

# THE HOPE OF LOVING

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**What keeps us alive, what allows us to  
endure?**

**I think it is the hope of loving,  
or being loved.**

**I heard a fable once about the sun going  
on a journey  
to find its source, and how the moon  
wept  
without her lover's  
warm gaze.**

**We weep when light does not reach our  
hearts. We wither  
like fields if someone close  
does not rain their  
kindness  
upon  
us.**