There once was a playboy, who, his only love did forsake. Cold and pleasantly arrogant, yet, looking at the broken worlds, his heart did ache. Condolences of a foul mouth are seldom accepted, so he chose a different way. He went up to every bird whose love wings were clipped, and in the darkest hour of gloom, he poured in some more:

It is funny how you cry like a child, opposing the existence of love, so that someday, someone would come and croon you and lull you to sleep with a love song. So much that you believe in it, you deny it more vehemently, so that someday, someone comes to you and convinces you that it exists. You are so desperate to hold on to the faintest light that might shine through. I saw you clutch your throbbing heart and move out of that room, fuming and desperate, looking for a place to breathe. That hag was raving about the non-existence of love, what wrong is it? You yourself said so. Everyone listened; some aired their opinions too, in support, or in disagreement. But you chose to leave, because you couldn’t take it. I can understand you were not feeling well, and I know what was making you unwell. Nostalgia? That child inside who wanted to rip out her cursed tongue and vindicate love from the accusations that she hurled at it? Just because you couldn’t take it, because all of it was a farce, a hoax, a lie? Look at you, acting all so strong even now. Look at your face, I feel like pitying you right now, but I won’t.

Love, isn’t a sacrifice. No, it is not a gesture of selflessness. It’s an act of biggest selfishness. Can you love and expect not to be loved back? You can convince your mind and probably your heart that you don’t expect anything. But for how long? Even for a moment if this thought passed your mind that why doesn’t he even look back to me, when I love him so fully, watch your intentions. See the real face.

It is true of the normal heart;

For the error bred in the bone,

Of each woman and each man,

Craves what it cannot have,

Not universal love,

But to be loved alone\*

I don’t blame you for doing it, but accuse you for denying its validity and running from it. *I will mock you, ridicule your meagre existence. The more you resist, the more I'll insist, until you surrender to the temptation. I am not your emancipator, I have come to drug you, and drag you to the keel of your misery. I'll leave you there, alone. What would you make out of it? Go overboard? Can you? I dare you to move. Rebuild or conform, from ground zero, prove me wrong.*

*I don't want you to possess a heart of gold, that's too malleable. I'd rather turn you into stone, sharp at the edges, immaculately carved into a form so divine that it is atrocious. ¥*

Who am I? For you, I am a Nobody, who would not care the least, nothing more than a trespasser, a gambler who has put in money for his own mirth, business as usual. What have I achieved to be so boisterous about and be so high on hubris? Nothing, nothing at least to fancy your whims.

But then, I don't understand emotion, in particular, in singularity.

\*Copied from the feed of another blog, the lines were short lived there, I don’t claim them.

¥ Yet another quote, from some old literature.

P.S. Maybe the italicized text that had been with me for quite some time now inspired me to write this, I am not very sure. But one thing I am sure of is that while writing this, I remembered reading something related to this a very long time ago. It was this article, some things leave imprints for a long time.

On a different note, homage to The Saint:

***Let those love now, who never loved before: Let those who always loved, now love the more.***

***‘Pervigilium Veneris’***