

## "What is Love"

I purged the fullness of my lips with the sacred embers of fire, to speak of LOVE, but could find no words.

When LOVE became known to me, my spirit lapsed into a faint whisper, and the melody of my heart into a deep silence.

Oh if I could only speak of the LOVE that perpetually permeates the outskirts of my heart, its mysteries and wonders, its truth and secrets.

Since LOVE has wrapped me in its veil of virtue, I come to ask you about its course and merit.

Who can answer such a question my LOVE? Who can enlighten me of that which enthrones itself at the seat of my deepest emotions?

Who can conquer LOVE and its deadly sting?

I seek to be informed of LOVE by LOVE.

Who amongst the wisest of women can reveal to me my inner man to my whole man, and my inner soul to my whole soul?

Tell me my LOVE, for the sake of LOVE, what is this flame which melts away my heart and hinders my strength and causes my will to dissolve?

Those hidden soft and rough hands that tenderly grasp my soul; where are they hidden; what compels them to take action.

What is this invisible force that keeps me awake in the deep of the night and keeps my pillow drenched with tears?

The incomprehensible thing that I ponder is more beautiful than the echo of one's laughter and more joyous than a sunset that discreetly slips away from the grip of the horizon.

Why do I continue to yield my soul to an unknown power that slays me in the pitch of the night and revives me in the dawn of the morning, and fills my bed chamber with great strobes of light?

What is that which we call LOVE? Tell me my LOVE, who can compromise its true identity?

Who can deplete it of its strength and might?

Is there not one amongst the whole of mankind who would not awake from the slumber of life if LOVE grazed his soul with its fingertips?

Which of you would not leave his father and mother at the call of the companion in whom his heart loves?

Who amongst you would not climb the highest mountain, sail the distant seas, and walk the hottest desert to meet the woman in whom his soul has chosen?

What heart compelled by LOVE would not follow to the end of the world the maiden whose tender mercies, sweet words, and magic-soft heart have enraptured his soul?

What specimen of a human would not burn his heart as an incense before a God who listens to his supplications and grants his every petition?

Last night in a very vivid dream, I stood at the temple door of my heart interrogating the passers-by about the hidden secret of LOVE.

And before me stood an elderly man with a sun-streaked worn out face, who sighed and said: "LOVE is a natural weakness bestowed upon us by the first soul of the ages."

But a younger youth retorted: "LOVE pacifies our present with the past and future."

Then a woman with a very mysterious face interjected and said: "LOVE is a deadly toxin injected by an unseen nemesis that crawls from the depths of hell. The toxin seems fresh as water in the spring and the thirsty soul eagerly drinks it; but after the first intoxication the drinker sickens and dies a very slow death."

Then a beautiful, soft spoken damsel smilingly said: "LOVE is a fine wine served by the Angels of the dawn which strengthens the strong souls and enables them to ascend beyond the clouds."

After her, a long-robed, bald man, frowned up and said: "LOVE is blind ignorance that engulfs ones heart just to crush it in the end."

Another smiling, declared: "LOVE is a divine road of knowledge that enables men to see as if they were a God."

Then said a blind man, feeling his way with a cane: "LOVE is an intangible vapor that prohibits the soul from discerning the secret of existence, so that the heart sees only tiny remnants of desire among the hills, and hears light echoes of cries from voiceless valleys."

A middle aged man playing a soft stringed violin said: "LOVE is a mysterious beam of light that's emitted from the burning core of ones soul to

illuminate the roundness of the Earth."

And a feeble merchant, dragging his feet like two suit cases, said in a quivering tone: "LOVE is the remnant of the body in the quiet of the grave, the serenity of the soul in the depths of Eternity."

And a six-year-old youth, said laughing: "LOVE is my father and my mother, and no one knows LOVE but my father and my mother!!!"

And so, all who passed by spoke of LOVE as the image of their hopes and frustrations, leaving it a mystery as before.

WHAT IS LOVE?