

Is it a friend we can pick and choose?
Or fun and games and things that amuse;
Life of a thing on which must depend,
Love is the goal taking the road to the end.

Is it about pain and hurting and suffering,
Or is it like life when we're growing and toughening
Was it so good so that you would never regret,
Or would it be something you'd choose to forget.

Is it a feeling churning deep down inside?
Or is it your wife you take as a bride?
Could it be rain on the roof late at night,
Or the autumn leaves falling so slowly and right.

Is it a dream you only wish you knew,
Or could it be something you bought brand new;
Love is like a feeling you can't mistake or ignore,
But the thing is with love is that you're never so sure.

Love is a word that lives in my heart,
It is like light in my brain that slows me to be smart?
Or is love a poem just waiting to be read,
Â Is love like perfection when you're finally dead.

Love is a beauty to know and adore,
It is like living eternally and still there's more;
Or love is a passion just waiting to be used,
Love is so precious but never to be confused.

Signed

First is best