

The missing piece

December 30, 2023 ([But I found you](#))

Even though it is cheesy, I fully believe that love is when all the other sounds blur out, and the only sound you hear is of the person you love. Love is when every love song, every poem, every love story becomes about you, and the person you love.

Love is when every time you close your eyes, you see the person you love, and every time you open em, all you want to see is the person you love.

Baby, As soon as I close my eyes, I see you, your smile, your perfect hair, your perfect face, perfect body, and beautiful heart. Some days, I pretend to sleep longer so that I can keep seeing you when my eyes are closed. Then when I see you... it's like everything else in the universe disappears. It's quiet. All I hear is your voice, so melodious. All I see is your smile, so bright and beautiful. Suddenly, all those love songs become about you, and me. Suddenly, it's just us in the world, nothing else.

That's love, baby. That's what love is to me. And that's how you make me feel.

I used to ridicule people for believing in that stereotype. But it seems I left one part out. That stereotype becomes true only when two hearts become one. You, baby... you make all those stereotypes come true. The love I have for you, is true, is pure, and unconditional. It's the missing part of the equation I had been searching for. Now we have a full equation:

$$\sin^2(x) + \cos^2(x) = 1$$

I love you, my sweetest, most adorable Nib Nib. Thank you, for completing me.