

Combien de temps dure la passion ?

LOUISE BOURGOIN ✶ GASPARD PROUST

*L'amour
dure
trois ans*



As much to be clear from the beginning, the passional state does not last. We must also agree on the words: "Passion is a powerful and continuous emotion, which dominates reason." Larousse says it, but we agree enough!

The love lasts, yes, and varies over time. "Love," Larousse tells us, "is a very intense feeling, an attachment encompassing the tenderness and physical attraction between two persons." At least we are clear about these two definitions. But will we be content with this brevity? So many books, and before them of parchments, have been devoted to the question. So many poets, still singing or missing, praise us.

We feel at once that this is part of the crucible of the question. Because precisely what poets sing is passion, and when they cry, it is because it escapes them. And with them books, movies, songs, posters and fairy tales, all concur in maintaining the idea that love must be passionate or not be.

Passion, those who have lived it know it, makes us grow wings in the back, makes us want to sing in the shower, takes us to the heights of happiness and higher still, but it also torments us, ravages us And sometimes sends us straight into the wall or into the dark depths of the tortures of the soul ... Is it so healthy finally?

In fact, everything happens a little as if, when we meet a person we fall in love

with (fall down, already have that word, it's curious ...), something lights up in us against a series of criteria that Attract. Why ? Should we analyze them? Or let us be carried away by the mysteries of Love? This is not the purpose here.

But imagine for a moment that we are all composed of a hundred pieces, like a puzzle. When we fall in love, especially if it is a thunderbolt, which is therefore a brutal explosion of love, rather immediate, how many pieces of the other puzzle are we conscious? Ten? Twenty? Rarely more. (I like his voice, his way of moving, his smile makes me melt, his timidity disturbs me, and the account of his journey was so exciting ... And then, these red shoes Mmmhh ...)

source : Mary Andersen

to be continued / a suivre