

Loksins erum við engin ¹

There are two stories and there are two kinds of love. One is free-flowing and soft, open, pragmatic and improvisational, born of trust and vulnerability and radical optimism. The other is closed, and hard, and tightly focussed on its object, and obsessive, with a laser like intensity, paranoid about interference, always yearning for more and for what is not — and convinced of its own superiority.

The first is the kind of love oh my brothers and sisters which has no goal, no aim. It just is what it is. It is a journey without end. But the other kind aims for recognition. It wants its magnitude to be acknowledged and reciprocated, so that, in the end, the object of that love says : this is the ultimate, the purest most significant act of love that is possible in this one of the ten to the power of five hundred universes and “...that was the best orgasm I have ever had and that it is possible to have...”

But the free flowing love just flows. It doesn't concern itself with being requited or unrequited because it is unconditional and limitless. It may be focussed for a time on one or an other, on a single thing or being, for a moment, an hour or a day — or a single night during which we hold each other, see each other, and feel each others' warmth and we are moved beyond ourselves and what we are and are not; but it is always ready to continue moving,

¹ Finally We Are No One — the second studio album by Múm, released in Iceland with that title.

enfolding and unfolding in all kinds of different ways and directions.