

LOVES

There is no: love. There are: loves. There are as many loves as there are people. For everyone there is only: the one. It breaks out for the first time when one is seventeen. It will be too much for oneself, already the first time. Too light at first, then much too heavy. One will wrap one's love around someone who doesn't want it. Then one will wonder: Oh how heavy it is. So hard to get rid of! One will look for someone who will carry one's love. Bear one's love. And, at times, one will find someone who'll shoulder it. For a time and then: alone again. With one's love and: alone with oneself. And love will grow heavier and heavier, because: love grows. Love grows and grows if no one is around who'll take it. Hold it and keep it for themselves. One will stagger on with one's love, which one will be almost crushed by. One will be heavily armed, with one's love. And it will happen that one: meets the one, whom one has been looking for all one's life. Meets and hits and: thus kills the one.

(Excerpt from: Andreas Unterweger: *Grungy Nuts*, @ Literaturverlag Droschl 2018, translated by Johannes Wally).