

# Buried Notes on Love

Artful Prudence | 2 November, 2022 | by Artful Prudence

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1.1 And then one day, it transpired, an enormous and perplexing sensation, a neurotic fixation, hard to lay a finger on. As if all at once, it struck like a thunderbolt dead in the center of a bright yet cloudy landscape. Could it be deep intimacy, or a mere inscrutable delusion? It was too premature to tell. The boundless uncertainties, the turmoil, the sheer unrest and disruption of one's self-possession put everything to question. Was the preceding and perfect solitude a prelude to an interminable and unsound madness?

1.2 How delicately she played her role, how subtle were her steps, as if to ensure his ignorance of her careful treading. What a delight it is to be endowed with the chance to dance, with the occasion to gamble with danger and destruction and death. And what one is willing to abandon for love! Even among the countless uncertainties and omens that playfully present themselves at the outset; for love, man dares to blow even beauty to pieces.

1.3 One may have been led to believe that love is a profound and meaningful delight, what one hardly talks about is what precedes it and protects it – the suffering, the agony, the apprehension, the on-edgeness of continually, anxiously trying to possess what is liable to escape one's grip. To love deeply, unreservedly, truthfully, can turn out to be a hopelessly terrible thing, but for love? Anything for love!

1.4 Love, as it turns out, is a burden, a very eccentrically beautiful burden that could not possibly be encapsulated in words. And if one were to expound its infinite shades, he is likely to fall short of faultless – there is no way to gently define love, without successfully overlooking an indelible fragment of it.

1.5 One could say what love is not, but even doing so he often loses balance. It is easy to presume what love is or could be, but why is one so sure, so undoubtedly convinced that to desire it is fundamentally good and thus necessary? It is courageous, if you ask me, to wish for that which you seldom experienced and felt in your bones.

Many things are permitted in love, a gamble worth playing, and even if one suffers defeat, one still bears within him the fullness of experience, which is writ large expansion of consciousness.

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