

# A METAPHOR FOR LOVE



I think that the world has to unite deeply as long as there is no true love that catches us in disguise about perhaps a simple adventure of our wills that maybe is not realistic as it should be and that we only see with the material side and forget to see with the soul because maybe life has its disaffections that are unexploitable and inexplicable of admitting the truth about the compression that dwells On the more challenged and socialist side, which are not things to be deserved and recognized, in the face of a tremendous emotional storm, we are subject to the folly and unconsciousness of the will that detaches us by a simple invalidity, a certain personal disorder that makes us minimize good moral concepts and sentimental acts that are born of the conscience, prime to favor dynamism over the high controls of life, which is normal and there is simplicity of self. Unite with each other that we can certainly believe in the power of love and its power to know each other

because I think that all things in life are simply morbid because the sense of nature maybe is to try to build and dexterous to go between both things of paradise as a relativity and reaction of life and death because the universe can be to be relay between two missions as to the construction of the world that everything is It started from nothing and we can understand its aspects and transformations between the creation of life and the destruction of death that we should for a simple notion of the human being being pieces of the great cosmic universe we can concretize this competition in which in everything and for everything we certainly seek things, both material and spiritual, from the bottom of this trajectory, in which we can return to chaos as a more simplified and optimized feeling of love and hate that it was when things were done and accomplished upon life and thus the world originated and the human being obstructs it, a feeling and a thought of agreement and bankruptcy, that here now we can understand that the world by nature has never been perfect and that we are a metaphor for it in everything and for everything and so we designate over the living and full consciousness the high esteem as perhaps the pleasure and low esteem as displeasure and life may be or are on two assumptions that make the mind of a being love as well as hate, and so perhaps someday we will be able to understand deeply and relatively about love as modesty between two personalities of our own, which we live for the good fortune of knowing someone and dispersion of rejecting that person, love remaining as a reflection and contravention of certain habits, Moods, uncertainties, displeasure and momentary thing that relatively everything can be related in a chemical process of a life-creating existence that perhaps by any struggle and displeasure of the feeling about the vi and full consciousness we can really effectively favor true love and I think that nothing is perfect

in this world and that we recognize the true love coming from God that may have completed us in another story of the Bible in the wake of the That maybe we can better have feelings about the human being and merely understand him about all the things that we venture and God is more confident in this relationship that it would be better, maybe or out of politeness, really believe in love, because obviously everything that God did or created was with love, and if we are children of God, we are likeness of God and we can about everything and everyone, and love maybe has its purposes that correctly or relatively, it is or is present in the soul of the human being as simple emotions of the mind that makes us live and die at the same time this self-will that becomes improper, dispensing us with some social disorders such as submission to teach and defloresce the beautiful imagination and conquest of man over life, and I think that everything is reaction and submission of the adventurous love, which is unleashed tomorrow, as well as the unbridled hatred, which is also tomorrow And so we may apprehend and combine in a relation of struggle as to nature itself, which favors us, as it takes us to continue to live and love life itself, and love is a reaction of struggle against a desire appreciated and favored by an existence of the will. Perhaps, someday, really, without trouble and courage, we will be able to really subsist on a truly psychological factor, true love. Have you ever loved someone? Hugs and a kiss to all from the writer and psychoanalyst Roberto Barros.

By: Roberto Barros