

You Know I Could Never Love Anyone. . .

By Vincent Sargenti

You know I could never love anyone else

Really means.... "I am used to the way you yell at me, and realize it could be worse."

Men and women are separated by an abyss. Neither can seem to realistically cross over the inconceivable distance between the two sexes and apprehend the other's condition absolutely. The differences between the two, throughout the ages, have been continuously harped upon, ad nauseum. One of the deepest and most profound incomprehensibilities of relationships between men and women is this notion of *love*.

The above statement could very well read,
"I love you... but only as much as you love me."

Or "I am incapable of love. What I really want is for you to love me and worship me but I don't want to have to have to give anything of myself in return."

"I don't really love you or anyone else, unless you give me what I want."

Or maybe it could read, "Since I am incapable of love and my heart is dead and cold, maybe I could be profound enough to realize that we remain together because of inexplicable bonds of affection that we share for one another. Maybe we share some deep and common thread that transcends our sexually-polarized personalities and allows us to perceive each other as beings who have to die, and based in that is the catalyst that would allow us to feel an urgency to our lives together, an opening through which we would be able to feel, without limits, a boundless affection for one another and, indeed for all the things of life."

It seems that our society is confused about love and what it really is. Most of the so called "*love*" I see today is a possessive love or an ownership policy on another person. We love one another and in doing so we become each other's property. What would it mean to feel true affection for one another without any sense of ownership over that person? What would it mean to freely feel affection for another human being without giving a rat's ass about what's in it for "MEEEEEEEE!!!!!!?"

Coming to the realization that we are beings who are going to die, and living by that premise, gives our life power and practicality. We become able to see the other person as a being who has to die and in that perception we come to feel, bodily, our own temporality, our own startling brevity, we feel our sense of shared mortality. In this sense of shared mortality, we find the ability to feel without limits into something that has no sense of ownership. We realize that we have no time left to act as if we were immortal, arrogant, insensitive beings. We realize the possibility of merely appreciating another

person for who he/she is in the moment, without reason or cause or justification. We begin seeing each other as beings who have to die, and by virtue of that perception we have no time to waste in feelings of pettiness and shallow self-concerns. We only have time to appreciate the miracle of being alive.

"We are each beings who have to die. I don't know where and I can't say when but I love you, for now and for this moment that we share, surrounded on all sides by eternity. Thank you, for being here with me. Thank you, for the warmth we share, and for this tenderness that wells up through me from I don't know where. I care about you. You enliven my heart and stir my emotions in ways I've never known before. I am feeling tremendous affection for who you are and for our brief and wonderful time in this world together."

These are the words of affection not of possessive love.

"I can feel affection because I know we have to die. Our deaths lend an ultimate sense of power to our lives. I know we can't stay together, or when death will come and rend its final blow, so I have learned to cherish, with absolutely all of myself, these precious and tender moments we are sharing, before it's time to go away, before it's time to die.

"I love you. I feel a boundless sense of affection for you and for the time we have had together in this wondrous place. Let me feel you next to me one more time, let me see the sunlight in your eyes and the wind move through your hair, for what might be this final time. Let me love you for this moment, without asking anything of you in return. Take my hand and walk with me, for this brief and miraculous moment, before our days and nights are all but gone, before our lifetimes blow away and are gone... forever."