

Like light, like air, love is. Just is. One day it won't be. You can prepare, not by knowing where the will is, but by practicing deprivation, deliberate going-without, eschewing warm cookies from the oven, choosing the lumpy pillow over the plump, traveling coatless in January, saying goodnight without kisses, and making hurt a holiday, observed with a retreat, a weekend with few provisions, ancient tent, hard ground, meager fire, so that after gathering twigs, harboring ticks, sacrificing blood, avoiding or not avoiding snakes, and sleeping alone, alone, alone, you can crawl home, used to pain, in the roughest shape, hopeful you may, in fact, die first.