

Lust

Lust is erotic desire which is no longer under the control of the one who lusts. How does one know that this out of control situation has been reached? It goes by stages, dreams and private circumstances. We have discussed attraction and desire. The genesis of lust may be very modest. 'I like her in that green dress,' or 'He looks great in those mountain boots and ski pants.' The rest is not history, no, but left untended, to dreams and the luck of the cards, the rest could become history. For the rest to become history some kind of obsession would need to set in. Here we could get into minutiae. A curl of her lip when she smiles, the way he sighs when disgusted. Before long you wake up at night, one night, and the sky is suffused with him or her, and you walk down to breakfast singing. By now the rest is history and you can't wait for fulfillment. You realize that an out of control situation has been reached.

Many other scenarios are possible. One could have bottled up desire for a long time, then been hit by a thunderstorm of passion over a limited period of time. Or the whole development could have deployed over a period of months, during which you tried to hide the truth from yourself. The common denominator to all these scenarios is the ultimate realization that one no longer has control of the situation, and must act. And at that end of the pipeline, action is likely to be risky and uncalculated. Which is exactly why lust has a bad reputation among the passions.