

**I love
you**

Lina Ru

I love you

Anthology

66220, México

www.linaru.org

Copyright © 2006 Lina Ru

First Edition: june 2007

This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivs 3.0 License. To view a copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/> or send a letter to Creative Commons, 543 Howard Street, 5th Floor, San Francisco, California, 94105, USA.

To Penguin Love

*My hope is that poetry can sketch the kind of love
that has no barriers, and time cannot touch.
The kind of love we seem to see only in dreams, a
reality that could only be closer to the truth...*

Prologue

Take my heart, and dare to touch heaven with your heartbeats!

I met you. A reality called “love” was hoping, pouring, and getting ahead of what is called, time.

I wrote what happened to me in my dreams before I met you. This story will make paper shiver, and lovely flowers with golden decorations fall as I recreate so much beauty made true.

It all started without knowledge.

Someone came around and told me what is real, and the way things should be.

I had no concepts, but... Profound understandings of creation. I can't remember consciously that wisdom, anymore. I have grown up.

A baby lives the universe in his mommy's belly. Two cells that unite, and rapidly multiply into different states, until suddenly my name is: Narai.

I had only known: the act of true creation and love.

Sooner or later, questions began arising:

Who am I? I don't know.

Who are they? I don't know.

I learn to like and dislike.

I test my senses to understand who am I. I am taught that I am Narai, and skin separates me from the world.

Memories were forming. I learned behaviors, and continued asking questions...

Why do things die?

What composes dirt?

Why does water escape from my hands?

... Time passed by.

I can read, and write. I can't see the rules of the society, but I understand the rules of "my home". I may behave badly. I have learned others do it, and obtain something that seems good or vice versa. My character begins to develop, and those old questions begin to take shape. I may have "self created" answers.

... Time passed by.

Shook every old belief, and started it all over again. This remembered me my birth. I had born without memories, and here I was years later, doubting everything again, testing my senses, and fabricating a new "me".

Was I Narai?

[I knew I had been changing a lot. My state of concentration had become more stable. Things are seen differently when I control my thoughts, and admire the present moment.

I laid down to sleep.

My last thoughts were: "Life is a journey toward the heart. A place we can refuge when loneliness seems to gain strength. There are no empty spaces, when we are open places for love."

2:00 AM

1st Dream

I was born in a strange world where children are born from trees, and elephants sing silly songs.

I was happy with the climate, almost always fresh. A smell of sugar cotton came from the rivers.

People spoke the language of love...]

The Love

The gift of love
is never ending light.

The sign of love
is endless peace.

The magic of love
is everlasting today.

The extraordinary
is understanding
you...

...are love that
illuminates my life
bringing heaven home.

[We are called majicans, although before we were called humans.

“Why is that?” A voice asked me.

“We had great understandings as a civilization.” I answered.

“Understandings? You mean... knowledge?” The voice asked me again appearing clearer with each word he pronounced.

“No.”

“What is the difference?” He asked as his face became more lit.

“Knowledge means words, therefore it is limited. Understanding means unification because we comprehend whatever arises.” I answered.

“How did humans become majicans?”

“They lost fear. Losing fear is the first step toward loving, and dissolving limits.”

“Why were they afraid?”

“I imagine there were times when they couldn’t let go. They felt certainty holding on things or ideas, so tight... They fought wars defending their psychological security.” I answered him.]

Tight

Discovering fright,
time consumes my flight,
there is no place like your spirit

to hold me tight.

Clouds are dancing
the return of your heart
to my lovely eyes.

Rainbows are playing
with our caresses,
so we can glow,
free from the clock
that seems to break
us apart.

Hold me tight,
and grasp me back.

Never leaving as love is tight,
as love is in my eyes.

[The voice's face suddenly began to materialize in front of me. His face was so bright I could hardly see who he was, until I looked deeply into his eyes...

Those eyes remembered me of a long lost ghost. He was me. I was looking at the mirror of my memories.

How could that be possible?... Through our eyes we can detect the greatest expressions. Those eyes told me that...]

Those eyes

Your eyes are the story
that remembers
our lifetime passage of love.

Each tear represents
the timeless events made
spiritual diamonds of hope.

Never losing, always gaining,
when there is no greater place to be
than inside your loving eyes.

[As the light of those eyes surrounded me. I began to feel as if I floated in space. All I could see was... Light.

I woke up. A lightning had just flashed through the window. I could hear water drops touching the ground. I sat, and waited. I wanted to see more light rays.

So odd, no more light, so I laid down in bed again. The water's song was so delicate I forgot where I was.

2:20 AM

2nd Dream

My skin felt wet. I was trapped. I had almost no space to move. However, I felt calm. Safeness came with my calmness. I someone was singing a lullaby song.

“Surrender yourself by listening to life is love,” I heard.]

In your womb

In your womb, cured I was,
plenty I felt, fulfillment reigned,
discovering what love is, I was.

And...

Something changed.
I stopped being two,
to become one.

Who am I?
Did I really leave
that tender palace
of love?

Where are you, mommy?
I need your embrace,
once again.

Come back, and I will give you
my heartbeats as I was did,
falling asleep in your womb.

[Nice, warm, and embracing love was all I knew. My state of perfection was constantly being there, present and alive.

Suddenly, everything changed. I felt how my body began to get pressed against something, then coldness, and a rush of air entered through my lungs.

I asked myself: “What does it mean to be alive?”

My mother answered without using words, she embraced me, and gave herself to me.

She loved me without conditions It didn't matter who I was or what I would be. She simply loved me.]

Alive

Sparkling stars, beautiful skies
falling into my throbbing love
as we breathe life in hope.

Am I alive?

I am still waiting for
those kisses made of
melting chocolate dreams.

He who told me there was time to spend,
did he tell me there was no time to buy?

Forget those who tell,
because in heaven
we are swimming when
we plunge into life's embrace.

Not with words,
but in sweet dreams
of sugar love,
beyond death.

**[I escaped from the arms of my mother,
and wings grew at my back. I saw an open
window, and glided with birds.**

**I felt how I left the earth, and saw the
planet from afar. I was moving faster and
faster until I reached the moon.**

**I stopped. I was perplexed with such
beauty.]**

Creation

I flew into the arms of liberty,
open space was inviting me to dance
around the first moon I could see.

Suddenly, time crashed with space,

and I exploded as a never-ending star
sparkling through black pitch.

[It was the beauty of time travel. I could see all the instants of existence in just a glimpse. Imagine that! Time and space colliding.

There is still no scientific concept because humans haven't realized there is not just one universe, but infinite universes folded in infinite dimensions.

Time travel is possible, and there is no need of worrying with paradoxes. The entire creation contemplated time travel.

There are no limits, just possibilities. We are the ones who limit ourselves with our fears...]

Infinity

Extraordinary simplicity,
an extravagant smile,
a delicious tall tale,
and the hope of freedom:
Those are tears of humans beings,
those creatures whose nobility
creates peace and wealth.

Wealth, being surrounded of fulfillment,

peace, total understanding of being,
wealth, irradiating smiles and laughter,
peace, kissing the beauty irradiated.

Extravagant infinity,
the simplicity of the instant,
the extraordinary existence
of being just present to admire,
and then, love who we truly are.

[Yes, fears. Fear is the motive people hate, treat inhumanly, are not generous, and are so full of in need of money, power and fame. Fear is so subtle... Humans believe they are fearless, but are really too afraid to confront themselves that they prefer to live in nightmares.]

How is all this possible? I felt a sudden stroke of coldness. I jumped into a type of black hole where thousands of images were being presented, and a song... Called Imagine invaded my spirit.]

Imagine

I can imagine.

I can be...

loved.

free from myself.

you.

I can't imagine living
as a lonely...
as a lost...
as an empty...
soul of raining days.

If I can't imagine living that way
...could I love you?
...could I give you?
...could I forgive me?

I can't imagine dying
as a selfish...
as a mirror...
as a dead end...
if I can still love.

If I can imagine being everlasting alive
...could I be yours?
...could you be mine?
...could we be one?

'cause I can imagine
there is eternity
in our love.

I can imagine a better world

if I can imagine a better me.

[I woke up with a bizarre comfort of realizing something or someone loved me so much I couldn't understand in my daily life it was possible. If I could love that way... Could I be truly happy? I knew silently the answer. However, I felt the fear of losing myself in such greatness.

Something changed deeply inside of my unconscious mind. I realized unconditional love will make us become alive as a greatly evolved humanity.

I took a pen, and began writing bits of my memories. I got sleepy again... Didn't finish writing the dream.]

Heart

Close your eyes,
so you can feel
your heart beating...

Close your tears,
so you can feel
your breath...

Close your fears,
so you can feel

your freedom...

Close your eyes,
so you can open
your surroundings,
the path toward
your heart, heaven.

[I got sleepy again.

4:42 AM

3rd Dream

Becoming heaven by dying the fear of losing whatever we think we have. Things come and go, so letting go is the ignition for loving it all.

I was outside of my house. I saw strings of clouds moving very fast upwards and downwards. I concentrated on my finger, and pointed to a cloud.

I was pulling the cloud toward me. It got closer and closer until I touched it. When I did, I felt an electric current enter my body. I was awake, seeing small multicolor spots in the darkness, and every part of me tingling.

Why did I fear such experience?]

The ribbon

I met your embrace,
and I felt so secure,
time became a river
washing my fears away.

Love is a gracious ribbon
that unfolds the consciousness
we enjoy.

It would be blind...
to see the ribbon, but not the color,
to see the color, but not the river
that is pouring ...
light into our souls,
truth to our spirit,
delight to our sun.

'Cause there...
can't be water without sun,
can't be white without gray,
can't be moon without stars,
but what has been none is love,
the ribbon that unfolds it all.

[I stood up, and turned on the light. Everything was normal. Just five minutes had passed.

I sat on the bed, and began concentrating on a spot in the wall. I visualized my mother, and felt so much love toward her.

Slowly, I began losing bodily sensations. I concentrated on love. I loved every concept I brought into my mind, including people who I felt had harmed me in some way.

I entered a state of consciousness where everything was “love”. I wanted to ask forgiveness, but there was no such thing as a sin.

I had words that identified myself as Narai, and I was afraid of losing that.

...Who am I?]

Beautiful

I created you before
I had seen who you were.

I distinguished your skin
from afar, and imagined
the greatest love story ever told.

Walking through velvet streets,
you were.

I ran toward your embrace,
but you were not there,
vanishing in the air.

Who I now thought
was imagination had
made me human.

My skin cried a future
as time washed my tears away.

Running through diamond skies,
you were.

I ran, and kissed your face.

Imagination became real
as time washed the seconds
way letting my heart become you,
my beautiful.

[Why did I feel fear again? It was the purest, strongest, ineffable, and inexpressible love.

I had consciousness, and felt awake. I tried to move. My fear had made me remember I had

a body. I had understood that everything that surrounds us is Love.

This what we call life is the process of loving... Of becoming LoVe.]

Understanding

I reach forgiveness
inventing new ways
of touching your face
as if time was nonexistent,
and I were a gift of love.

I am not who I was,
you are not who you were,
who can blame us
for growing up?
No one, because...
Who remembers we were
all babies that tenderly
gave and cried for love?

There is just understanding
where love inhabits
by being who we are,
not the past, not the future,

but love wishing to be unfold.

[Yet, I still couldn't love others I as I knew it was possible. I didn't even felt that love to those I should love the most, my family. Why? Why was showing my love to them the toughest?

Old memories... entering my room. The light was still on. Had it been a dream?

It could have been, many could say... However, what is the difference of my dreams, and my memories when I am remembering them? Aren't we what we remember we are? Are dreams a part of us? Perhaps, a part we don't want to admit when we are awake?

Who knows?]

Dreams

A paper rose grew on my room,
it painted a smile each time
I filled my lungs with love.

It said I needed to open my chest,
so I could let in the butterfly brushes
full of rainbow colors.

It is said they can paint
a new dream each time
heartbeats become slow.

“Don’t be sad;
I will be born again each time
love is watered on earth,”
told me the paper rose.

[I saw the clock. It was 5 a.m. I was thirsty, so I went to the kitchen. The cat was sleeping on its bed. I took a glass of water, and drank it.

It had been a strange night. I wanted to speak with you. I went to my room, and opened the laptop. I wanted so badly to see you online... that there you were.

Had you slept? I called you. You didn’t answer. My eyes were so heavy I felt I needed to lay my head on the table. I did, and fell asleep.

5:30 a.m.

4th Dream

As I flew through strange countries, I understood we were the same covered of different paradigms. Those limits are creating distinctions that are not real if we understand the magnitude of our atoms.]

Colors

Purple stars
make me cry.
Yellow skies
make me fly.

Where is my color?
Where will I fly?

Pink is my heartbeat
when I fly.
Blue is my feather coat
when I cry.

Why am I colored?
Why do I cry?

My colorful sight
told me to be bright,
and so I did,
loving the rainbow I was.

[In such abstraction, I believe I understood the fourth dimension: time.

It began like this: I entered a thousand images full of sound, and then billions of them. Until, concepts vanished, and energy remained.

Could it be the same kind of energy we seem to measure? No. It was something different, totally absorbing, beautiful.

I could see you, but at the same time you were not who I had thought you were. You

**weren't a memory, but the most beautiful
everything I could understand.]**

Beautiful

I created you before
I had seen who you were.

I distinguished your skin
from afar, and imagined
the greatest love story ever told.

Walking through velvet streets,
you were.

I ran toward your embrace,
but you were not there,
vanishing in the air.

Who I now thought
was imagination had
made me human.

My skin cried a future
as time washed my tears away.

Running through diamond skies,
you were.

I ran, and kissed your face.

Imagination became real
as time washed the seconds
way letting my heart become you,
my beautiful.

**[Immersed, but free. Embraced, but alone.
Serene, but ecstatic.**

Harsh heartbeats.

I opened my eyes. I was in bed. Light was touching my face. That could have been the reason I dreamt being energy. It had been the craziest night of my life.

How could I return to such love? How could I be who I felt I was? Why on an every day basis I become a lost soul? I don't want to alone, anymore. How can I stop it? How can I return home?]

My lost soul

You make skies yours,
you are love,
you are hate,

you are the last fate,
my lost soul,
drunken hope,
Drunken sorrow.

When the driven sorrow
connects with my drunken soul,
I remember you:
Taking steps
fantasying my sorrow,
forgiving my delusion,
fast jump into the void.

I begin the tragic memory,
you become my broken sky,
covered with sugar pain.

Sweet mortality
in my veins.

I drop the liquor,
I cry your end,
my tears can't reach you,
under heaven I remain,
fainting in love,
falling in yesterday,

I remember you.

Broken hope,
drunken sorrow...

Made true in you.
I remember you.

[Dreams... It was only a dream. Was it?

I wished you weren't a dream, but I knew my past was not real anymore. It was as good as a dream. You became it. You are not a part of my present.

You crossed through my life as the wind caresses my face. Will I be able to love again? Will I be able to find the love I seem to live only in dreams ?]

Delirium

Upset, panicked,
there is no place to hide,
there is no silence,
there is only delirium
inside my head.

Talking, crying,

the sunrise is hiding,
the flowers are showering,
the rainbow is sleeping...
'cause delirium
is taking over myself.

Where am I going now?
How can I walk,
if there is no place to rest?

Delirium becomes the destination,
and our sweet distraction,
infatuation,
and last condemnation
of the prisoner.

Life, a panicked intruder,
time, an upset sergeant,
love, the destination...
Delirium.

It is never the boring, not the fun,
it is the lived.
It is never the destination, nor the source,
it is the existing.
It is never the wrong, nor the right,

it is the loved.

It is...

You, the greatest delirium

I can live.

You, the greatest love

I can be.

[I stood up. I heard noises on the kitchen. I ran downstairs, and found out there was no one there.

I heard another noise coming from the living room. I ran, and I saw no one.

The television turned on, and there you were. You said, " You shouldn't have loved me this way. You wanted your freedom. You need to discover who are you. You need to let me go."

It frightened me more to see you there, than a television turning on by itself.

It was so bizarre. We had been up and down almost everywhere, but you chose that way.

You stayed where I thought you were the safest: In my memories. I was wrong.]

Heaven

The places I call heaven,
are the hell of others.

The places I call hell,
are the wings of others.
The places I call liberty,
are the chains of others.
The places I call love,
are the liberty of others.

Where does heaven
lie?

In the places
where I tend to be?
In the heart
where I tend to be
beaten?

How does heaven
call me?
A place or others,
please, let me be,
me...

Who is heaven?
Where am I?
Is there someplace
to hide?

I want to be left...
I want to be a star,
left alone with
the heart that beats
your believed name:
Heaven.

[The fragrance of my memories was continuous, but what I remembered could be distorted.

It could have been a dream.

Suddenly, I heard a crash. My body got entangled as a rush of raged wind entered the house.

The force took me into its arms, and I flew into the open sky surrounded of...]

Flowers

A question of blooming,
encountering yourself,
fabricating luminous
colors of hope.

A question of understanding,
creating yourself,

imagining inspirational
moments of love.

A question of believing,
loving yourself,
giving compassionate
strings of action.

A matter of blooming,
creating flowers
out of loners,
out of activists,
out of lovers,
out of pacifists,
out of us.

[Flowers were everywhere. You could see a building or tree, but from afar they looked as a gigantic flowers.

I realized at last I was inside a lucid dream. I had not lived one of those before.

If I were inside such a dream, I could do whatever I wanted, so I created your image. The flowers vanished, and I was floating in the air. I asked you, " Could you take me home?

"I cannot take you where you already are."]

Playground

If we could return
to the state of birth,
I would remember to enjoy,
the days of play,
the days made plenty of you.

If I could rejoice,
include you in my play,
I would caress your skin
trembling for a kiss
until the sky turned bliss.

If I am there,
touching heaven with my love,
could I bake a day of cake?
could I fly with a kiss to play?
could I try remembering you as a child,
the state of happiness,
cause' I love you?

[“You are not here.” I shouted. I felt some kind of pain because I knew you were an illusion. I didn’t want you to go, but I couldn’t control my inner self. There was a great

**difference in between what I thought I wanted,
and what I really wanted.**

**You disappeared, and a flower replaced
you.**

**This time, I really woke up. Did I? Was this
the reality?**

**I had thought I had woken up before, but it
had been unreal, could this be another dream
disgusted of reality?**

**How can I distinguish reality from dreams
if I am dreaming?**

**I can't recall a dream where I ask myself
this, so perhaps I may never know...]**

True

Inside disguised faces,
lies a feared truth,
life is not as it seems
to our senses.

Inside painful days,
lies a unbelievable truth,
life is not as it seems
to our minds.

It seems, but is not.
It believes, but is not.
It resembles, but is not.

Outside, it all seems real,
inside, it all seems unreal,
as a dream...
as an unknown infinity...
as an unopened present...

Is it true?
Is it me?
Am I the remembered past
or the unnamed future?
Am I none?

Where do I go
when I sleep?
Where am I
as I am awake?

Who is being insulted?
Who is being hurt?
Who is being... me?
Who is true?

Mind, senses, fears,
or something else?
I love you.

[I was lying down. I felt terribly light, as if I were a feather on top of the bed. I imagined much sensations were a result of an irregular rest.

Perhaps, I could let myself go into the roams of the unconsciousness for about forty five more minutes.

Slowly, I began transporting me to another reality.]

Feather

The mystery unfolding,
the nature of the mind,
just beyond our eyes.

The reason we can't see,
is not far...

We must lift in the air,
let the feather reach
the end of the road.

Tumbling, whirling,
we reach the ground:
It is a cloud.

We had thought

it was solid,
but time makes us understand,
we are feathers,
never down, tumbling,
only up, whirling.

When ground seems near,
we will know:
It was only another way
of exploring the skies.

[It was dark, as if the night had no moon. There was a big boat sailing with a lot of people, but for a strange reason it began to sink.

I ran, and jumped into a safe place. I could see the other people trying to save themselves. Soon, they couldn't.

I wanted to go into the deep dark waters. The others who had also saved themselves told me, " Don't do it. If you jump into the water you will drown with the others."]

Deep waters

It all seems dark,
when the others
become enemies,
and the day turns

empty.

Why am I afraid of them?
Am I really afraid of myself?

Who is the person
shouting for help?
Is the one who dies,
or the one the remains
without love in their veins?
Is it all a matter of vanity?

Perhaps, it is a matter of sanity...
Who are the enemies of our heart?
Is there a place of peace?

Deep, deep waters, life is.
Water, deep, deep, is me.

I am drowning of loneliness,
and others can't see me,
so busy in trying to become rich,
they fall in water, deep, water,
so deep it seems impossible to
life, perhaps, survive, but...

Live... Who is alive?
Please, don't let me surrender,
let me enter the deep, deep, waters,
and surrender my fear.

Those who seem enemies,
are not different from me,
they are me, the part of myself
who criticizes,
who doesn't
understand,
who hates,
and rejects itself.

Deep, deep, dark waters,
filling my head of fear,
tears will clean the darkness,
and blue, blue, deep skies will
fill the rainbows of water.

So, fear will float away...
So, tears will sink away...
So, I will go away...

Far, far, far, away,
into deep, deep,

clear water,
into deep, deep,
blue skies,
into deep, deep,
fantasy lands,
into deep, deep,
spiral outer-space.

So, deep, deep,
sleep will become
real, and people
will find a way
into peace,
find a way
into itself,
find a way,
into love.

[I stood there. I didn't move. I wanted to jump, and help them.

Fear hold me paralyzed. I couldn't lose my fears, and identity for others.

The boat sank. As I walked away, a building formed itself instantly. All the people were asking personal questions. A woman asked me, "Do you have a child?" I can't recall why I answered, "Yes." As soon as I did, a child appeared behind me, and began following me.

“Lies,” I thought in my dream,” Be careful with them because they can become true.”

We left the building, and suddenly we were sitting in a rollercoaster traveling throughout the city.]

Rollercoaster

Life understands,
but I don't, and as I cry,
my heart rolls down
through the valley
of dreams.

The color painted by my heart
as it rolled down is
called blue memory.

Days transform beings,
it is time, my heart goes uphill,
breaking paradigms,
the color of my heart's trail
is called sunny smile.

People told me, blue memory
and sunny smile create the
wonderful color called
evergreen life.

Is it true?

I seem to be able to do just
what my soft heart lets me so.

Is it?

I need to finish the rollercoaster,
I need to stop breathing,
and see the world with open sincere,
and creative eyes.

Will I be able to do so?

I can... I will...

‘cause I know I will die someday.

[The alarm woke me up. It was time to get up, and return to my everyday chores. I felt guilty. I remembered so much things, but was secretly convinced they were not true.

Could I be that selfish person who was afraid of death? Would it be possible that I could never risk my life to save others? Could I be so afraid of death that I would never dare to live with fulfillment?

Could I forgive other's faults as I would like others to forgive me or would I remain afraid all my life?

I had experienced those dreams as a reality because they invaded my mind as a memory.

Could a dream, be real somehow or somewhere?

“Never, ” a voice told me. I stood up, and listened carefully. I didn’t hear a possible source of that sound. My mind repeated the words: A dream can never be real.

I laughed. My life was the greatest dream I could ever experience. Day after day, life after life, I licked an instant of existence. I saw myself as a lollipop.]

Lollipop

Hard, but inconsistent.

Sweet, but multi-layered.

It is me trying to understand
why do I begin with a smile,
frown my eyebrows
through the day,
and end with a kiss.

Soft, but consistent.

Sour, but colored.

It is me trying to unveil
how does my heart beat.

Pumping blood,
only a window left,
my reflection I see,

it is not mine:
It is a lollipop,
becoming old.
Did I enjoy it?
Did it enjoy me?

Dear Lollipop,
am I just a lost soul
or are you a ghost?

The wind touches my center,
it has reached the bone,
death is just a state,
but the candy is enjoying
its new home:
my jolly body.

[Those dreams had changed my life. I may not remember them in the future, but the essence will remain.

It can only be an instant, a really intense one, the one that can change your own perceptions, and understanding of life forever.

I knew you would leave without me, so I forgot my stubborn pride. I dressed up, and ran to your house. I rang the bell several times, but no one answered.

**Perhaps, you had already left or... Oh my!
There you were.**

**You smiled, and I was paralyzed. I stood
there, and said, ” I understood something. I
want to share it with you, please forgive me.”]**

Forgive

The first one I should forgive
is myself.

The first one I should accept
is myself.

The first one I should love
is myself.

How can I distinguish
love from egoism?

The one that loves is happy.
The one that loves is fulfilled.
The one that loves feels alive.

If you feel life is real,
then you are dreaming.

When life's dramas

become feathers in our arms,
when life's burdens
become light in our eyes,
when life's tears
become the nectar of birds,
when life's breath
becomes joy,
you are living.

'Cause life is a dream worth living,
when you know you are dreaming.

'Cause life is a reality worth crossing,
when you know you are alive.

'Cause life is a path worth traveling,
when you are loving.

[You hugged me. You knew it already.

I felt how I inhaled the universe through my lungs.

Your same particles of oxygen entered my heart, and when they reached my brain it all became light.

This was not a dream. Was it? Who could know? Me? I love this dream.

I love you.]

Prism

We are the rainbow;
colors expressing
our different spaces,
our abstract changes,
and absurd faces.

In such inequity,
unity is found,
through prism eyes,
creating one out of ten,
creating heaven out of seven,
creating you out of white light,
so rainbow drops
make us feel unique,
an explosion of life.

My dearest love,

I awaited you, until I thought there was no one who could understand me. I saw myself in a deep dark room, no light, just fear. It was the kind of fear we don't realize it is there because scientific theories,

mathematical explanations or life experiences tell us so.

I didn't understand that fear made me become irritated, and angry with myself. I pushed others away. No one wanted to be near me. Of course, some people had to be near me: Some for monetary reasons, others I think they really love me, and others just were hypocrites.

Before I met you, I was sure: You didn't exist. You, my dearest and greatest love was a hoax. No matter what, I was convinced I was right. That assurance is the kind of security we most hang on through life. I was lying myself, but lived as if everything was going on smoothly.

Someplace, inside my confused life I asked myself: Does true, deep, uninterested love exist? How can I love beyond time? Is love controlled by physics, therefore by time?

In a dream, it all began. I understood it was me who I needed to be loved purely. Can it be possible?

To love myself... by loving you. To love you... by loving myself.

In a dream I could, therefore in reality I can. This is a dream. In reality I could, therefore in dreams I can. This is real.

I love you.

