

*Misjudged Love*  
*Musings from "A Coffin For Starsky"*  
*by Brit*

I've misjudged love before. This isn't the first time, but I pray to God it will be the last.

I once thought love was passion, but now I know that passion can come in a will to live.

I once thought love was holding on, but now I know it's giving it all away.

I once thought love was suffering, but now I know it's given me life.

I once thought love was an unobtainable dream, but now I know I had it all along.

Love is what I see before me, dying on a hospital gurney. Unable to swallow, unable to speak. Unable to hold my hand, unable to tell me goodbye.

I've misjudged love before, but never again. *Hold on, buddy, hold on....*



*~Brit*  
*10/16/00*