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Love on standby.

Define what love is.

It's cruel, malicious and wrong.

It's wonderful, lovingly and so right.

Well isn't it strange?

How complicated things are?

Too far away, lost the spark,

from different cultures, from different beliefs.

But still, our never ending quest for true happiness.

Continues.

Can you get to a point when you don't feel like
searching anymore?

Could it be when you found someone you love?

Or if you've just given up?

Could be that "love" is just a standby friend and nothing more?

There only when you really need and want it?

Press on and you will find what you seek?

It would be quite convenient anyways.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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