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Safety

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I can tell the story, as I have a hundred times, of the first time I stared into his eyes. It was magical, it was impressive, and it's a lie, because I was really staring at his neck. His eyes – they were something incredible. But his neck, with its girth and its muscle and its tree-trunk-like qualities, was safe and secure and utterly important. Because it's one thing to look into the ocean and watch the waves, watch their stillness and their crash all at once. That was what it was to look into his eyes; it was simultaneously rousing and calming, stirring and soothing. Looking into his eyes often left me awe-struck and speechless.

But it was another thing entirely to look at his neck and involuntarily picture the lifetime of stability and security awaiting me. To see that while on that still and rocky ocean I could somehow, potentially, have a life-raft, or a canoe, or a ship to get me through the turmoil.

It was the safety for which I fell, not the ocean I needed saving from. I could lose myself in the vastness of his eyes day after day, knowing that he would always find me.