

Love Begins With Me.

Love is not a notion or an idea,
or some abstract concept to be pondered upon.

Love is not to be relished in poetry reading,
or recited at religious or spiritual gatherings.

Love exits when we weep, having witnessed people suffer, locally or afar,
through our TV screen, despite the fact we don't know them.

Love is alive when
we help a child who fell at a playground and give her a big hug, or
pat a wandered animal and wish we can take him home.

Love is real. Love is now; love is here.

Love is in action when we lend a friend our shoulder,
Assuring him with our embrace
that everything is going to be okay.

Love is present during a hike in the meadows,
we could not help but stop to marvel at the beauty of Mother Earth
utterly speechless and in awe
of the magnificent wonders around us,
feeling so humble and grateful
that we want to kiss the ground.

Love is real. Love is here; love is now.

Love enables us to smile to a total stranger,
and engage this being through the window of our soul.

Love causes us to reach out and touch somebody,
pray for people in need, and cheer for those who are overcoming obstacles.

Love wants us to share what is beneath
the wellspring of our heart,
just because.

Love has no agenda and offers no explanation.

Love is real. Love is in the here and now.

No more pretending
that love does not exist.

No need to worry
that love may attach with a price tag.

No reason to think
Love's only value is for inter personal exchange.

Love is the only thing that is true and beautiful.

It is palpable, touchable, and visible.

Love is everywhere.

It is within you and me.

And Love begins with me.

By Christina Ngo, Los Angeles, California.