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To Be Love

I shall allow the words to flow upon the page the way I feel love...

It has no beginning or end, it floats infinitely between all words and is the words.

It does not attempt to define, hold, or correct, instead it holds the space for error, misstep, and change.

It is free of all expected punctuation, for how can one place a period in love, a question mark, an exclamation scream, it is each of them and sometimes all at once?!

Love embraces without holding, like the quotation marks used to accentuate an important phrase.

Love at times yells, like bold print upon the page, however it is also the gentle song in sweet italics.

Love has a melody that you feel, even when the words are stating fact, the echoing truth of illusion darts across the page, for many a "fact" has been found to not be so...

Love is a group of words, forming a story, expressing joy, sorrow, pain, peace..., it is all the stories, an intertwined resonance.

Love like the words upon the page cannot be seen without the light and dark, one highlighting and intensifying the other.

As these words flow from within me onto this page, may love untether you, freeing you from the need to control, define, possess, or fear it.

May your next deep breath open you to its ever present existence.

As you set it free, you awaken to a new octave, feeling the vibration lift all to a new possibility.

Awareness expands into the truth that you are not alone, have never been alone, for love encircles you always, responding to your existence, even if you are not willing to recognize its patient presence.