

A defense of the prideful

[Life](#), [Love](#)



A person who is mindful, who comes upon the person they always have imagined knows that the spirit of sex comes into play before it even takes place. The greatest comfort isn't sex, but the ardor with which it happens. When the excitement is at its peak, then sex joins in to complete the dance, but it is never the primary aim. There are certain moments to be remembered, the oasis in the scorching desert, when we are lying next to each other...After outstanding, preposterous toil that left me relaxed and dwindled. I enveloped her in my arms, fatigued from bolstering myself up, only to pick up a silent sigh of warmth. Her skin was soft, much like the blanket we were cloaked by, and her turquoise eyes drew open and shut, covered by her matte-black lashes. I would tighten and loosen my arms, run my fingers through her golden hair, and faintly ask whether she was okay. Nervous chills running down my spine and thoughts aggressively going through my head. This is the peak of agony and passion, relief and worry. My naked body was encompassing her and my soul felt ready to ask for forgiveness.

It would be ideal if everyone who says they make love are indeed in love. What an absurd world view. Most of the people in this world who say they make love are not in love. To be optimistic about this is to wait for God to etch your name together with the stars; So foolish. The stars will never fall into place in order for you to make eternal love with each other. This moment right now, is something we can all control, we cannot yearn for the future or dwell in the past because tomorrow might not turn out as you had hoped. Foolishness was my expertise. Stupid, youthful, naivety. I did not want to believe in love at first sight, yet when I had laid my eyes on you, I

could not burden myself with the delusion of “love at first glance”. I had felt as if we had loved for our whole life, and many lives before that; when we wavered through happenchance and that the choices that we made every time brought us here once again. The illusion of choice, the impossibility of events. Every time we encountered each other, it went quicker. One extended look, long enough for you to mirror back, staring into the depths of your eyes, unwittingly remembering lifetimes and the same look that we gave each other.

They had always quarreled. They never accetpted anything, no concurrences on anything. Not one thing was concluded. They had fought for nights on end, using the same words to exemplify different things, and never spoke to each other truly. He remembered a time when they fought on the same wavelength, and they accepted each other. Why was he like this? He changed every fight into a criticism and backing of his reasons. What he said originally no longer matters unless the reasons he gives are sensible. When she asked a question, the goal was no longer to answer it, it was to evoke phrases to be manipulated. If he never gave his answers, there would be nothing to manipulate. The method of answering someone’s question is by explaining why it is you said what you said, and that is what makes a bitter person outraged.

Detail your agony and your passion; your belief in the good and beautiful. Imagine all of these when your pen is to your page and you receive a burst of energy. Use your surroundings, the people in your dreams, the things you vividly remember. Do not cry reminiscing on the past, for the past is what

you look to and raise your drowned feelings. Do not cry of depression, allow your loneliness to grow greater and dimmer, where the silent whispers of people around you is all you hear, the silhouettes of people you once knew while you clutch the pen and the tears touch the page before the ink, then the prose will come out. You will cease to ask anyone whether it is okay, for it is the dearest possession you have, what is personal is no longer. The words you wrote are good only if your writing came about because it was necessary.

The end of the rope. Prideful, egocentric, these are the qualities of a man who has reached the end of his rope. Franklin Roosevelt once said, if you reach the end of your rope, then tie a knot in it and hang on. For the rope can only bear so many knots, so much burden and weight, stress. The rope had been pulled from both directions. The intimate nature of their relationship was akin to the tension of a rope being yanked from either end. The only possibility of mitigation is the tearing of the twine, the braids untangling, slowly, leaving a calm, dispiriting relief. This sort of relief is surrender. He felt misery. Surrender is a miserable feeling to the ego-centric who pays not attention to the feelings of the people he loves. Looking down upon her, his egocentricity had required him to prove his actions to her, rather than be what she wanted him to be. When he first laid eyes upon her, he did not love her. His heart was not virtuous enough, do not give him that credit. He craved that she would love him, that someone would love him. The prideful man was not once prideful, for pride is the consequence of a desperate soul. When he had entangled her in his gaze, mind and body paying full attention, perfect synchronization, he did not feel pride, but fear.

Every man is desperate in their lives, until they meet the one who frightens them; that fear that you are not thoughtless and incompetent; the desire for the one...someone, to sense anguish in their heart for you, without letting your heart hurt anymore. This is the love that a man feels, and he was blessed with this, and cursed with the selfish attitude that anyone who is madly in love would feel. Pride is a sin and desperation is pitiable, but to covet for love when time and time again a beating heart is slashed and slit into piece after piece, is courage.