

# Love's Mimesis

Alex Blank

Alongside its primary letter, control is the centre of my life; a circle pretending to be open-ended. A lack, an excess, a guiding force, a dictator — my life would have no context or framework to situate itself in without it. I would be nothing without control, and that scares me more than anything.

If control is an intangible external quality one longs for, then discipline is the ruthless outline of the heart. Refusing to be guided by the elements, it guides itself, and myself, towards a semblance of sense within a perfectly curated nonsense.

And yet, discipline used to make me feel powerful, as if I didn't need elements or nature, or even a heart. All I needed was that walled and layered outline, nuanced enough to be examined but forceful enough to be inaccessible. Even *I* had been no more than a guest within my own (non)sense of power.

I walled myself up and neglected the world around me. I pushed my family away, and then I wrote letters at moments when the heart was at its climax. I used gratitude as a ruse to pretend I was a part of something, that I was human enough to understand and maintain familial bonds.

I arrived at a point where love became a pattern I strove to perfect on the side, though only in theory. If love couldn't be idealised then it couldn't be realised, and if I couldn't be realised as a human being in the world, then what was the point of wasting an ideal?

At some point, I replaced love with passion. The latter, if set on an object, is solitary; a one-way focused endeavour. I told myself, *If I'm passionate and fixated enough, maybe I don't need love? Maybe I can sneak the idea of love into passion and act like they're equal?*

It turned out neither love nor passion can be enough if my sense of reality is blurred. I became so adept at fantasies that my resilience got lost along the way. There is a reason why reality and resilience form an alliteration, after all.

I chose passion because it was easy. It did not require any skills because it was rooted in fate. And now, after circles of denials and deaths, I have to learn how to live, tear down one wall in order to build another and hopefully learn something along the way.

In spite of misguidance, I do have faith. I have faith in myself. If I was capable of imagining and living within my own phantasmagoric variations of the elements, then how can I not figure out a way to live? Maybe believing in myself is enough.

I'm still trapped in embodiment, in the discomfort of flesh upon looking reality in the eye — but my spirit, hanging on the peripheries, mobilises me. Maybe, if I work hard enough, the spirit can sneak into life and turn into love's mimesis?