

MY NAME IS LOVE

My name is love, many have tried to define me—to classify me. Some say I am a beautiful maiden with curving hips and a seductive smile. Whilst others say I am a handsome young man who brings flowers in the rain. There are those who refer to me as a mountain forest or sweeping plains, maybe even a snowcapped glacier.

People try to define me by my actions: the love of a man for a woman, a father for his son, a mother for her daughter or love both between the sexes, and of the same gender. I take so many different forms. Whether friendship, companionship, eroticism, national pride, and religious piety. I am all those and more.

I am the tender touch of a child's hand, the soothing whisper of a lover's breath, the warmth of a body against another's, the devotion of a pet, the loyalty of a spouse.

I do not barge into your life kicking down doors and laying waste to all before me. I can only come in as far as I am invited. And then only so far as you allow me. I do not pry into your private affairs unless you grant me permission.

And when you pour out your heart and soul to me, I do not charge a fee for my services. In your stony silences, I am always waiting with a smile on my face and a kind word. Many say my ultimate fulfillment comes in the throes of sexual orgasm, and while that is often where I find myself, it is not my sole means of expression. I find myself rejoicing in the communion between lovers and friends, parents and children, when each sees the other as they really are, and yet loves them all the same.

It is in those moments of intimacy that I feel my oneness with eternity.

My most satisfying moments are when warring parties begin to see the humanity in each other. I cannot be killed, no government can legislate me out of existence, no war can destroy me, and I cannot be censored or controlled. People can, and do, use me for their own selfish means, and while that may bring my name into disrepute it will never ruin me.

For I will remain long after all their petty plans and desires have come to naught.

Long after the last battle has been fought, the last divorce granted, and the last abusive act is unleashed upon humanity I will be there.

You say I have failed you but that is not true; it is you who has failed me.

For I can never fail to do that which I set out to do in the first place.

And that was to love...