

The judgments I hold to myself about myself are true
I **have** never loved
I have never **been** in love
Countless times others have **told** me such things
But just as a mirror I reflect back the words
There **was** never a sense of urgency
A sense of need or even the sense of emotion with my **past**
I **mean**
Really
Everyone uses that four letter word
For **objects**
For **people**
For **thoughts**
But they were never really for **me**
Not the words
Nor **the** past
I keep **researching**
I keep looking **for** what it means
Some people say the emotion is **proof**
That you can't live without **the** person
But wasn't I **living** before them?
Did I just magically become energy and take human **form**?
And if you **can't** live without them
What if they **leave** you?
Does it mean that **you** can no longer live?
That your life has to end
Some people say the **emotion** is proof that they complete you
With all the people in the world only one **can** complete me?
If I can not **find** them
Does that mean I'm destined to only be half good as **everyone** else?
That **I'm** not my own person
That I can **not** complete tasks
At my own time and **with** full vigor
And what about this **soul** mate thing?
You love them from the bottom of your **heart** and soul.
What happened to the **concept**?
That your heart knows **no** end
And what if you don't have a **soul**?
Does that **mean** you're destined to be alone?
That you **can't** love
Be in **love**
Fall in love
Be loved
I know **what** it means
I am **unique**
I am the **only** one of my kind
It means there is no **one**
For **me**