

I wrote this when I was seventeen. I bet you can tell.

My Missing Piece

Before I met you, my sweetheart,
I was strawberry shortcake without fresh whipped cream.
Before I met you, my dear,
I was a swimming pool without a diving board.
Before I met you, my darling,
I was a birthday cake without lit candles.
Before I met you, my love,
I was Maxim's without a wine list.

Now
You are the pounding waves of my stormy ocean.
You are the blossoming flowers of my shining spring.
You are the lilting refrain of my love song.
I am the blueberry pie, and you are my missing piece.