

No Contest

By: Alora Wogsland

“There is no contest,” I say.
“But, you like so many things,”
You protest. Not believing.

You are right.
I like many, many wonderful things.
But you are the eternal victor.

I may like

Cloth that is a gorgeous
Shade of green: Grass, mud
And the night sky all rolled together.

Soup with so smooth a texture
Slipping down my throat,
Warm and silky.

Or the enticing scent of
An summer thunderstorm,
Mixed aromas of ozone, rain, and pollen.

But I like you more.
More than everything combined.
Even their conglomerate has no chance.

Tresses matching Georgia’s red clay,
Perfectly, stylishly mussed.
As per the fashion of the day.

A freckled face,
Tiny imperfections accenting
Your mismatched ears.

You are better
than cloth or soup,
or the scent of a thunderstorm.

There is no contest between you
And the soup. and the cloth. and the storm.
Just like there is no contest between you,

and him.