

What is this love I feel
for you?

Is that your voice which strengthen my bones?
Is that your touch which pours a waterfall out of my
heart?

Is that the thought of you which sends lightnings
down my synapses?

Is that your perfume which breathe life into my
neurotic brain or
are those your breasts which light carnal desires in
my psyche?

This feeling bears the power to convey both exaltation and devastation to human lives.

Different from the laws governing the material world of atoms to animals.

They all start form dust and return to dust. Nothing they took form life and nothing will remain after their deaths.

This love gives magnificence to human lives.

Literature, Warfare and arts are all testaments to the central role it plays and its veneration is ever present.

Love allowed humans to transcend death as it shatters the manacles of our link to the material world.

It rejects all categorisation and blurs all distinctions. It is the essence of individuation in humanity.

It is the embodiment of creativity and inspires thus.

It is well concluded that "The eternal feminine lures to perfection."



The convergence of all these
forces behind all historic acts
of human perfection is what I
feel for you.



All lyrics, movies and paintings
I lay my eyes upon produce an
image of you in my mind.

It rends my heart that you and I
are far apart.

To steal you would be an act of
weakness. An insult to what your
love elevates me to.

I respect your strength to be
able to uphold morality in this
vile world.

My love grows even more as I see
you set aside hedonistic pursuits
for order and honour.

To shatter this would only prove
my hate for you.

This final act of love I find
the hardest. To let you go while
keeping my love for you.

I think of love as an
unconditional bilateral bond
formed according to the will of
the gods.

I am only human. It will be a
waste to fight forces which
eludes the mind.

If we are meant to be the streams
of fate will seal us together
forever.



If not, I never want to forget
you.

My love for you is like the flame
of a candle.

The hot wax burns my skin but I
hold on tight as I walk through
the biting frost of a blizzard.

In this way you live through me.
Do not be sad. Always remember
that my love only brought out
what was best in you. It was
always in you.

With time, I hope that the pain
of being far from you deadens in
the face of the thought that you
and I collided!

Tu es la fleur de ma vie. Oh toi
jolie _____.

