Fallin In Love

Do you remember falling in love. The fall, the drop, the initial rush of the first decline

To never look behind, I ask you do you remember the fall. The uncertainty, the excitement, the mystique of an alternative to our current existence as mere extension of our parents.

I ask you do you remember, the fall. The decent, you lips quiverity with anticipation of a great crash, a blaze of glory and a way…out

I ask you do you remember the fall because I do. I remember my fear, I remember my rejoice and I remember my surrender. I remember depending on my faith opposed to my intuition and best judgment. I remember saying yes, with no just cause of why.

I remember thinking, what if I fail. What if I can’t, what if..simply…I won’t. Do you deserve that? Do you deserve my deception. Do you deserve my sins, my imperfections, Do you deserve my…pain…in which you can not fix. You…..do….not. And you deserve better.

But, if the eyes are the window to the soul then, what I saw was a game winning play, a heroic rescure, what I saw was peace…and hope. Hope of a better you….a better me….a better us. Don’t you want…to be better? Aren’t you tired of being ILL….AREN’T YOU TIRED of being…tired?

I was, and so I made a choice, I made a choice to fall, and when I fell I accepted the consequences of failure, but with that failure would come salvation….and end…to it all. It was a great fall…..it was MY, fall, A great fall.

But what was more impressive is that when I fell, I didn’t crash, instead I continue to float, fly and soar.

You keep me up. You keep me safe. You keep me whole.

I remember the fall….but I will always enjoy more….the love.