





He lived only for Olympia, with whom he sat for hours every day, uttering strange fantastical stuff about his love, about the sympathy that glowed to life, about the affinity of souls, to all of which Olympia listened with great devotion.

Despite our vast differences, we are very much in love. And our love in itself is no different from any other love that exists between two beings. Initially I was attracted to him because of his looks. But when we got together I realized it was more than just his esthetic appeal to me.

The hand of Olympia was as cold as ice; he felt a horrible deadly frost thrilling through him. He looked into her eye - that was beaming full of love and desire, and at the same time it seemed as though the pulse began to beat, and the stream of life to glow in the cold hand. And in his soul the joy of love rose still higher.

The heat of my body is flowing into her. Her coldness is flowing into my body. And we are reaching equilibrium; where we both are the same temperature. I'm one with her. I'm connected to her. I mean, there's nothing between us right now. I never... I never imagined this day would ever... would ever happen.

Well may Olympia appear awful to you. To me alone was her glance of love revealed, beaming through mind and thought; only in the love of Olympia do I find myself again. She utters few words, it is true, but these few words appear as genuine hieroglyphics of the inner world, full of love and deep knowledge of life.

I don't care if people don't believe that I can communicate with her. That doesn't matter to me. Really, the only parties involved are her and myself in this relationship, so if people call me cuckoo I don't care. What we have is real. And if it's only real to me, and it's only real to her... it's fine.

He kissed Olympia's hand, he bent towards her mouth, when his glowing lips were met by lips cold as ice! Just when he touched Olympia's cold hand, he felt himself overcome by horror; the legend of the dead bride darted suddenly through his mind, but Olympia pressed him fast, and her lips seemed to come to life again at his kiss.

People can love objects, but they love them to a certain degree. More or less for practical purposes. That's why they don't see the soul of the object. Whereas when you are truly, TRULY interested... in an object... and you're willing to bury YOUR soul... then you see theirs.

He had laid aside all his ordinary reserve. He sat by Olympia, with her hand in his, and, highly inflamed and inspired, told his passion: "Oh, thou splendid, heavenly lady! Thou ray from the promised land of love - thou deep soul, in which all my being is reflected!"

Comfort. Peace. Warmth. A feeling of being loved. Happiness. My love for him and for his spirit, gave me the strength and courage to stay alive. To not take my life. As I have told you many times before - and I will many times repeat it - : "I love you."





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