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Her Thoughts on Love

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Author Note

Nicole has been writing since middle school, but not diligently enough to satisfactorily call herself a “writer.” However, seeing the wonderful work of her peers has motivated and inspired her, and she’s writing more than she has in years. Her passion for the craft has been mercifully re-ignited.

Her Thoughts on Love

Nicole Chavvanes

It was on a cold night that she realized what it was to love. Not cold to the others but cold to her—cold in her. She was always colder than the others, as if her blood ran thinner than the rest. To love, she realized, was to be completely at home; at home with her family, at home with her surroundings, at home with herself. It was to sit amidst the noise, and bask in the quiet; to hear the human sounds—the laughs, the conversation, the music, and the cheer—and to be able to hear beyond those murmurings. To love was to hear her thoughts clearly through the chaos, because the people around her brought such excellent clarity. To love was to feel the palpitations of the resonating soul of the human environment, and to wrap herself in it. To love was to feel warm was when she was cold—to feel her blood thickening as the moments ticked by—and to finally feel whole.

To love was to feel like the most fortunate person she knew, even when society dictated she had drawn an unfortunate lot. To be in love was to know that despite what society thought, she knew that it was real, and that she was, indeed, the luckiest person on earth.

Love, she thought, is warmth that permeates the soul.