

Walking In & Out Of Love

BY YUMILAH GOVINDEN

Since time immemorial, humans have been fascinated by the concept of love.

The desire to scale heavens and penetrate the fabric of love has been the quest of many seekers, including myself. I, too, wanted my piece of the sky. But then each time I thought I was reaching it, the sky would escape me like a mirage.

I realised that love was not a futile boat upon which one embarked, but it is a journey; a universe with a biosphere of its own which one has to nurture day by day, breath by breath.

What I realised was that love is not as simple as that.

It is deceptive and something we often take for granted. Love comes to you when you create within you an infinite space made of gratitude and present moments. The more you chase it, the more you will call it from a space of scarcity and fear and all that will come to you will be what I call 'mirrors'.

The latter could be people or situations which will show you the loopholes within your own love story with yourself. By the time I reached yet another existential crisis, I realised that it was me who withheld the most love from myself and it was never about the people around me.

First and foremost, the path of knowing love commands a deep mastering of oneself which I've been ignoring for far too long. This is when I realised that love is a path I had to consciously choose before even walking it, because love is always calling, love is always here.

It is inherent in every human being to crave the other...we want to be seen, acknowledged, and touched inside out. Same as when we are touched by beauty, or art, love is something that can evoke such stirring in the human heart.

There is a rich gamut of human activities which are referred to as love, but which are not love. We all remember that indescribable feeling when one has seen love in the form of an amazing woman or man. Is it not same as when one is confronted with an exquisite painting or a magnificent view? We feel like being lifted up by an invisible force.

Love is able to induce a momentary and fleeting loss of our sense of reality as we immerse ourselves totally in it. But the biggest irony of love is that we often learn to appreciate it when it is gone.

Love is precious and we have to honour the love we have to offer to the world. But sadly, I often found myself selling the love I have like a hawker for a mere pittance, just to eke out an existence out of my life.

Love doesn't thrive in situations of unworthiness. For love to be in your life, you should allow the seed of love to grow from within your heart, and the best soil would be compassion. Small, conscious acts of kindness towards oneself and others set the tone for bigger and more selfless actions. The seed will grow into a tree and the tree will bear fruit ad infinitum, because you will never feel depleted when you are of service to yourself and others in a space of unconditional love.

We should all learn to appreciate love for its inherent beauty and not label it as a greater or smaller love only because of

the time it stayed in our lives. We can never measure love or put a price tag on it because each love story is as unique as an art piece.

There is a remarkable fact which many people often do not realize: we actually spend all our lives walking in and out of love. Love has its own middle way and it is elusive to people who have too many thoughts on their minds or who do not think at all.

Loving is a very conscious act. People who are wracked by guilt and cursed with nightmares of what they should have done to keep love often take years to claw their way out of the graves of dead love stories. Until they are slapped by the horrible truth that this love story is over but love cannot ever die. Love can be transformed. That is the power of love.

Science hasn't unravelled how the human mind walks in and out of love. There are no studies as such but only the experience of seekers who haven't had cold feet to face the mirror.

One very distinctive sign I always notice when I've walked out of love is the feeling of going off track. Out of the blue, you feel like a gloom upon yourself, you feel unfocused and empty. Your instinct will dictate that you act erratic but stillness and silence is really the key. It can take hours or days before you can spot the glitch.

As for me, I would review all the choices I've made and figure out the exact moment the uneasiness settled in. I would

reflect, find the tipping point and infuse love back into myself in a very conscious way.

First of all, I'll apologize to myself. Then I'll show gratitude and slowly love myself back to love with simple things like listening to music, watching a movie, treating myself to my favourite comfort food, or going for a gentle sweat with yoga. Or I'll just walk in nature or sit on the roof and bathe in the moonlight or gaze at the stars for hours.

The seed of love is within us all. It's not as if we have to create love, but if we want to keep it alive we have to nurture it.

Love is always present but what we do is walk in and out of it due to the inconsistency of our human nature...our ego. Once we realise that love is a marriage within oneself, there will be no need for extramarital affairs or divorces. Seasons will pass, illnesses, people, situations, memories carved and washed ashore...in fact life will act and unfold as it is meant to.

Life will do what it has to do – it is up to us to let love be and make it as consistent and real as the breath that we take.

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For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [The Inner Voice of Love: A Journey Through Anguish to Freedom](#) .

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They Transform First***

"May your longest nights be molten crucibles for your transformation, and may you be forever held by this wild ground. Whatever the nature of your pain in this moment, may you brew a warm salve from the kind words of a long-gone stranger and build yourself a soft nest out of your grandmother's legacy. "

DANIELLE DULSKY

*The Wolf-Woman's Grace: A Witch's
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