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Date : August 14, 2013

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Platonic Love... "..."...  
Oxymoron. , ,  
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Just you feel like spending eternity in the presence of your love... without speaking a word. ?

More than the other person loving us, we will be elated with our conception of other person loving us.



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There was a time when I seemed to understand nothing.

My chains floated on the water.

All my desires are born of my dreams.

And I have proven my love with words.

To what fantastic creatures have I entrusted myself,

in what dolorous and ravishing world has my imagination enclosed me?

I am sure of having been loved in the most mysterious of domains, my own.

The language of my love does not belong to human language,

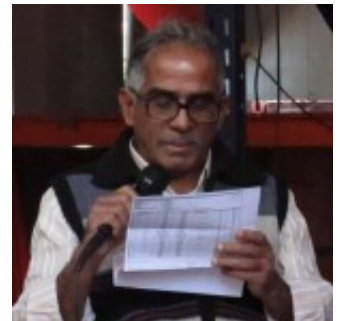
my human body does not touch the flesh of my love.

My amorous imagination has always been constant

and high enough so that nothing could attempt to convince me of error.

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**Paul Eluard**



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