Dedicated To Love (A Chapter in My Book)

By : masteroffear

This is my definition of love, neither the Websterâ s nor the Encyclopediaâ s, utterly mine: Love is sacrifice, giving, giving it, letting go and succumbing. It is the only time you feel strangled and attached and remain free, the only time you feel miserable yet happy. Love is when you look in the person's eyes and think to yourself: I wish I could see with those eyes, it is where you think: I wish I know what goes on in his/her mind, how he/she thinks, what he/she thinks about so I can understand him /her better.

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We donâ t fall in love once; we do it over and over again yet it differs each time and its level of intensity varies.

It is not always what people are willing to give, and for me, it never was it was always how much I am able and willing to give I guess it's just me. I learnt to love beyond any sanity boarders, I mastered giving endlessly yet expecting no return and I have been hurt so many times for that but still, when it comes to me being with someone who I canâ t give my all to, I stay away and donâ t try to bother; Iâ d rather be alone. Then, I can divide all my love, care and attention between those who are around me and who care about my well-being.

I believe that in any experience one should go through, he/she should be ready to give it all they have, all they can though this it might cause severe pain and disappointment!

I am a loving person. I love to the extreme and every time I fall in love, itâ s like sky diving with no

parachute yet I do it with no fear in my heart and a smile on my face. This is my definition of love, neither the Websterâ s nor the Encyclopediaâ s, utterly mine: Love is sacrifice, giving, giving it, letting go and succumbing. It is the only time you feel strangled and attached and remain free, the only time you feel miserable yet happy. Love is when you look in the person's eyes and think to yourself: I wish I could see with those eyes, it is where you think: I wish I know what goes on in his/her mind, how he/she thinks, what he/she thinks about so I can understand him /her better.

Love is when you seek to know what your partner loves to eat, drink, smell, hear, listen to and do your best to make them available at any time. It is when you never forget the smallest things he/she loves. It is when you can close your eyes and see him/her, vividly, as if he was standing in front of you. It is when you cherish even the worst smell his/her body might liberate and when you can remember the sweetest fragrance you smell when youâ re in his/her arms. Love is when you can recognize his/her heartbeats between all other people. It is losing yourself completely to the point where you donâ t know who you are unless if you are with him/her. It is surrender, a defeat yet a joyful one! Love is an addiction; it is like poison yet it is the most beautiful way to breathe your last breath.

I also believe, through bad or unsuccessful experiences, people do choose that their minds control them out of fear of being hurt, disappointed, used or just simply forgotten. Some people do it because they want to stay in control. Losing control, to me, is a rush similar to adrenaline charge that you feel while going on a roller coaster ride, watching a horror movie or even speeding in your car. Love happens when the mind yields and the heart takes control; it is the only time when it is ok to let your mind shut down and hibernate. It is a long journey to nowhere and where you have no clue when it will end.

After all this, I do feel obliged to add one more thing to my definition. Love is not ever what you say and what you feel it is what you do. The foundations of love begin with the deepest feelings I lucidly described yet pure and great love needs time, patience and understanding to grow and blossom.

Love is never blind. It sees, accepts and embraces the faults and honors them. To prove my point, think of this: How could you wake up every morning next to someone you donâ t think is beautiful from the moment he/she opens up his/her eyes? How can you think of a life together if you are just the least bit annoyed by his/her bad morning breath or his/her puffy eyes?

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