

## TO WRITE AS TO LOVE

In writing the good health of the body unburdens itself. Writing prevents us from doing anything else. Writing and loving at the same time leads to stop writing or to stop loving, or to stop being loved. One writes as one loves.

To write is to write the insistent returns under every diversity. Loving and writing do not aim at the creation of great novels. They aim at bonds that envelop the whole of life. Writing expels the randomness of life. Loving expels the randomness of life. They become a destiny. How can the impossible be a destiny? One writes as one loves.

Love and writing. From love we don't expect love, we expect to be able to write it. Loving is a form of writing. Writing demands something that it can't bear, solitude. Writing is a way of loving. To abandon oneself to sincerity is as sad as to abandon oneself to fiction. To love demands trust to the degree of sadness. Writing demands trust to the degree of sadness. One writes as one loves.

The lesson is always the same. To give oneself and to be able to bear it. The problem of love is the same as the problem of writing, to overcome the preposition and develop the subordinate. If we give ourselves unselfishly we cannot regret it, so it is not unselfish abandonment. To love without mental reservation is a luxury that is paid for, paid for, paid for. Perhaps books are the price you pay for loving, for loving as you love. We write as we love.

What we write is always blind. To write is to give a kiss. One writes as one loves.

Normality becomes poetry, ceases to be normality and becomes an event. Our gaze becomes the gaze of a destiny. Love books are epics of a world of loners. We readers are not an audience, we are soul mates. Every love story begins with a look. We write because of that look. That glance becomes a destiny. A single glance for a whole love. One writes to endure that look. In that look there is no writing. But the absence, the impossibility of writing. After a look Dante runs to his room and doesn't write until he starts to write. He stops writing because the failure becomes too obvious. A silence in his room. One writes as one loves.

What we write is always blind. To write is to crash. One writes as one loves.

They asked him what love had reduced him so much. Maybe he smiled. And he kept silent. Well, from now on I'll shut up, I'll shut up like the madmen, shut up, shut up, shut up, shut up. To fall in love with silence. One writes as one loves. Expelled for crying in the streets he returns to his room. He laments in his room. Where they can't hear him. He laments and the lament finds silence. He doesn't write until he starts to write. He becomes a secret in the middle of the city. Whoever writes doesn't need to be loved. One writes as one loves.

Dante looks and sees no one. The city is the stage for a look of love. He walks to find a look. He makes a fool of himself in the street. The ridicule of lovers. He writes a song and sings it in the street. He says that the song was dictated by love. To write is to make a fool of oneself. One writes as one loves.

Sin who doesn't show pity for me. That's how love is written, hopelessly. Writing like loving becomes irremediable. But how can the impossible be a destiny? I come to see you believing to be cured. One writes as one loves.

- How is it that you love a woman whose greeting you cannot bear? - The end of my love was already that greeting. Dante forgets that he writes. One writes as one loves.

He thinks he has talked too much and leaves his room. To love is to feel abandoned all the time. He would make people fall in love by talking. Dante and Beatriz are two lonely people who meet in Martín de los Heros street. One says that love comes through the eyes, and the other believes it, believes it. That love is in the gaze is that love is in writing. Whoever writes walks in love and crashes in a glance. The city is the place where the encounter took place. Writing turns the city into the stage of love, Martín de los Heros Street into a destination. Dante proposes a rhetoric of love in which the poet opens up to prose. To open up to prose is not to reveal the beloved. It is to speak of him because we are asked. In the room the vicious sonnet. In the silence Dante is abrupt, confused, perhaps ridiculous. This is how he comes to write what he writes. Writing makes the city the scene of a love. Everyone crowds around Dante's eyes. One writes as one loves.

We write because we need a danger that binds us to each other. We looked at each other as if being alive meant nothing, as if we were playing dumb. And normality becomes writing. Writing becomes an epic to a world of loners. Dante in the street of cinemas. Giving oneself is a greater passion than receiving. That is why we write, to give words. One wishes to discover a love as one wishes to discover a writing that supports it. Discovering a writing is like discovering a promise. One writes as one loves.

In the unsettling effort to write we are sustained by the promise that something remains unsaid on the page. That unsaid thing is that promise. It is sad to recognise that this promise exists only for the writer. We are left alone with what we do not write. To write and to love is to aspire to a companionship in silence. To aspire to sustain oneself in what is not said, in what is not written, that is to want to write.

This is undoubtedly my path to faith, my way of being faithful. A renunciation of everything, immersing myself in a sea of love. Perhaps everything is here, in the trembling of 'if it were true', if it were really true.

One wants to think, one reaches a point, where one wants to think that there are more things we don't write about than we write about, that please, there are more things we don't write about. What happens when writing is more than living. We think we can leave it, that we'll write tomorrow, that we'll live tomorrow.

Writing: in the long run, pain detaches itself from anxiety, from the memory, from the suspicion that provoked it, and moves solitarily through us. Tonight you were suffering when you searched for the forgotten reason for your pain. Pain is knowing that the pain will pass and we will be left alone. After writing we are left

like a shot gun. Writing makes us the most calculated joke in the world. Writing starts when we lose the game. Writing leaves us like a shot gun. The horror is to have nothing to look forward to. We write to keep a place of waiting. Because waiting is still an occupation, having nothing to wait for is the sad thing about writing. We write to convince ourselves that there is still something left, something to write, something to live. The illusion that on the page there is something left to write, the illusion that on the page there is something left to write. As if the books we write owe us something. The things we write cannot happen. Writing makes our lives implausible, ridiculous, it cancels out chance. The street of cinemas. Whoever writes keeps the desire to save a part of his life from writing. The part of love.

The tragedy of writing lies in its inevitability. The street of cinemas. The street of cinemas. Destiny is the mythical thing that has an existence, the drama. From myth we pass to poetry. Writing turns us into the most calculated joke in the world.

Writing and loving. We love those who obscure our clarity, for whom no words will do. The street of cinemas. We love those who discover the street of cinemas. Who makes us write the street of cinemas. Writing is one of the few things that can bear witness to our freedom. The freedom to be able to love indiscriminately at any time, to be able to write indiscriminately at any time.