

# The Real Love

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A man reflects on recent events, and realizes why it happened.

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# The Real Love

People often ask, what is love? Love is wanting the other person for yourself, no matter what.

I stared at the face of love. Then I turned over and saw the face of hope. They looked the same, both with empty eyes and gaping mouths, silently screaming for someone to hear their voice, their voice that screamed mercy in my head. The thing that still runs through my mind, even now, is why I saw a smile of faith in both, faith in me? Or faith in each other? The look on their faces, they weren't smiling, they were screaming. Yet, the more I wandered in those eyes the more the faces changed, slowly their mouths spread into a smile. I pushed the thought away, they can't be smiling, they're lifeless, there is nothing left for them to feel. Nothing left for me to feel, except a tear slither down my cheek. I caught the tear on my tongue and a memory flashed in my mind. My angel cried and I was there to lick the tears from the corner of her eye, the salt was pushed aside and I tasted my favorite things, yet my tear tasted bitter. I remember her calling my name, running up to me and taking my breath as she her lips parted and met mine in a warm embrace of twirling emotions. I hadn't seen her for two days yet I felt like we had been parted for years. Then one day my angel left me, threw me away and started toying with the heart of my best friend, now a stranger. I had stumbled along life since then, she had changed me when I met her, made me a better person, then she threw me back to my same old self, except worse. I was meaner, I was even more short tempered, I could not leave my pain unjustified, my left arm begged justice while my right arm screamed forgiveness. I left my old self, and became someone new, a jealous lover, who had been hurt too many times by life and its "gifts". I could not stand my angel being with my best friend. It was to be ridden off. So I killed them, I intruded in an act of love and killed them where they lay. I always thought that it was because of jealousy, because of anger. But I hit a revelation; it was none of these things. I heard sirens in the distance, my time of justice was coming, but why had I done this? Same reason my angel left. I couldn't live my life not seeing her again, yet I brought her end. My motive was the same thing that fueled our long lost kisses, it was love. I heard a bang on the door, voices screaming my name, telling me to come out quietly. I laughed and joined my friend in the cold grasp of an angel's heart.

I will never forget you love, you inspired so many things in my life, even my death.

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