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AP Literature & Composition

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Never Ending Love

I look back now on the day I met Dawson, I still get butterflies—
The scent of sweet rose perfume circled around my room—
My light pink eyeshadow had to match my dust pink shirt—
Snowing outside, my hands felt warm, tightly folded together—
When I met you inside the theater, all the timid feelings inside me were left behind—
Watching the movie, but not actually watching the movie—
Admiring your laugh when a comical scene came about—
Walking me outside, your hand slightly in mine, the snow flurry was now a blizzard—
You hugged me goodbye, you told me “I like your shirt”—

This one feels like just yesterday, after three months of already being together—
The day of love—
The snug, soft blanket covered in purple, red, and pink hearts—
Eating take-out Mexican food on my white living room floor, watching my favorite animated movies—
I still feel your hands tickling me, making me cry out in hysterical laughter—
I can taste the heart shaped ice cream cake you got me; my mouth waters thinking of the chunky brownie bits that were stuffed inside it, drizzled with chocolate fudge—
You left me feeling ecstatic that night—
You whispered, “I love you”—

This was a trip I will never forget, a trip I wish I could retake—
Our camping weekend up north together—
A two night, three day trip spent counting stars and playing games with your family by the fire—
Twenty games of jumbo jenga has never been so romantic—
Taking an entire day to ride with the windows down to Traverse City—
You gave me a saccharine evening—
Salmon for dinner, cherry cheesecake for dessert—
I still hear the crackling fire—
Oh, how I wish we could do it all over again—
You looked me in the eye and told me, “I’ve never had so much fun with someone before”—

The last day of junior year, you waited for me in the school parking lot—
You know my love for animals—
You took me on a trip to the zoo—
I remember being so euphoric, I couldn't stand myself—
Your hand in mine, we laughed our way around the park—
We took a train ride to Africa—
With the summer sun beating down on us, we split a berry blue slushie as we fed the giraffes
dark green lettuce leaves—
After teasing me with a turtle you found on the hot cement road, we were ready to head home—
You told me cheerfully, "this will be the best summer you've ever had"—

Three days before my birthday in late August, my phone lit up bright with a message to be ready
that Sunday morning at six—
A surprise birthday adventure to Cedar Point—
You bought us both fast passes, and we knocked out all the rides before noon—
Screaming and laughing the day away, I've never been so carefree—
You took me to Famous Dave's BBQ for dinner, just so I could get my hands on that golden
yellow cornbread—
After making ourselves sick on twisty rides, we got fries and pizza—
We ran through the rain back to the car—
Soaked from head to toe, I've never felt more in love—
You assured me that days like this will never end—
You told me, "our love is neverending"—