

Theresa Mary Bissex

Everyday Love

I fall in love every day.

With the morning sunrise that brings new adventures –
the glorious daily epics, the grand endless duties.

We all have our Odysseys.

Each day we may become Giant-slayers, if we have the stomach for
it.

I fall in love every day.

With the hearth-joy of a shared breakfast –
the warm amber smell of tea, the warmth of hearts beating together.
The wisest words are spoken.

Laughter acts as a red herring to the crumbs that sneak beneath the
blankets.

I fall in love every day.

With the stories of strangers whose voices I never hear –
laughter is composed on one, a lifeless canvas envelopes another.
Their eyes hold volumes.

The scents of perfume and coffee bounce against each other, like this
jungle of personalities.

I fall in love every day.

With the smear of ink on a child's crumpled masterpiece –
his eyes glisten, his cheeks tint, his voice lilts inquiringly.

I truthfully say it's beautiful.

He presents one of the most complex and wonderful mysteries.

I fall in love every day.

With the pristine sanctity of a voice –
speaking the soul's language, spanning the limits of time.

Melody returns to its Bestower.

Flying on the wings of Echo, the voice sows joy.

I fall in love every day.
With our beautiful imperfections –
the wrinkle, the blemish, the crooked smile, the quirky gait.
They announce our uniqueness.
Yet they are invisible, unjudged by eyes of charity.

I fall in love every day.
With the happiness of friends –
the unparalleled, unselfish joy of kindred souls.
Their laughter makes the air glow.
We share our hearts; we are stripped of insecurity.

I fall in love every day.
With the thrill of pure romance –
the warmth of a helping hand, the scent of a close-by strength, the
comic curl of a grin.
Storybook imaginings crumble.
They are surpassed by true thoughts shared by soulmates.

I fall in love every day.
With the prosaic trials that bring joy if we let them –
the helpless heartache, the familiar frustrations.
Tears are unreasoning, but pain is its own translator.
The thorns make the roses all the more beautiful.

I fall in love every day.
With the glorious intricacies of human nature –
the faces of strangers, the steadfastness of friends, the selfless love,
the liberating sorrow.
They are plot points in a story that has never been told and never will
be again.
Each life is extraordinary, unprecedented, and irreplaceable.

This is love as it was meant to be.