



For Tim,
my forever soulmate and eternal love.

Sanny Winters



LOVE LETTERS

Lannoo

AT FIRST SIGHT



The Unbearable Lightness of Being

Milan Kundera

1984

I have been thinking about Tomas for many years, but not until I saw him in the light of a new perception did I see him clearly. I saw him standing at the window of his flat and looking across the courtyard at the opposite walls, not knowing what to do.

He had first met Tereza about three weeks earlier in a small Czech town. They had spent scarcely an hour together. She had accompanied him to the station and waited with him until he boarded the train. Ten days later she paid him a visit. They made love the day she arrived. That night she came down with a fever, and stayed a whole week in his flat with the flu.

He had come to feel an inexplicable love for this all but complete stranger; she seemed a child to him, a child someone had laid in a bulrush basket daubed with pitch, and sent downstream for Tomas to fetch at the riverbank of his bed.

Eleanor Oliphant is Completely Fine

Gail Honeyman

2017

I have always taken great pride in managing my life alone. I'm a sole survivor - I'm Eleanor Oliphant. I don't need anyone else - there's no big hole in my life, no missing part of my own particular puzzle. I am a self-contained entity. That's what I've always told myself, at any rate. But last night, I'd found the love of my life. When I saw him walk on stage, I just knew.

LOVEBIRDS



Narcissus and Goldmund

Hermann Hesse

1930

Quietly he let the streams flow through him; happily he felt the boundless fire grow, felt it alive in both of them, turning their little lair into the vital, breathing center of all the quiet night.

He bent over Lise's face and began to kiss her lips in the darkness. Suddenly he saw her eyes and forehead shine with a gentle light. He looked in surprise, watched the glow grow brighter, more intense. Then he knew and turned his head: the moon was rising over the edge of the long black stretch of forest. He watched the white gentle light miraculously inundate her forehead, her cheeks, slide over her round, limpid throat. Softly, delighted, he said: 'How beautiful you are!'

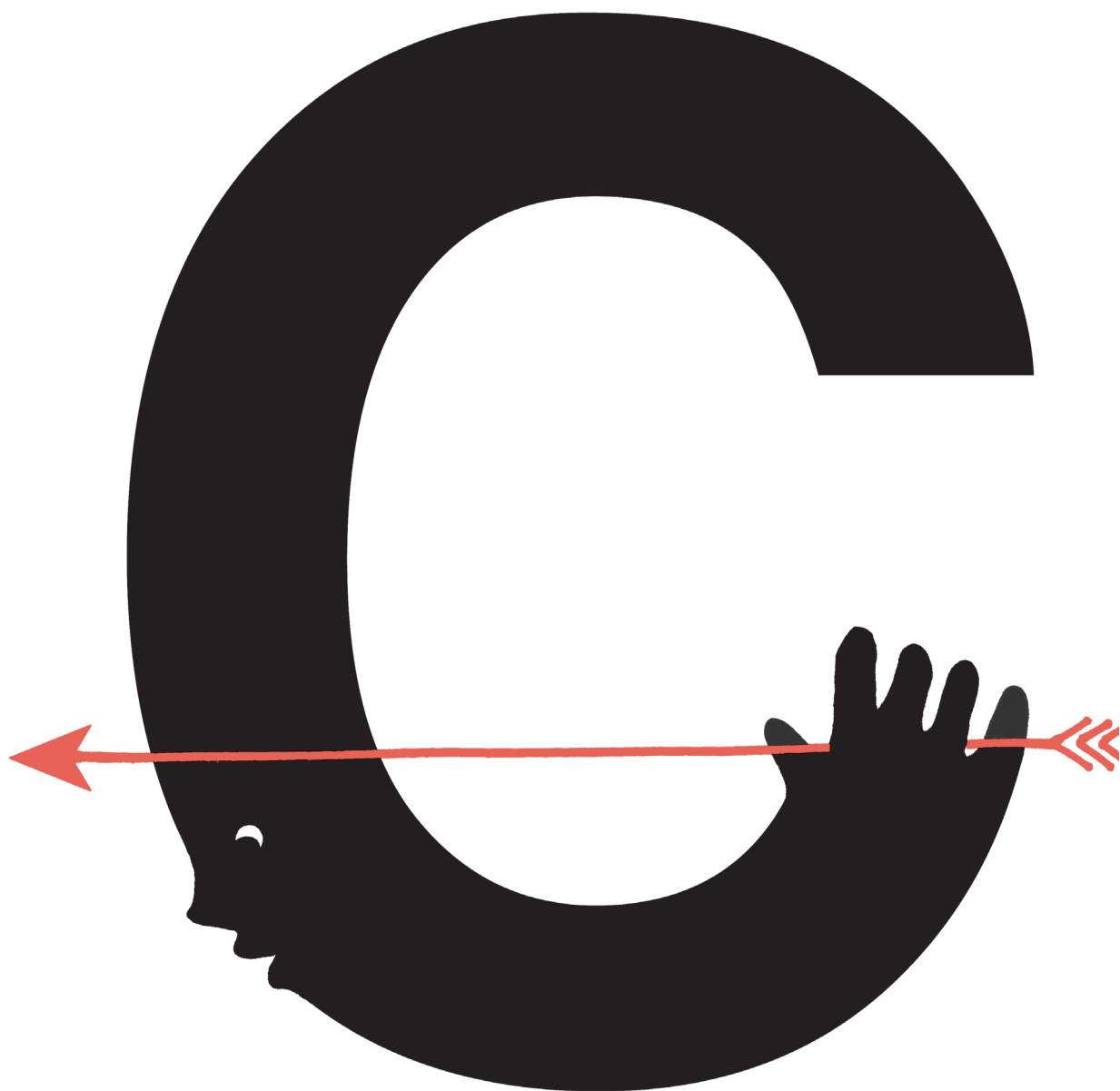
A Man from Her Past

Lydia Davis

2007

I think Mother is flirting with a man from her past who is not Father. I say to myself: Mother ought not to have improper relations with this man “Franz”! “Franz” is a European. I say she should not see this man improperly while Father is away! But I am confusing an old reality with a new reality: Father will not be returning home. He will be staying on at Vernon Hall. As for Mother, she is ninety-four years old. How can there be improper relations with a woman of ninety-four? Yet my confusion must be this: though her body is old, her capacity for betrayal is still young and fresh.

CUPID



Mrs Dalloway

Virginia Woolf

1925

“In love,” he repeated, now speaking rather dryly to Clarissa Dalloway; “in love with a girl in India.” He had deposited his garland. Clarissa could make what she would of it.

“In love!” she said. That he at his age should be sucked under in his little bow-tie by that monster! And there’s no flesh on his neck; his hands are red; and he’s six months older than I am! her eye flashed back to her; but in her heart she felt, all the same, he is in love. He has that, she felt; he is in love.

But the indomitable egotism which for ever rides down the hosts opposed to it, the river which says on, on, on; even though, it admits, there may be no goal for us whatever, still on, on; this indomitable egotism charged her cheeks with colour; made her look very young; very pink; very bright-eyed as she sat with her dress upon her knee, and her needle held to the end of green silk, trembling a little. He was in love! Not with her. With some younger woman, of course.

“And who is she?” she asked.

Now this statue must be brought from its height and set down between them.

“A married woman, unfortunately,” he said; “the wife of a Major in the Indian Army.”

And with a curious ironical sweetness he smiled as he placed her in this ridiculous way before Clarissa.

(All the same, he is in love, thought Clarissa.)

Fireworks

Jan Lauwereyns

2002

According to the astronomer standing there
with a mouthful of teeth – smart fellow –
there was something already in the beginning.

Something: with great gravitational force,
a black hole, a flame in my heart.

If not, no event t before $t + 1$,
and so nothing between the two

where time could

take place. And without time
no arrow that leaves somewhere in order to
God knows when arrive somewhere else.

God, Cupid, Thor.

So we silently think
there must have begun something
that was the beginning of it all.

DATE



The Hour of the Star

Clarice Lispector

1977

They didn't know how to take a walk. They walked through the heavy rain and stopped in front of a hardware store where the window display featured piping, tin cans, large bolts and nails. And Macabéa, afraid that the silence might already mean separation, said to her new boyfriend:

--I just love bolts and nails, what about you, sir?

The second time they met a soft drizzle was falling that soaked them to the bone. Without even holding hands they walked in the rain that on Macabéa's face looked like flowing tears.

The third time they met – wouldn't you know it was raining? – the guy, irritated and losing the light varnish of politeness that his stepfather had taught him with great effort, said:

--All you ever do is rain!

--I'm sorry!

But she already loved him so much that she could no longer do without him, she was desperately in love.

Once when they met she finally asked his name.

--Olimpico de Jesus Moreira Chaves – he lied because his only last name was de Jesus, name of those who have no father. He'd been raised by a stepfather who taught him smooth ways of dealing with people in order to take advantage of them and how to pick up girls.

--I don't understand your name – she said. – Olimpico?

Macabéa feigned enormous curiosity hiding from him that

she never understood anything very well and that was just how it was. But he little fighting cock that he was, bristled at the stupid question to which he didn't know the answer. He said annoyed:

--I know but I don't want to tell you!

--It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter, it doesn't matter ... we don't need to know what our names mean.