

Your Love

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Happiness has always eluded me. It has been dangled right above my nose. I could smell its delicious fruits; I could stretch my tongue and just taste the nectar. I've lived in a world where I believe that to be how life worked. That's **just how it was**.

Because of you that has changed. After receiving my first juicy bite, I realized the extent of my hunger. I've been famished! I will never starve myself again! I will fill myself up with your smile, your laugh, that look in your eyes as they look back at mine. I will drink in your smell. Gorge on the connection between your heart and mine. Never to be full.

Others have come before you. They have taken my spirit and soul; I am a willing victim of the soul-suck. Never knowing that True Love happens when you're also being filled, not just pouring yourself out onto the floor at someone's undeserving boots. Why give anyone the opportunity to walk their filthy boots across your exposed soul? I know now. That was never love; that was selfishness.

This? Us? **Selflessness**. Extravagant giving of souls. Not only seeking to fill each other's emotional tank, but seeking to cause an overflow. Giving in excess due to a deep desire to contribute to the happiness of the other. My happiness seeps out of my pores, flows like a soft glow from my skin, leaking into the surrounding world.

Your giving brings joy to my spirit, spills out, and seeks to alleviate the sorrows of this world.

Your love is powerful. It stands, in all its glory, unsheathed. Fearless. Unashamed.

A heavenly gift that I could work forever for and never come close to deserving. For that I am eternally indebted to the powers-that-be while simultaneously feeling a sense of debilitating anxiety at the thought of losing this. I'd do anything to keep this. Forever.

You, me, and our overflowing sea of happiness.

