

# Love Is

*By Devon Spier*

Love is in groceries  
and grimaced faces  
when milk is spilled  
and hearts hit the floor  
and tissues that find their way to  
waste baskets  
the unwonderful  
used band aids  
and muddled schedules  
muffled coughs  
stuffed ears  
the one hundred and twentieth  
bless you  
a little trite  
exhausted  
inexhaustible  
uttered in a day that's true.