

And there she was.

Either that of my mind's eye or that of my image before me.

Too many times before had I had taken to heart, only to find the disappointment of its choice.

She was different.

With her, in mind ...

I am safe from all and everything; no matter the storms endured or those upon the horizon.

Her slightest touch could dissolve everything around me and my focal would be that of her; my eyes never faltering and my vision never obscured.

Her eyes and soul dance with me from dawn to dusk without care or worries, constantly taking me to my mind's eye without hesitation.

On the days of my weakest, she makes me my strongest through word and wit, guiding my being from strength to strength and empowering my essence.

Never a flicker of doubt to be hers, only.

To be hers would be of great honour. To give her my heart. To be all of her.

My soul wrapped up in hers for longevity of all that is of pure heart.

Deemed the life of parallels, my voice and heart's desire forever pointing ahead.

Never the chance or the stumble of fate would curb me her way. Born to the laws of the observers, my exploration of this must is that of must not.

Her life as her own.

Never will I cage her wings of magnificent beautiful for the greed of my eyes' lust. For her beauty is that of her freedom and independence.

Without me, she is pure of all and everything