Emotional

You think because he doesn't love you that you are worthless. You think that because he doesn't want you anymore that he is right -- that his judgement and opinion of you are correct. If he throws you out, then you are garbage. You think he belongs to you because you want to belong to him. Don't. It's a bad word, 'belong.' Especially when you put it with somebody you love. Love shouldn't be like that. Did you ever see the way the clouds love a mountain? They circle all around it; sometimes you can't even see the mountain for the clouds. But you know what? You go up top and what do you see? His head. The clouds never cover the head. His head pokes through, beacuse the clouds let him; they don't wrap him up. They let him keep his head up high, free, with nothing to hide him or bind him. You can't own a human being. You can't lose what you don't own. Suppose you did own him. Could you really love somebody who was absolutely nobody without you? You really want somebody like that? Somebody who falls apart when you walk out the door? You don't, do you? And neither does he. You're turning over your whole life to him. Your whole life, girl. And if it means so little to you that you can just give it away, hand it to him, then why should it mean any more to him? He can't value you more than you value yourself.

Don't be ashamed to weep; 'tis right to grieve. Tears are only water, and flowers, trees, and fruit cannot grow without water. But there must be sunlight also. A wounded heart will heal in time, and when it does, the memory and love of our lost ones is sealed inside to comfort us.

If you hold back on the emotions--if you don't allow yourself to go all the way through them--you can never get to being detached, you're too busy being afraid. You're afraid of the pain, you're afraid of the grief. You're afraid of the vulnerability that loving entails. But by throwing yourself into these emotions, by allowing yourself to dive in, all the way, over your heard even, you experience them fully and completely.

Why are you leaving me?  
He wrote, I do not know how to live.  
I do not know either but I am trying.  
I do not know how to try.  
There were some things I wanted to tell him. But I knew they would hurt him. So i buried them and let them hurt me

I am an atheist, out and out. It took me a long time to say it. I've been an atheist for years and years, but somehow I felt it was intellectually unrespectable to say one was an atheist, because it assumed knowledge that one didn't have. Somehow, it was better to say one was a humanist or an agnostic. I finally decided that I'm a creature of emotion as well as of reason. Emotionally, I am an atheist. I don't have the evidence to prove that God doesn't exist, but I so strongly suspect he doesn't that I don't want to waste my time.

One of the most frustrating words in the human language, as far as I could tell, was love.  
So much meaning attached to this one little word. People bandied it about freely, using it to  
describe their attachments to possessions, pets, vacation destinations, and favorite foods. In the  
same breath they then applied this word to the person they considered most important in their  
lives. Wasn’t that insulting? Shouldn’t there be some other term to describe deeper emotion?

No man has the right to dictate what other men should perceive, create or produce, but all should be encouraged to reveal themselves, their perceptions and emotions, and to build confidence in the creative spirit.”

“I got tired, I told him. Not worn out, but worn through. Like one of those wives who wakes up one morning and says I can't bake any more bread.  
You never bake bread, he wrote, and we were still joking.  
Then it's like I woke up and baked bread, I said, and we were joking even then. I wondered will there come a time when we won't be joking? And what would it look like? And how would that feel?  
When I was a girl, my life was music that was always getting louder. Everything moved me. A dog following a stranger. That made me feel so much. A calender that showed the wrong month. I could have cried over it. I did. Where the smoke from the chimney ended. How an overturned bottle rested at the edge of a table.  
I spent my life learning to feel less.  
Every day I felt less.  
Is that growing old? Or is it something worse?  
You cannot protect yourself from sadness without protecting yourself from happiness.”

When she came to her senses again she cut off all contact with him. It had not been easy, but she had steeled herself. The last time she saw him she was standing on a[PLATFORM[http://cdncache-a.akamaihd.net/items/it/img/arrow-10x10.png](http://s.iktmmny.com/click?v=SU46MTE1NDY5Ojk1NzU6cGxhdGZvcm1zOmU3NjFjZDk5YjgzNGRiNmUzZmRlN2M5ZDczMjhiZGI4OnotMjE0OC04Nzc5OTMyNjp3d3cuZ29vZHJlYWRzLmNvbTozMjg4ODk6MDpjODIxMGJjYzc2YzM0OTNjYWVjNTIxYTljYjdlYjkzZjoxOmRhdGFfc3MsNzI4eDEzNjY7ZGF0YV9yYyw3O2RhdGFfZmIsbm87OjUyNzI1ODQ&subid=g-87799326-afc91906d6b944989ab3e6c33f08a5f2-&data_ss=728x1366&data_rc=7&data_fb=no&data_tagname=A&data_ct=link_only&data_clickel=link)](http://s.iktmmny.com/click?v=SU46MTE1NDY5Ojk1NzU6cGxhdGZvcm1zOmU3NjFjZDk5YjgzNGRiNmUzZmRlN2M5ZDczMjhiZGI4OnotMjE0OC04Nzc5OTMyNjp3d3cuZ29vZHJlYWRzLmNvbTozMjg4ODk6MDpjODIxMGJjYzc2YzM0OTNjYWVjNTIxYTljYjdlYjkzZjoxOmRhdGFfc3MsNzI4eDEzNjY7ZGF0YV9yYyw3O2RhdGFfZmIsbm87OjUyNzI1ODQ&subid=g-87799326-afc91906d6b944989ab3e6c33f08a5f2-&data_ss=728x1366&data_rc=7&data_fb=no&data_tagname=A&data_ct=link_only&data_clickel=link) in the tunnelbana at Gamla Stan and he was sitting in the train on his way downtown. She had stared at him for a whole minute and decided that she did not have a grain of feeling left, because it would have been the same as bleeding to death. Fuck you.”

I suppose it’s not a social norm, and not a manly thing to do — to feel, discuss feelings. So that’s what I’m giving the finger to. Social norms and stuff…what good are social norms, really? I think all they do is project a limited and harmful image of people. It thus impedes a broader social acceptance of what someone, or a group of people, might actually be like.”

A strange, terrific force unlike anything I've ever experienced is sprouting in my heart, taking root there, growing. Shut up behind my rib cage, my warm heart expands and contracts independent of my will--over and over.” This is the great lesson the depressive learns: Nothing in the world is inherently compelling. Whatever may be really “out there” cannot project itself as an affective experience. It is all a vacuous affair with only a chemical prestige. Nothing is either good or bad, desirable or undesirable, or anything else except that it is made so by laboratories inside us producing the emotions on which we live. And to live on our emotions is to live arbitrarily, inaccurately—imparting meaning to what has none of its own. Yet what other way is there to live? Without the ever-clanking machinery of emotion, everything would come to a standstill. There would be nothing to do, nowhere to go, nothing to be, and no one to know. The alternatives are clear: to live falsely as pawns of affect, or to live factually as depressives, or as individuals who know what is known to the depressive. How advantageous that we are not coerced into choosing one or the other, neither choice being excellent. One look at human existence is proof enough that our species will not be released from the stranglehold of emotionalism that anchors it to hallucinations. That may be no way to live, but to opt for depression would be to opt out of existence as we consciously know it.”

When I have neither pleasure nor pain and have been breathing for a while the lukewarm insipid air of these so called good and tolerable days, I feel so bad in my childish soul that I smash my moldering lyre of thanksgiving in the face of the slumbering god of contentment and would rather feel the very devil burn in me than this warmth of a well-heated room. A wild longing for strong emotions and sensations seethes in me, a rage against this toneless, flat, normal and sterile life. I have a mad impulse to smash something, a warehouse, perhaps, or a cathedral, or myself, to commit outrages, to pull off the wigs of a few revered idols...”

Lonely people have enthusiasms which cannot always be explained. When something strikes them as funny, the intensity and length of their laughter mirrors the depth of their loneliness, and they are capable of laughing like hyenas. When something touches their emotions, it runs through them like Paul Revere, awakening feelings that gather into great armies.” 

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When animals express their feelings they pour out like water from a spout. Animals' emotions are raw, unfiltered, and uncontrolled. Their joy is the purest and most contagious of joys and their grief the deepest and most devastating. Their passions bring us to our knees in delight and sorrow.”

My life is like an autumn leaf  
I lie around unclaimed.  
The breeze blows me around,  
To be trampled under the feet of men.  
Natures cruel feast has bestowed me with pain,  
Pain of being a part,  
Just a part of someone.  
Pain of departing,  
Departing from that one.  
Pick me up like a rose,  
And hold me to your heart.  
Keep me there till he does not come.  
And when he comes do a good deed,  
Dig the earth below,  
And bury me deep  
For I don't want to lie around,  
Unclaimed, unloved.”