge entrée course.

We are all made of minerals — same as the stars —

And the heavens tonight showed us all who we are.

The sparks from the sky helped us heal and restore,

And now we have room to feel love even more."

And so ends the tale of the meteor shower

That showed a whole town that love can (and will) flower.

The town sleeps outside now because everyone knows

That intimacy is not something to hide, but to grow.