

1 We are a liars, because  
the truth of yesterday becomes a lie tomorrow,  
whereas letters are fixed,  
and we live by the letter of truth.  
5 The love I feel for my friend, this year,  
is different from the love I felt last year.  
If it were not so, it would be a lie.  
Yet we reiterate love! love! love!  
as if it were a coin(1) with a fixed value  
10 instead of a flower that dies, and opens a different bud(2).

*Lies About Love*, DH Lawrence, (1885-1930)

(1)pièce de monnaie (2)bourgeon