*Love is, really nothing,*

The words had been said, but did not feel beautiful until they came back, and corrected me, of what should have been said before.

“*So you’re taking guitar lessons?*” (Pause, silence). “*Because she plays a guitar?*” I interjected the purposeful pause. “*That’s good, really good.*” (Long pause)

*But a dream that keeps waking me,*

The best thing about very good friends is that they mind what you say, and say it on your face. So you don’t have to mind your words, you are free with them. Very few reach that pinnacle.

[](http://3.bp.blogspot.com/-S2r9ZxF98to/T8nOOfzd1QI/AAAAAAAAGLA/tCkp8ZHp3MQ/s1600/Love_guitar_rose.jpg)

Suddenly I blurted out, *“Why? What purpose does that solve? Just to make an impression?”.*Chances are that if you two know the same instrument, you might want to settle scores, and an initial act of love may soon find itself in wrong grounds of dominance and competition. We all have our moments; the possibility of this situation cannot be denied.

*For all of my trying, we still end up dying,*

“*Why compete with her, rather, learn something else, a keyboard, or drums, or violin. Complement her instead, so you two could jam together someday.*”

Love is the creation of music, by strumming otherwise incoherent, noise-like vibrations into a single peaceful coherent symphony. Each part, has its part to play, love.

*How can it be?*

That night, the words came back to me with a minor correction, and have been with me since then.

***“Don’t compete her, complete her”***

[](http://1.bp.blogspot.com/-V64t9Kw_69w/T8nNWHmX-XI/AAAAAAAAGK4/G1ekZCPSfTw/s1600/6950301141_b0f90f4e6d_o.jpg)

~Section in Gray: John Mayer - Edge of Desire.