If the Heaven is Worth the Hell

I’ve heard many definitions
And many opinions
On this feeling called love;
Called a gift from above.
Some say it’s horrid
And sickenly sordid.
Others claim it is pure bliss,
They can’t wait for another kiss.
While some say it’s of utter pain,
In which everything’s to lose and nothing to gain.

But where my opinion lies
I can’t quite identify.
I see the logic in all,
yet it’s different when I fall
into that actual sea
of love’s great divinity.
When I love you, I’m in total bliss
and, like others, savor every kiss.
When you’re with me
I am able to see
the blessing God gives
to those who, for him, live.
We mortals blessed with the ability to love
have been blessed by God above.
However, cursed as well
when trapped in love’s lonely hell.
And when you left, a pain I hadn’t known
took me over and, in grief, I was sewn.
Our love had made me vulnerable and weak.
But, still cursed with a fluttering heart when we speak.
Then I see couples out and about,
and my opinion is still in doubt.
I’m disgusted by their mushiness.
Yet envious of their lovesick bliss.
For I have known that happiness, too.
Better than my wildest dreams coming true.
Cause when summed up well,
love is heaven as well as hell.

But in my humble opinion, you know it’s real
when the heaven is worth suffering the hell.
Because the blissful moments make one whole.
When you’ve found the other half of your soul.
And in you, I have found
The gravity to hold me to the ground.
I’ve found my match, my mate
Perhaps even a soul mate.