

Define Love by Ruth Mella

As a child, love's innocence spread —
Playground whispers, a secret world, hidden from adults

Sharing crayons, fingers pressed, laughter's sweet song—
In the kingdom of youth, love is where we begin.

But love grows, a thread woven through time, maturing in the quiet spaces between moments.
Weathered storms add layers, cementing bonds that cling, unyielding, to the heart's corners.

Lines on hands-tracings of past embraces, they speak in a language older than words.

Adult love—

Aged like vintage wine,
Rich with notes of joy and pain,
Silken with the years, yet sharp enough to taste.

Love—a seed, now a forest of echoes, The roots buried deep in soil unseen, Reaching for light,
for more, And in the quiet of the dusk, It whispers...
I have always been yours.