Where Love Begins

[redacted]

Love starts not loud, but in a glance,
In quiet ways and a silent chance.
It grows through flaws and tangled vines,
In hearts that choose to intertwine.

Not just in roses, bold and red,
But in words we leave unsaid.
In laughter, tear, and holding tight,
Through shadowed days and a sleepless night.

Love is not owned, nor caged, nor caught,
It thrives when grown, when feared, when sought.
A steady flame, both soft and strong,
That mends and carries us along.

In patience, peace, and morning light,
In staying close through every flight.
It isn't perfect, grand, or new,
It lives in us, and what we do.

So don't seek skies above,
You'll find it near, where there is love.
Not perfect, no, but strong and true,
Where every day begins with 'you'.