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LOVE IS LIFE

Some believe that Love and hatred are equals.

Hatred is never be satisfied. Love is born satisfied. Hatred when responded to with hatred only grows more hateful. When responded to with Love, hatred has only two options: It can grow more hateful or it can transform into Love. As long as hatred remains hatred, it cannot be fulfilled. It is a raging calamity, lost in its own self-punitive vortex. It is a voracious ghost, starving but never being filled. For what it seeks—destruction—by nature is not filling but depleting of soul. The true hatred cultivators are vacuous of peace, for hatred has a singular nature: suffering.

Love, by nature, is born satisfied. When responded to with other Love, it can only bloom deeper into its field of contentment. When responded to with hatred, Love can only be sparked into a more compassionate Love. Only by allowing hatred to flare in response to hatred can a heart not be satisfied. But then that heart is not Love being unfulfilled. It has first yielded to hatred, and now is unfulfilled. As long as the heart is saturated in Love, that heart is fulfillment, is satisfaction.

Love is our essential DNA. Hatred is a virus. It can sicken Love's vessel, overtake it. But hatred cannot live without Love. Once the host, Love, dies, hatred too expires. For hatred must breed on something, in something. Hatred is dependent. It sucks from the teat of woundedness to feed its gruesome appetite. It's gnashing is futile, for it devours Love, a nutrient that cannot nourish hatred. So hatred is a maddened leech fastened to Love's tender belly. It will go where Love goes—always leeching, always lurking.

Love though can live without hatred, for Love is Life. It is Life's surging breath, that effusive element, that luminous pulsing. Shining so, it attracts all things, including hatred. Strong Love wilts that hate-weed, incinerating its foul design. Hatred is a bully on the yard. Love is the yard. Bullies are eventually exposed as farce. What is earth and true remains.

Hatred closes the heart like a suffering fist. Love opens the heart, a flower blossom undeniable. Love gives birth to life. Hatred gives birth to destruction. One is light, one steals light. Hatred fools itself into believing that domination will bring it peace. What it gets instead is a burning spear, soaked in hatred that wants to return home . . . to hatred. In this

way, hatred is a self-mutilator, a hacker of its own limbs. It spills its entrails on the rusted gate of its own enclosure. It is a closer. Of all that is open.

Love is Life. Hatred is a noxious cloud passing through the sky of Love. Love remains the sky before the cloud comes, while the cloud is present, and after the cloud passes. Love's sky is larger than hatred's cloud. It contains hatred's cloud, which can disappear, dissolve into Love. Love cannot be dissolved into hatred. It can only be eclipsed by hatred. Love is essential nature. Hatred is not of that essential DNA. It is an interloper, insidious, persistent, relentless. But it is not the nature of Life. It is the blemish on that nature. Some believe that Love and hatred are equals. Another truth speaks out: Love is Life. Hatred is a shadow made noticeable only by the light and life of Love. This eternal sun is our baseline, our default, our original setting at conception. This is how we began: in Love.

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