

"Logical Not at All"

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She watched as the man leaned in, lips slightly parted. Against her better judgment, she met him halfway, confused at her behavior. Why was she participating in this meaningless ritual of human love, one that had become diluted from many betrayals throughout history? She did not know; it was not logical. As a scientist, she thrived on logic. So, for her to be a part of this illogical act was just absurd.

As she reached this conclusion, she felt a rush of something sweep through her body. It was a certain warmth, one she didn't know of at first thought. It puzzled her, and she racked her brain, searching for an explanation for the warmth. Then, she felt it again. This time, she noticed something she hadn't noticed before. The warmth was directed at the man. This made her even more bewildered.

She analyzed the feeling further, and nearly gasped when she figured out what it was. Against all explanation, she felt love towards the man. How could she? She had convinced herself that love was an unnecessary emotion; it defied all logic. Through love, a rich man could fall in love with the poorest woman on Earth. How, she reasoned, was that logical at all?

Another wave of love swept through her, and with it, an overpowering urge to forget all thought of logic and reason. She battled for a minute, but when one more overcame her, she resigned herself to the fact that love is not logical at all. Having come to this conclusion, she was overwhelmed by yet another surge of love. With one last, halfhearted attempt to burst the feeling, she sank into the love and lost herself to an illogical feeling.