

Numbers of love.

It took me twelve years to have my first romantic kiss, and I remember it, as an L moment, of Lively.

Twenty-five to give up on that that relationship I was unsecure about, and it felt as an O habit, of Obnoxious.

Twenty-two to have doubts about that emotion, which was prone to make me a V, of Vulnerable.

And five minutes to know it would last forever, as an E of Eternal.

Love was called the 'madness of the gods'. I prefer to call it, the act when the imagination turns to real.

The number e, is an special number, not just because it represents a constant in every exponential growth, but it also becomes a one when is powered to zero. And One, is self love.

Self love. Self love, is where the number e dwells. Is the pilar of the Two care, when One's reality splits in Two. We laugh two, we cry two, we experience by two.

Fraternal love, keeps company to Two. Two heart beats emerging as three, and the whole sentiment is divided by six. Although the love of e, can be powered to three, it remains to be, the same love.

//Addictive love in is Twenty-four.

One-hundred-twenty ... a series of numbers with no limits.

It's a journey to a tangible ilusion.

It might mean seconds or an eternity.

Proyected signals of light into reality,

atomic masses altered by attraction.

A lifetime pretended, somehow it's perceived.

It's a fantasy and a wish of being real.

Recondite nonsense improper to reveal.

Illusory creature awaiting to be conceived.

It's a life constant empowering the human growth.

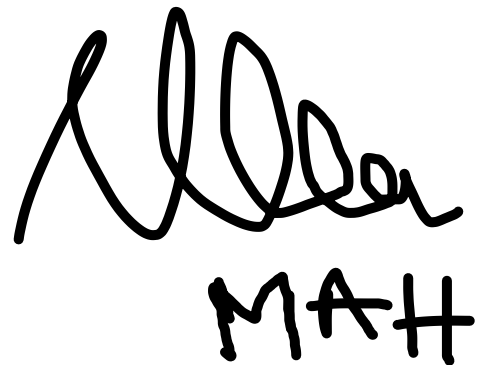
And inifinite addiction without any limit.

An exthinguised flame by a broken oath.

It's a proportion of the beauty cannon myth.

A natural derivation of the self-love.

One is All, All is Love either premises to live.



MAH