

# Love After Love

Post by "Scott" of May 8, 2022 at 1:10 AM

## Love After Love

Derek Walcott

The time will come  
when, with elation  
you will greet yourself arriving  
at your own door, in your own mirror  
and each will smile at the other's welcome,

and say, sit here. Eat.  
You will love again the stranger who was  
your self.  
Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart  
to itself, to the stranger who has loved you

all your life, whom you ignored  
for another, who knows you by heart.  
Take down the love letters from the  
bookshelf;

the photographs, the desperate notes,  
post your own image from the mirror.  
Sit. Feast on your life.

The rather obvious intent of Derek Walcott in this little poem is to address a particular life situation, but to me the meaning of it is able to easily expand and accommodate the many things that can absorb us and mis-

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lead us from ourselves and our true happiness. It just jumped out at me that it could be well used by Epicureans, as a comforting narrative on overcoming the ravages of idealist perspectives.

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## Post by “Pacatus” of May 10, 2022 at 4:30 PM

[Quote from Scott](#)

the ravages of idealist perspectives.

I was heavily conditioned ("Pavloved") in such self-ravaging perspectives growing up, and they were reinforced over and over -- by family, culture, religion -- throughout my adulthood. [I sometimes think that such conditioning is like a years'-long slow hypnosis, with deeply embedded, subconscious, post-hypnotic triggers.] It took a long time -- and some wise counsel -- to begin to overcome them. I still get caught up sometimes.

Thanks for this! 😊