

Epigraph

“Sonnet 42”

*That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet, it may be said I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.*

*Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, because thou knowst I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.*

*If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But there's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery! Then she loves but me alone.*

- William Shakespeare

This book is dedicated to all those who believe true love is the most compelling of tasks.