



courtly love is back, yet ever-mystifying. A very particular vision of romantic fantasy, or 'a snare for the beautiful,' as Ovid would have it, it is upheld by slow walks, secret assignations, subterfuge, and, as one online thread put it: "means of approaching death from unsatisfied desire (and other physical manifestations of lovesickness.)" I'm into it, I think. It sings to me with its smiles hidden at night, shimmering jealousy, spirals into hell. But since sometimes all one desires is clarity, here is a diagram for vexed lovers.