

2. This is the silent work of love. The hard work is made easy, and the easy work is made hard. Like after a tornado, there is the aftermath when everything calms; or, when distance between towns makes a long journey, the absence of love can make a relationship seem forever.

After the settling of stars are no longer in the sky, what could possibly be more intense than love? When we believe we have given all we can give, love might not come to us. We can forgive with all our heart, and still, someone said, we can love all you want, we can forgive until the silence of love is an overture and the heart is a swelling of tides. It is like wind-fall rising and settling.

3. When an orchestra enters a composition and every instrument is in tune, in sync, the whole becomes united, effortless with practice. Today, I want to kiss notes across her neck. Like fingers finding the right spread on a piano, I want to find that secret threshold of love.

4. There is an obsolete word, "jointure", meant "to join"; now it is a provision in estates. What was joined let nothing separate. A man visited his wife in a nursing home. She had Alzheimer's. She did not know him, or who she was, or where she was. Everything he had loved was gone. It was like she was a vacant room. He could have left her, she would not have known. Instead, he visited every day. Every day he reintroduced himself; every evening she would forget.

5. We keep coming back to love like it was a magnet. Like two opposite magnets, it keeps us away.

6. Love is quiet within the concentration of a single focus. It is like sanding wood, going with the grain. When threading a needle, we narrow our eye on the needle and thread, until they blend. almost invisible. If the thread misses, we try again. We become intense and quiet when we narrow in.

7. Some treat love as if it was a trail leading to some special place they have not come to yet. When building the brick and mortar of love, use the right materials of care and understanding. When on a bad trail, clear the way of brush, and when in love remove bad feelings. Be like prophets dreaming.

8. If he missed a day, she would not know it. He came on her good days and her bad days. She never knew the difference.

9. Some days, she would say, bring back the other guy, the one that's nice to me. She knew that difference.

10. Inside the box of the mind, there is another box, a Pandora's box — you never know what's inside; each has a fragment of what is love and what is not. She had the inheritance of someone loved, but she also had the pain that goes along, assembling love and letting go of what hurts. What hurts is inside needing to get out. There was a deed to her heart and it was fully paid.

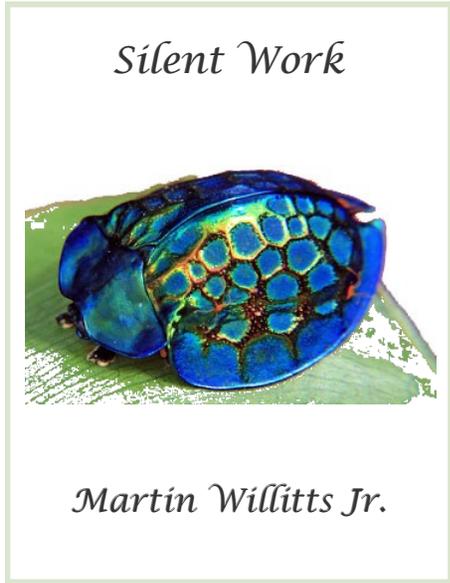
1. There is patience in the rush of irises across the fields like planting of love between two people — It is deep work — like roots for plants, like a barn's loose nail needing hammering, or a fence sags from neglect.

Silence need not be a sullen work. A deep well always replenishes, drawing up a full bucket with a rope that never frays. But just like pulling the rope on a hot and thirsty day can seem to take forever, you need patience to bring love that long distance.

Love is always yearning— sometimes, the silence tells me to find my lover and tell her how much I care, like sunlight to a dark room. I feel like I have been away twenty years, and the world has changed.

Just that reminder of what I missed, and suddenly I am back. The door opens — and she is there, patching my tapestry of loss and my body sighs like packages dropped to the floor.

"Silent work, perhaps, stays with us the most."
— Elynn Alexandra



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