

What does love weigh?

“All the natural movements of the soul are controlled by laws analogous to those of physical gravity” – Simone Weil, *Gravity and Grace*¹

Nothing weighs down on us quite like lost love. To have lost love is to have become entangled in our seemingly impossible detachment from it. Though estranged, it frames our every encounter, casting an inexorable and compelling shadow; we are helpless despite ourselves.

Absented in the entanglements of such mourning, we are inevitably drawn into an inescapable orbiting of thoughts and their repetition: their weight a measure of the force of gravity on our very being. Our love becomes leaden and our souls laden. We fall into a psycho-geography of remembered places, sculptural apparitions and immaterial encounters. Our meditations cut with both raw precision and fumbling disorientation.

Perhaps we can never fully undo this geometry, folded into the fissures of our hearts. But these fractures are also the spaces through which grace might momentarily defy and escape gravity: I cried and smiled in equal measure.

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¹ Weil, S., 2008. *Gravity and grace*, London: Routledge. p.1