



WILD LOVE

By Wayne Visser

For some, love is tame
It is cute and cuddly
Like an adorable pet
Tail-waggingly happy
Purringly content

I have known this tame love
It did not last

Now, I know a different kind of love
A love that is wild
That is nervous and ferocious
Skittish and temperamental
One moment, it trusts enough to approach
The next, it bites the hand that feeds it

Such wild love can never be tamed
To cage it is to kill it
Any attempt at domestication
Denies its true nature

Wild love is sometimes fierce
And sometimes it is shy
Yet always it returns
Again and again
Seeking acceptance
Each time a little less afraid
A little less aggressive

Wild love always hurts
But the wounds it inflicts
The pierce of fangs
And the rake of claws
Are nothing but self-defence
For wildness is never malicious





This love comes from the shadows
It is born in the wilderness
It hunts in jungle and canyon
Prowls across desert and plain
Soars over ocean and peak
It is ever vigilant
And breathlessly alive

Wild love can never be conquered
It cannot be bought or won
Only earned, with patience
Patience that teaches understanding
Understanding that builds trust
Trust that creates safety
So that love's caring instincts can take over

In love's wild embrace
Defence gives way to protection
Aggression turns into passion
Fighting becomes playful
Wounds have a chance to heal

Even so, love is never subdued
To love is to risk injury
Flesh wounds are part of living
Bleeding is part of loving
And loving without restraint
Or fear of consequences
Is the way of the wild

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