

\* True, Empty Love<sup>1</sup>

It boggles my mind how one simple rhyme can cause a person's soul to tremble.  
And at mere declaration of love, and promise to be true, many heart's walls are torn down in shambles.  
Contrary to thought, it is not divine guidance that bequeaths upon men love's words in all their grandeur.  
Men simply write what their passions cry out and hope another's passion, in turn reveres.  
But if history has taught us any lesson at all, it would be that men's passions are flawed.  
While their rhyme speaks of love and concern for another, it's often their own flesh they wish to indulge.  
Their words are flattering, the flow is smooth, their vocabulary is quite robust.  
But their heart, you think you see through their words, is surface; while the real soul, underneath, seeps lust.  
So if ever I write a sonnet so sweet, or a lyrical masterpiece that moves you to tears,  
I just want you to remember that I am imperfect in life and my words may oft be insincere.  
But at my confession, please don't scorn me, for I only desire you to see,  
That I care about you so much, as to express my blemished and frail humanity.  
So with every word I speak to you, by those alone you will never truly know how I feel.  
My love lies in every sacrifice I make for you, in every ounce of me that I give up,  
In every moment that I think more of you than of myself, that is how you'll see what is real.  
The only thing I ask in return, is that you abstain from repaying me for the moments I give myself for you,  
For by doing thus, you just feed my lust, and compromise love's sacrifice that I wish to imbue.  
And love is no longer love anymore if what I do intends to cause the fulfillment of what my flesh wants.  
My soul does not want in return, your worldly goods, your words, or your physical touch.  
I want you to do the same as me, and use all your love to impart, not to pay or cause debt  
And if satisfied with intangible goods, then you know that flesh is subdued.  
For while the soul can thrive on intangible goods, the flesh will starve on this food.  
What is love and how will you know if my words be true?  
Love is emptying oneself into another, and expecting nothing in return. Love is the true test for words.  
And this love, for you and for me, comes as we both pour out ourselves to fill each other's cups.  
And as I am emptied into you, you flow into me.  
We give all ourselves to each other, and by doing so, never run out.

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<sup>1</sup> This was written while I was at college. I saw so many people just playing games with each other. I wondered what their lives and marriages would be like in ten years (if at all). I tried to write this from the perspective of what that incorrect love looks like and what the correct picture should be.