Labor of Love

Do what you love, they say, and never look back. But regret cannot be stayed willfully. So, instead, attack. Stultify dutifully the notion that your love is ever given or sustained. Love is taken. And though you may hold it in many manners, it isn’t held simply. There’s no such thing as attainment. There is no rest for this.

Will it ever be possible to stop imagining needing more to stay ahead of the next harvest’s horizon? Stocks and stores often swell too large but they skew perspective. The closer you get to the top of each sphere, the less it seems to change.

Our hearts require assembly, as our minds come blank and both remain paper fragile for the duration of our too short lives.

The principles of capitalism apply to love, like war—if you aren’t growing, you’re dying.