

Young Love

He speaks, and the world rearranges itself,
tilting toward his voice,
his promises soft as spun sugar,
melting before she can taste the truth.
He tells her she is special,
his, unlike any before,
and she believes him—
how could she not,
when his hands frame her like something sacred,
when his words wrap around her like a shield?
She does not see the bars forming,
only the warmth of his embrace.
She does not hear the quiet warnings,
only the way he says her name like a vow.
Love should not feel like surrender,
but she does not know that yet.