

‘What is Love?’ by Conor Mulligan

What is love?
This flickering, uneasy
balance of two souls
merging into one: the messy
convergence of two beings

What is love?
This fluttering of hearts
and deciding that
the hurt you had
can be healed

What is love?
Love is not a worrisome
uneasiness, an agitation
of hands, wishing you
had not felt this way

What is love?
This bright light shining
like a flare, into the
darkest recesses of the mind
and deciding to build a home there

What is love?
Maybe it's swimming in oceans
made of fear and tears
and knowing that once more
this sea of sadness will recede

What is love?
Love is not welcoming
your old demons in through
the front door, relenting to
the blackness within

What is love?
This intertwining dance
between the head and the
heart, the comfort that comes
with feeling eternal warmth

What is love?
Maybe it's a serene, comfortable
bed that you have made for yourself.
Lie in it now; for you have long
since earned the right

What is love?
Love is acquiescing to
your soul; caving in to
the goodness and relenting
to the sweet, sweet emotion within.