

Where Love Starts

It starts in something that acts like love.
Yes sir, yes ma'am, please, thank you.
It starts again at the end of the cycle,
No ma'am, no sir, please no, no thank you.

It starts with the little things, polite, alright acts.
Smiles at strangers and purposefully perusing passers.
It starts with timid boldness and bold timidness.
Shaking hands strongly and perceiving peoples' pupils.

It starts in quality conversation, quietly or quaking.
Knowing that sharing leads caring to care more.
It starts in cracking laughter, careless and carefree.
Not caring that sharing this laugh could be done with more care.

It starts in touching hands accidentally.
That moment of pure terror.
It starts when lips touch.
That blissful forgetful ecstasy.

It starts with long walks down short streets.
With wistful wishes at parting ways.
It starts with short walks down long streets.
Wondering where the time wandered to so swiftly.

It starts with planning plans and dreaming dreams.
One person braving all to bow the knee reverently.
It starts with one question, one answer.
Two vows, braving all to bow the knot together.

It starts in newly wed and honeymooned.
Lost and starry-eyed.
It starts in newly painted and over the moon.
Lost in joy and completely unprepared.

It starts again, in something that acts like love.