

Love finds us

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And then, sometimes, it leaves

Whispers, "I'll be back soon" so softly that we can't hear

And so when it does, when it seems to fall out of the sky in a lighting-strikes-twice bullseye,
we've forgotten

No, but that's the wrong word, "forgotten"

More akin to a dream, the details fading, but the basic structure intact when we wake

Love will leave, but then it will find us

The dream may be faded, but as for love, it never stopped thinking about us

And it remembers how it felt when it was here

And it picks up right where we left off

Until, well, it leaves again

Until it offers the assurance that it will return

Love is the tide; a heartbeat

And in the space between those beats, those pulls and pushes of water, we hurt

Ache

Grieve for the finite

But love is not that way

Not A to B

It hides within us

And we weep and we wail

And it holds us

Invisible, assuring

— Ryan Pfeil