

Eight - Love: Liking, Lusting, Lasting - 193

Is This the Real Thing?

What in the world is there left to say about love?

Since poets first put pen to paper, hearts and flowers have been pouring out, spilling into countless books, romantic novels, paintings and music. Everyone from the ancient Greeks to the anonymous scribe who writes those corny greeting card verses has tried to say something original about this craziness that can be the most painful and most joyous of human experiences.

There are as many definitions of love as there are lovers: Love is a vacation from reality (I'd say it makes its own reality); love is what you try to find just before the bar closes (too full of angst); love is what makes women shave their legs (and keep their underwear in good repair); the love that lasts the longest is the love that is never returned (How true! How true!)

Shakespeare said love is madness and so have half the women I've known! Duels have been fought for it, wars waged for it, hearts (and heads) broken because of it. Lovesick men and women have abandoned their life's work, their families, their honor in the thrall of this demon.

Now that I've scared you off, may I just say: Isn't love wonderful? Life without it is like plain pudding: nice but uninspiring. Life with love is the richest confection ever set before you, and you want to gobble, gobble, gobble.