

Love is...

by sunny33

A wizard tells about his feelings for his wife.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I watch her bustling around the kitchen, magic bristling as she conducts a complex symphony of vegetables dicing, pots boiling, and dishes scrubbing, with the rapid clickety-clack of her knitting needles playing their counter-rhythm across the room. Unaware of the sheer power she displays so casually, my beloved wife smiles at me from across the room as plates and cutlery sail out from the dresser to the table.

That smile has been my beacon for thirty years, from the moment I saw her dancing in the rain, her brilliant hair streaming behind as she defied the elements and twirled amidst the wind-blown leaves, a wood sprite casting her spell on me as I watched. Her smile is home; her voice is my anthem, and her touch... her touch is life itself.

She mourns the loss of her slender figure over the years, but all I see are the inviting curves of the woman who nurtured our babies within the protection of her body. Her mirror shows wrinkles and one or two grey hairs; I see laughter and happiness and wonderful memories.

I adore my Mollywobbles. Never doubt it.

A/N: Saturday Night Drabble prompt from karelia: Show how one character, who lives with another, adores his partner.

Thanks to karelia for looking this over.