LOVE: A TALE TOLD BY AN IDIOT

full of sound and fury, signifying nothing

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I am today talking about the life of a lover: about the way our lives change dramatically when we meet that special someone with whom we fall in love.

In the Vol. 5 No.5 February 6–February 22 1993 edition of the soft sell Hints magazine, romance writer Kayode Ajala described love in his “Valentine Notes” as “the silent music that plays in the ears of the one infected, ...a long dream from which escape is not possible until the music plays out its intoxicating tune.”

Love! The mystery and allure of it always continue to baffle us. We know we enjoy it, we cherish and treasure it: the love, the care, the commitment, of the opposite sex. Indeed of anyone we love. Love is, without doubt, a curious state of mind which sometimes runs a head-long course of desperate madness. It is that nearly abstruse something which the Freudians refer to as “the psychosis of normal people.” Without question, it is a pleasurable thing to love and to be loved in return.

The process of falling in love presents a peculiar state of plasticity for the whole of our faculties, followed by a new type level of organization for our lives. It takes us to the apex of being; brings about the emergence of a new definition of life which other forms of commitments are quite unable to equal.

It is truly a beautiful thing, a lot of fun, full of pleasure. Those who experience it in the truest sense always tell amazing stories;
those who think about it have great promises to keep; those who believe in it and practice it always have an omnipresent emotional fluency tending their daily activities; all these because love revitalizes the soul with a new burst of energy, merged with an enfolding inner presence. It makes the pattern of one’s life to have a converging beauty, plus an extra positive emotional and thematic effect.

Sweet as it may be however, love is really a two way experience that has left in its tracks a vast community of champions and an equally vast community of losers. Yes, sweet as it is, love sometimes does lead us to where we dread: heartache, emotional pain, despair, and all the other sides of it. As much as love is a source of pleasure, as much as it is a bond and a joy, as much as it is a binding attachment that transforms our harmless affections and bodies into some hypnotic experiences of immense pleasure, so also does it leave some of us badly disappointed – those unfortunate ones whose broken hearts will never mend, whose feelings about the subject would for long remain bitter. We know of people whose encounter with love turned sour and they were driven to the pill or to the noose: the cold mortuary. The unfortunate losers in love who have no juicy tales to tell about their experiences in love...

So, love is not always sunshine and happy days since we do have some bad and even ugly days in love too. Perhaps it is because of these other [read: ‘the bitter’] sides of love that well-known writers become somewhat cynical when writing about the subject, such as Oscar Wilde who has the credit of saying or writing that “in love, one begins by deceiving one’s self, and ends by deceiving others.”

That is probably very true. And maybe that is one of the few facts that make a lover’s life [to] seem like only but a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying just nothing.

To an outside observer, a lover’s behaviour is essentially eccentric. Something seems to be always wrong with him: now he gets cold and hot, thinks he is on fire, but is not. He falls like a sparrow and at the same time flies...
like a dove (credit: Don Williams). In love, we do become alert, poetic and serene; but most often too we do become paradoxical, doing things that aren’t so easy to comprehend, making our life seem like only but a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying just nothing.

But the paradoxes aside, we know that love is a dear and cherishable asset which no normal or sensible person would like to lose by choice. Of all our human endowments, love is safely the most beautiful, awesome demonstration of God’s unmatchable wisdom in creating us as higher beings that are capable of expressing the noble emotion of love. Love is the most vivid reflection of God’s high taste when it comes to being a genius of creation.

If God created love in us the way we have always known it to deeply touch and change us, He intended it to be a bond and a joy, which reveals to us a kind of personal law that tends to transfigure our whole notion of life from stagnancy to dynamism. Yet it will always seem to outside observers like love is only but a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying just nothing.

As much as love is a social necessity that enables us to earn the respect and honour of society, so also is it a spiritual and an intellectual necessity for the integrated development of one’s personal life in a purposeful direction. As such therefore, love is not meant to bewilder us but to ennoble us. Love is not to deprive us of anything but to open for us an endless reservoir of treasurable joys. True love does not burden us, but sets us free from the fetters of so many cares. It does not oppress or confine us to some narrow limits of docility, but launches us into wide horizons of exploration and fulfilment. Really, love is meant to help us fulfil the purpose of life and realize the goal of existence. By making the emotion of love to be a necessary facet of our human makeup, God surely intends to help us learn the creative art of living and enjoy the good taste of life...

The best reason is love’s reason – the reason born of empathetic insight. It is love that teaches us about the secrets of life and the nature of human beings and
how to relate with them meaningfully. About good and about evil true love teaches us; about right and about wrong it teaches us. Educating and training us in faithful loyalty and dedication, in hope and in patience, in courage and in endurance and in humility, love quietly satisfies us and unties the redundant knots of our psychological complexes, sublimates our instincts and fantasies, disciplines our desires and the whole course of our lives for the better. Yet it seems to outside observers like love is only but a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying just nothing.

Falling in love indeed brings to us the utmost thrills in life. The joy of love is an emotion that is characteristically spontaneous, expansive, and vital. Love, at the root of our thinking, inspires in us the tendency to abandon ourselves to the one we love and [to] wholly identify with him/her. this has the effect of facilitating concentration and whole-hearted interest. In other words, the power of facing up to a problem through thick and thin comes only with the devotion of love.

We can’t take it away from love really, no matter our own unique sort of orientation. The expectations of the mind whenever love comes knocking at the doors of our hearts, the adventures of our mind when we set out to explore the mysteries of love along the corridors of the heart, the joy it sets in its trails whenever we experience it in a real way... It is all just so beautiful. Without doubt, after all things else, love still remains (and would always remain) the best emotion with which God has endowed us human beings. It is a most beautiful thing, a lot of fun, if experienced and shared with the person who really appreciates its value. We just cannot do without it, because good (caring) women can be fun, can be a lot of blessing. And men too. Good, loving men can be fascinating. They are invaluable treasures.

Well, whatever the opinion of outside observers, ours remains the only true emotion that makes the soul silent but open-armed like Divine Salvation. It is our $1 + 1 = 1$; the weird equation that defies common logic and keeps our metaphysics
warm. We have chosen to embrace it at once, to call it our inmost vocation. We nurture it and we harvest it and it is always there, always coming back to us.

That is the thing about our love – it a story told by us, full of joy and gratitude, signifying everything! What is your like?