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*Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
Tomorrow sharpen'd in his former might:*

*So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.*

*Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome, thrice more wish'd, more rare.*

Shakespeare

About the little every-day pleasures

Are you unhappy?

Do you believe that in the long run real happiness is denied people like us, that a great life-long love will never come—yes, that the day which brings others so many little pleasures holds not even a smile for you? For a long time I have seen your distress, and often wanted to talk with you. But you know how many things there are to plague me, so many obligations, certainly unimportant from an outsider's point of view — but today I shall come a short way with you for just a short time . . .

But don't be angry if I ask you first of all to try a change of expression. To be sure, you are no longer a young sprout — neither am I — but still not so old that you must run around all the time with wrinkles of care on your brow and the corners of your mouth so drawn down that you look like a gaudy advertisement for a newly discovered headache remedy. See, you are already smiling at my not-especially-clever wit. And if you could look into a mirror right now, it would be clear to you how thankful you really should be that God fashioned you so from your birth. You don't need to look at me so astonished! Still I don't object, for in that manner your eyes take on a gleam which doesn't permit an on-looker to glance away so easily. Don't drop your gaze like a modest virgin! After all, you're a well-built man provided with that certain something which doesn't leave anyone cold who is a captive of the manly Eros. Just now, if you hadn't let your eyelids lower like a shade before the approaching sun, you wouldn't have missed that charming sun-tanned fellow in the tantalizingly tailored ski-pants and ingeniously well-fit sweater who just passed us and who looked you up and down. After all, God gave us eyes with which to look at the world and His creations.

Shall we go somewhere for a drink? OK? Fine!

No, not that dull restaurant in artificial homey-style there on the corner; furthermore they have only waitresses. One should not enjoy