

distance is what makes love possible. through love one becomes what he already knows. the enchantment that love brings keeps reality in check. intimacy leads to disillusionment, which means the alienation of the subject from its desire. which is detrimental to the mystic, who therefore avoids intimacy at all cost. for it is the subject he wishes to destroy, not the desire.

the labor of love, suffering, is a battle against the illusion of the subject. and self-destruction is an attempt to overcome the separation of the subject from its exterior. the seeker chooses suffering in order to attain the unity, for which he had yearned all along. his struggle is for the achievement of oneness, which, if successful, must end in oblivion.

the riddle of love keeps the unknowable intact yet impenetrable. there is no quest without enchantment, which ties desire to what it cannot possess. enchantment sustains the proximity of the unknowable to the subject who yearns to know it. and when this distance is overcome, what follows is necessarily destruction: either the subject dissipates together with its capacity to know things—or the ultimate unknowability of the object disappears together with the desire to know it. hence, in the former case, the sacred foolishness of the mystic, who finally declares: "i am god!" and hence, in the latter, the professional sophistry of the scholar delivered in lifeless voices.

distance is what makes things into toys and breathing-meat into profundity and lover boys. but life becomes something other than a toy, when it's not my own life that i toy with. that alone is why a part of me must always remain serious. and it is that part which is stirred when nothing arises as a possibility to hurt those— dare i say love?

pain is what gives substance to an otherwise unspoiled void: i am truly hurt only when i hurt. the rest is simply the game i have longed to master all along—of achieving nothing. i have sought to remain distant, not just to keep the nothing unspoiled, but in order also to prevent my whirl from harming others. it is only when i don't love someone can love become free of an object and play the exquisite game—of nothing. that alone is the way to “learn how to die.”

the one i love keeps me from becoming my own ultimate fate. by embodying the possibility of hurting her, she obliges me to remain unhurt, therefore present. she becomes the antidote to my poison, my solitude, my medicine. the love that helps me achieve nothing when at a distance, becomes the killer of distance when close by. and without distance, it is not at all possible to achieve—nothing.

the choice then is either to hurt oneself and the other or ditch oneself and love the other. this is why, no matter what the means, the end is always infidelity—either by lingering around but remaining afar or by going afar but leaving the pain behind, close by.

other than as a pure possibility then, has love ever been possible at all?

distance is what makes love possible



left: girl in new york city  
right: girl in new york city