

What is love?
This is the question...

It is wondrous amazing invigorating inspiring

It makes us more than we were
Enables us to do more than we could do

It is powerful yet gentle, strong yet weak
And within all hearts it resides so deep

It is the inexplicable enigma, the unanswerable question
It flows in all directions with only its own destination

In its perfect form it is patient and kind,
not jealous or boastful or proud or rude

It does not demand its own way nor is it irritable
Keeping no record of when it has been wronged
Never glad about injustice
But rejoicing in truth
it is always hopeful –
Never giving up
Never losing faith,
Enduring through every circumstance

This is love in its perfect form –
So why do we not see this day to day?

It is fear, it is anxiety
It stems from the hurt in this world
That dashes our hopes and dreams
And crumbles the walls of our hearts

In this world there exists love perverted
Hurtful, boastful, demanding possessive
No longer about liberation
And more about control

And love's consecration
Finds complete desecration

How much pain,
Caused in love's name?

How much hurt

How much sorrow
Comes to heart
When “love” only borrows
Breaking our hearts apart

In Love’s light there are no shadows
For deception
In love’s warmth, cold fears cannot be

For perfect love drives out all fear.
It is a force – pure and simple
That exists of its own volition
Existing to serve and living to love

In love’s light there is only contrition
And in its glow the world’s wrongs fade
Leaving only love’s beauty, splendor, sweetness and grace

Love heals all – though not painlessly
It empowers hope and devours doubt
It says “what the heck”
And gives you momentum
To make that leap of faith

The one from which the world will drag you
Grabbing and trying to pull you down.

Love is indefinable indescribable
But within us all fully attainable