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Why do I come to you at all? And why did I not ask you to marry me five years ago? And why now do I continue to come to you?

Bitten and dying we fight against the cause. Gropeing for the reptile (that is no reptile at all.) we catch only our clothes and our hair and tear and pull at them desperately. But seeing another by us we remember the days when we were less weakened.

I am tremendously interested in what you say because we are alike - and tortured. Far enough apart from each other we are companionship and peace but if we should strike against each other in our contortions we would hate and claw without end.

There are healthy or normal or peaceful minds enough on earth to neutralize our venoms.

I am interested in what you say - but not in what you say. I understand you perfectly. Yet you keep telling me that I cannot possibly understand you. I know what you mean, you know what I mean. We are alike. There we stick.

Tell me now something that I can understand, tell me something of the cure or if you cannot tell me that at least let us be quiet and enjoy what respite we can. I do not want to quarrel. I have enough to do to keep sane. I offer you egoism, you refuse it. Very well, I have fought hard for it and it has served me well. Let it rest there.

W. Williams