

If love were easy

My dear little girl,
Oh, if love were easy,
It would only bring joy and delight,
Enchanting us with its magic forever
And it would never leave.

Then every moment of life
Would be intoxicated by its beauty,
Petals of magnificent roses
Would circle between and around us,
In the cloud of roses, out of love we would live
And love each other eternally.

But it is not given to us
To live in the magic of love eternally,
It is only a bliss, that fate gives us,
It is a fraction of the time when our soul,
Enchanted by love,
Sings with happiness
And everything around us shines with light.

We would give our whole lives for it,
We would never let that fraction of time pass,
But fate does not fulfill our wish.
Every time, it disrupts the magical world of love,
Takes us back to the old, familiar existence,
Magic vanishes from the heart
And sadness returns.

And how to make sense of that?
I was trying to find out. . .

Maybe those are the two sides of love
Which both need to be accepted
And as gifts of the fate, gratefully received.
Although it is not easy for us to understand it
And reconciliation with fate is hard to acknowledge,
It is necessary to embrace,
And love both sides of love.

