Being, In Love

Imagine living.
In a world
where being
has no boundaries
no diversity
is a new place.

What? You say.
There is that boundless place I say.
It's impossible you say.
Maybe not I say.

What is the difference between a smile given and a smile returned?

> Who feels good from a courtesy? The receiver? Or the giver?

How can friendship be offered without the host possessing it firstly?

When exactly does love begin, and where does it take place?

Wow! You say.
I agree I say.
Love begins with me, you say.
Love begins with me, I say.

No boundaries. No difference. Being, In love. Imagine.