Sometimes, I wonder - what's is difference between an infatuation for someone and true love exactly for someone? How can we really identify whether my feelings for someone is short-lived or long lasting? Or does 'love' even exist? Is love overrated? Is trust what it really matters in a relationship?

Then, I quantise myself to what she said. "You ask a lot of questions. Some question don't have answers" she usually says to me. While, I feel every question has an answer as a student who believes in science, but then again, isn't something like love vastly out of range of science or any studies for that matter.

You can take an example of my love for her. I love her, not in a selfish way. I don't love her like I love oranges or cold coffee with extra ice cream. My love for things as such is substantial - I can and will live without them if necessary. But I love her in a dangerous way, with every fibre of my being. I love her like the breath in my lungs, like the beat in my heart. How do you define such a vast thing in a world where every single concept or element present is weight in terms of proportionality?

Then, thoughts of how this love actually originates and my inability to find it jeopardises my credentials of creative thinking. Do I lust over her beautiful eyes or is it my craving to hear her lovely voice that actually triggers my deep love for her. But, I like to be around her and her presence is what I feel balances me out. Or is it that I like each and every part of her - I like to have a sense of myself in each and every part of her. The funniest thing is when she asks me questions whether she looks fat. "Do I look fat? Tell me honestly", she asks. "No." I honestly say. She questions my judgement. But what she doesn't know is, in my eyes, she levels the max in the barometer of perfection. For me, there's no one more beautiful than her and even though, I realise she's not perfect, she is a better soulmate for me than any other woman there is. I like to think that every beautiful element in her- from her lustful lips to her sexy ass, everything has penchant for myself. And it's not just about her - it's the same thing for me. I like to think we're complete. I like to think we have a deep proclivity for each other. Is that what really triggers love?

As I write on and on, on this, I finally know why she actually means so much to me. Every person wants her lover to be a best friend, to understand you and to have a sense of security amongst the presence of the other. But what if you have one of your closest friend as a lover? What if she knows you and you understand her before you really have an intimidate relationship? That's an A plus for a relationship. That makes you feel you want this woman for life-time.

And I do. It's a fact that I love to play with words- so much that I don't actually make sense at all with them. But I never play with my heart, and believe me when I say this, I mean it from the core of my heart.