



When in love, men sometimes lose sight of what is most obvious: that it is a matter of two. That and that we get used too easily to the miracle that you mean, women, in the life of a couple, in our life. It is as if, with the passage of time, tremendous cataracts were blurring our vision of the soul. Of the heart in this case. And it's hard for us to put on a good face, smile at the right moment, tell how our day has gone, or even give a kiss or a hug.

You do not have to be a superman to tenderly treat our woman. (Is it really "our" and we "yours", down to the last detail, even the most innocent confidence?). It is enough to be in love, to remember from time to time the time and place where we met. Do you remember? Just at that moment when we were aware that our life had just begun and anything was worthwhile. That first look the woman holds for life, unable to forget something so sacred.

We must not let love cool down in the icy eagerness of selfishness. Caresses are not only physical. Love is a reality constituted of flesh and spirit. When you kiss, you kiss your lips, but it is also the image of the union of two souls. And that is the essence of a kiss (or that of sex lived as God intended), that is the privileged revolution on which fidelity or happiness is based. Let us not close our eyes to true beauty, to the affection that is given to us in such a disinterested and extraordinary way.

What is love ?, asks a lady with Becquerian echoes. I have spent days meditating a dignified answer, consulting books, talking thoroughly with my wife about the subject. In the end I have come to a conclusion. Love is a gift, a gift that we do not deserve and before which one does not know very well what to say, babbling compliments with stupor. Love is a continuous admiration, it is a small gesture, it is the beginning and the end of our lives, it is the faculty that man has to be authentically free.

And the foundations of love, let's not forget, are based on the details. Offer and offer. Without losing sight of the fact that love is much more than a crush, caprice or unreal sigh. Life is not a romantic novel. We are talking about a name and a surname, we are talking about learning to suffer together, we are talking about a

person who waits for us and who listens to us. Who loves us.