

There is no falling in love like falling in love with a child.

What a thing it is, love! How love amazes us, at first turning us ever deeper into love. How it thrills, and thrilled, dizzy descending, we imagine there is no end to the depth. And how, finally so deep in love, we panic. How did we get here? How long will it be until our circumstances exhaust our love? Or will our circumstances outlive the love?

Either way, how will we survive?

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His breath, that sweet dazzle, the thousands of exhalations. Or a night he is ill, his body a damp burning against my chest and I do not sleep listening to each wheezy thick breath as he sleeps sitting up in my arms.

Who has ever wanted to share a love? I had done everything to make this child. I refused to share.

-VICTORIA REDEL

