



COVER STORY

Blessing Called Love

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“What is this flame, this feeling of love?” asked the child.
“It’s the most precious experience of life”, said the elders.
It’s what you feel when you are in your mother’s embrace.
It’s selfless, it’s protection, it’s sacrifice, it’s acceptance.
It’s the magic of being; it’s the priceless jewel the world hasn’t seen.
“Oh! But I can’t feel the heat of the flames in my mother’s embrace.”
It’s warm, it’s cozy, it’s comfy with a soft glow and it’s safe.
But it’s not a flame, it doesn’t burn and dance like a flame.
“There’s more ahead for you, dear child,” they said.

Love is enchanting, ennobling, embalming, and healing.
It’s what the soul has thought and spoken.
It’s a song whose melody soars above the skies.
It’s heaven’s gift - a glorious golden rainbow,
whose magic shines its rays when days are dull with gloom.
Love has ears that hear the fear hidden under layers of laughter
Love can wipe the unshed tears which are scared to spill over.
The touch of love warms our hearts when the world seems cold and forsaken.
Its invisible hands embrace us when the warmth of the handshake is amiss.

Love is ageless, timeless, limitless, and knows no boundaries.
Love is a bank that is open 24x 7, where we have our deposits at birth
Love doesn’t need credit and never does it debit either
Its coffers are full non-stop with the bliss we need for succor.
Love is an unending flame that burns with the oil of truth and purity
It needs no fuel to kindle its soul, a flicker of luminescence that is inextinguishable.
Love is a need, that sets us free for we want nothing more
Because our hearts are full and our spirit soars free.



“What is this month of pride of love?”, asked the child.
June is the month of pride for love in all its manifestations.
So it's time to celebrate the idea of love in all its forms
With the heat and dust of a scorching summer behind us
It's time to remind ourselves that love is a beautiful song
To know that love is a new way of living and waking each day
Its spark lights up every dormant soul, with the hope of a better world.
Love is the twinkle of the stars in the sky,
Love is the sound of the laughter that reaches the eyes
The incandescence of compassion, the glow of effervescence.
It's the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow,
Love is the sliver of light in the crevice of life.

Love is reflection, it is repose and rest,
Love is the compass for the weary of heart,
For the lost and the lonely, for the sorrowful of heart.
Love is our tomb, our cremation, our coffin on this earth.
Love is our memoir, our biography, the story of our life
When we're ash and dust, we're no more a life.
Love is our bestie for life, forever our treasure,
Our being, our existence, our foundation of life
Our savior, our cocoon, our rainbow of life

