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That Intangible Thing

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That Intangible Thing

I believe in love, and not the kind that may first come to mind. To me love cannot be defined by some rendition of Nat King Cole. It is barely present in a bouquet of roses, pervades far deeper than interlaced fingers. I value the love which I see in the bright eyes and laughter of children, the wise wrinkles and bottomless memories of my elders, the unexpected gestures of kind strangers—or, better yet, the acquaintances I thought would never give me the time of day. Love whispers to me through my mother's voice, whenever my father takes a moment to strum a guitar. I would never succeed in truly describing it—it is not something one can decisively understand as much as experience and accept. At best I could say that it is some potent blend of compassion and shared passions which many of us human beings come to realize we could not live without.

I believe that this love has the capability to change the world, as redundant as I may seem. The unspoken moments of connection I have with others have never failed to surmount my human faults—thoughtlessness, sometimes selfishness, rushing here, there, and everywhere without taking the time to truly see the individuals around me. It is when I check myself, tell myself to “take it all in” and reach out, that I feel complete, with a purpose on this planet. In these moments I blast through the assumptions I have made and find fascination and enlightenment in many of the new faces I encounter. They remind me not just to be some existing homo sapiens, working, accomplishing, what have you, but to be a living human being: sharing a smile, lending a hand, a shoulder, cracking a joke, learning to appreciate and appreciating learning, speaking one's mind, unraveling some spectacular story, and listening intently. Because ultimately, I think, we all want that same indescribable, beautiful thing.