

Every person I know is a reminder of you. Whatever is noble in their heart reminds me of yours through similarity—whatever is evil, through opposition.

I often ask myself: Is this it, then? Is humanity condemned, in my eyes, to the unbearable weight of you? There is nothing in anyone that could stand the weight of you. You have every virtue I cherish—even every flaw I cherish—and everyone and everything is small beside you. You have changed what I expect of life. You have become a talisman that drives my gaze into the stars, so that I never forget that life's worth living.

I could never begin to tell you what you mean to me. You are my love, my one and only love, forever. This cannot be changed, cannot mutate, cannot become impermanent. The years have shown that our bond possesses the virtues of the water: its surface suffers constant transmutation, its depths remain the same.

I have often wished to be like water, to become water for you. I have wished to dispossess myself of the regions of my personality that do not contribute to your happiness. But time and time again, I have failed you. I wish that I could promise you that, someday, you'll have the life you've dreamed with me. But one must not make such promises. I can only promise this: I will always see your true face. That spiritual visage will be the one truth I'll hold on to in this life.

Smile and be happy, if not for you for me. We have been given the blessing of knowing each other. Life, in all probability, is a dark and loveless affair. We are among the very few which destiny has spared. You'll always have a friend in me. So smile: I'm smiling too.

—Santi