

Love and Fear

I see impartial connections, people who want yet fear something deep and exposing. Love requires us to be open, to connect and share in ways that can be returned with malice and untold pain. So many try then to hold a guarded love – creating the veneer of intimacy when in fact the door is closed. Illusions are erected to show others, our partners, and ourselves.

We pervert our language to convince ourselves that sex equates a whole love, when it is merely just a fraction of the whole picture. We attain the trappings of image to fulfill the image in our minds we are selling ourselves. We repeat ourselves in the hopes we will one day believe it, and very often, sadly, we do.

No activity, no role, no group, no community will bring you love. Only you, and the hands of chance, can do that by keeping both the eyes and heart fully open to the experience, and fully vulnerable to all that may come with it. A guarded love, a partial love, a conditional love is not Love – its the lie we tell ourselves and one another because we are afraid of the vulnerability required of us. And we miss so much when we listen to the voices of those fears...

“There is no safe investment. To love at all is to be vulnerable. Love anything, and your heart will certainly be wrung and possibly be broken. If you want to make sure of keeping it intact, you must give your heart to no one, not even to an animal. Wrap it carefully round with hobbies and little luxuries; avoid all entanglements; lock it up safe in the casket or coffin of your selfishness. But in that casket – safe, dark, motionless, airless – it will change. It will not be broken; it will become unbreakable, impenetrable, irredeemable. The alternative to tragedy, or at least to the risk of tragedy, is damnation. The only place outside Heaven

where you can be perfectly safe from all the dangers and perturbations of love is Hell.” – C.S. Lewis, [The Four Loves](#)