

Lust Vs. Passion - Which Sounds Better To You?

| Lust | Passion |
|---|--|
| Lust is as animals in heat with no name exchange, no emotions involved and sex shared in a brief incidental moment. | Passion is released from the soul of your inner being. It is desire - mixed with emotion and a sense of being compelled to please and be pleased. It's a sensation that only the heart, soul, mind and body can share with another person. |
| Lust is superficial and rests on the surface. It's strictly felt then disregarded after the moment ends. | Passion comes from within. It has depth, thought and involves all the senses. |
| Lust asks no questions and seeks no answers. It is merely sex fulfilled and final. | Passion <i>*is*</i> compassion, in a sense, and a desire to give as well as receive. It is pleasure personified...in all things. |
| Lust is selfish. | Passion is unselfish. |
| Lust can last a minute, an hour or longer...but short-lived when compared to passion. | Passion dwells inside the mind and embraces smell, touch, spirit and the lives of those involved. It waits for the next time, and the next time and the next time. |
| Lust closes the door after sex and never looks back | Passion burns the image of love into your soul. It's the thoughts that carry you away to that individual ...no matter the miles. It's the constant recollection of the touch so smooth, the smell so permeating, the taste so sweet and the smile so genuine. It's the sparkle and magic in the eyes. It's the image that stays embedded in your mind and it's the gentle smile that freezes on your face when that memory surfaces. |
| Lust has no place in the heart and it bypasses the soul. | Passion finds a home there. |
| Lust has no memory. | Passion recalls even the slightest, most delicate variation of movement in the moments and instills them as memories in a chest of hopes, dreams and expectations. |
| Lust sees no beauty after the act is over. | Passion walks taller with head proud and thoughts dictating the pace. It compels you to smell the flowers and touch the petals. It turns the breeze off the Atlantic into a caress from the breath of the ocean across your face. It turns your focus of the universe into a kaleidoscope of love's true colors. |
| Lust is never obligated. | Passion ties your heart into tiny bows of velvet ribbons and delicate strands of angel hair. Though it is fragile it remains strong enough to endure the eons of time. |
| Lust is final until the next time it closes the door. | Passion is indefinite and has a way of opening all doors. It keeps those doors ajar and lets emotions run in and out, at will, with thoughts of play, love and work. It never closes. |
| Lust forgets. | Passion always remembers. |