

Universal Love (Part Deux)

What a funny thing about life, the way she brings such extremes. Sometimes it seems like there's no way out of the hell we've been creating, but at the same time you're shown more heaven than you could possibly store in your heart. It's illogical, it doesn't make any sense, and trying to grasp it causes the very core of you to cave in. But it happens so naturally. Even when it doesn't. It's right, even when it seems wrong.

You learn to remain standing through pain and joy, tears and laughter, because you ask yourself the right questions. Or at least, you think you do. Surrendering to the flow of life provides some answers, yet you may not always understand them right away. And all too often, you're blown off your feet regardless. But in hindsight, you wouldn't have wanted it any other way.

You wonder what the clue might be. And when you believe as strongly as I do in magic and myths, you will know that maybe there is no clue. It just is, as it always has been. Your eyes are merely seeing the same thing, in a different manner, every time. The eyes that see damage, destruction and tragedy and try to change the projected images with everything they have in them, also see sheer beauty, in every direction they look. Sometimes the beauty hurts. And sometimes, an overwhelming sadness takes the better of you.

Until you remember:

That what seems like a tough shell to break is frayed at the ends, and deliciously sweet on the inside. You cannot get enough, even though it often seems more than you can take.

And it's really not that different. It's the same thing. It's consistent, logical, restrained and reserved, but also hysterical, dramatic, passionate and affectionate. It's so beautiful it's horrifying. It's gloriously frightening. It's soothingly disastrous.

It's everything. Everywhere...