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Falling in Love

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Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Your translucent limbs pluck and strobe me as the fullness of you, of your growth, of your existence, give way to the silent fears swimming in my heart. Will you be healthy? Will you be extraordinary? Will you love me? No one heard them save me but they echoed nonetheless. Through the oohs and ahhs of family and medical onlookers you twirled, danced and amazed them with your acrobatic skill. We all smiled in sheer delight of you, but the echoes persisted. You would be healthy and extraordinary – of that I was certain. But what of me? What of my cry? Would you indeed love me?"

Falling in Love

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Will you be healthy? Will you be extraordinary? Will you love me? No one heard them save me but they echoed nonetheless. Through the oohs and ahhs of family and medical onlookers you twirled, danced and amazed them with your acrobatic skill. We all smiled in sheer delight of you, but the echoes persisted.

You would be healthy and extraordinary – of that I was certain. But what of me? What of my cry? Would you indeed love me?

My answer came not in the way of words, revelation, or epiphany. No, my answer came in a simple, yet profound gesture of the highest caliber – a thumb's up. With a smiling face and a fearless heart, you stretched forth your hand in majestic fashion and displayed your greatest feat to the audience before you. And what caused the doctor and your father to gasp in disbelief – tenderly and secretly – erased fear's stain from my soul. I was loved and now, I was free. I



was *free to love* – and I've loved you ever since.

***Selena Cochran