A word that brings out a spectrum of emotions within us.

Everyone has their own velocity, moving with different frequencies, and at varied wavelengths. Some find it bright, while others find it dull, but I… I find it plain as daylight.

For me, it's an empty canvas waiting to be poured upon.

Red for passion, yellow for our friendship, pink for playfulness, and gold for the place they hold in my heart.

But it also has splashes of blue for sadness, green for envy and jealousy, and black for gloom.

While some hang these canvases proudly on the wall, others find ways to obliterate its mere existence.

Everyone has their own quarrels with love. It leaves them with scars or encourages them to draw stars around them.

In the end, love is a fickle thing.

For some its elixir or poison. A creeper of pretty rose with deadly invisible thorns is what love is. The gorgeous, appealing imagery one compares to heaven is embedded with hellish pain.

But...

It’s love. It’ll turn into whatever you want it to be. It can be pretty, it can be ugly, it can be nothing at all.

Because love is different for everyone. And everyone is different for love.