Because in the end, when I grow old, ugly and shrivelled, and you'd be a little less older and lesser uglier still, I'd choose to side with you. It wouldn't be a game of options then, but of choices, and I'd deliberately choose you. But till then, be beautiful, pretty please.

I cannot bear to see my rarest jewel fade.

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I'll be judged for this, and I dare everyone who would, do! For this, You, I am keeping for myself and I would relentlessly seek you out till kingdom comes if need be.

Love, it isn't enough on my plate, and I am happy for it would have made me so weak in the knees that I'd have fallen for Queens while the Aces went for other petty beggars.

Somehow, I cannot make peace with this world. It's skewed beyond recognition, in my eyes, and doesn't forgive. Not that I have forgiven it either, but a few of you and others make it worth living in here. I do need to get out on the surface for fresh air, don't I? I know I've got a problem, but you never receive what you already possess. You've fallen in and out of favour many a times, and yet, look, you're here, with me, still!

Though I pretend and believe, and secretly would want to be, a man of reason; But, I know I've been unreasonable. I ain't apologizing, and I know you wouldn't want me to, that is why I always run back to you, and find another reason to stay. No one understands, everyone pretends to though, but you, you make no such pretensions, and you know that I would return on my own and try to explain. The one little thing that I never want you to do, and yet commit to it myself, again and again, a little hypocritical that I've always been, never explain yourself again.

Beauty to me, has always been something that should be tangible, seen, heard, touched, smelt and felt. Heck, I'd fall for dames, but I'd be damned if I were to be spellbound for long by the hollow vanities of these beauties without brains. Yes, things under the skin, they start taking priority and over-ride the physical appearances criterion very soon, but the precedence of outward beauty in the first place hasn't been compromised much.

Whenever, someone has suited my eye, I've looked for flaws, somewhere, something must be lacking. You were no different either, but look, you've come a long way. Overlooking them was beyond my reason, and living with them was unacceptable. I am no Adonis as such, but as someone has said once, 'Those who look for best, often get it'. You, are the best of them all.

Day by day nothing changes, except that we grow old, and as the treacherous wheel of time spins, more and more we grow cold. People may laugh at me, knowing what I am, and I don't care for their laughters. They are all hypocrites in baring their pearly fangs after being misled by the verses of selfless love written by similar hearts who chanced upon accidentals mingling forays. Most of these lovers died young, while others  who lived long, lived miserable and heart broken.

Love, is not learnt from books and literature, it makes literature, it is literature. I've seen people fall from great heights in the eyes of people who once adored them when subjected to the microscopic eye. I am inclined to failing, I'll make no other claims and promises. I am unsetting all the standards you've set, so that I can come undone. You, I've admired you for your rational opinion, though I've seldom said it.

In my belief, I've loved you sometimes, and loved you too much a little rarely. I've missed you sometimes, and terribly missed you rarely. But whenever I have, I swear to sweet Lord, I know what it is like, the want to snatch you from where ever you are, and, dive in your lap and weep.

A Dirty Mind, speaks thousand pleasing lies, and is loathed for the single truth it spake, one that was never believed until it saw the light.

The world will not matter, it may all die, I'd still be at peace.