

Throughout every relationship our expectations of love change. We're brought through precarious pleasures, risky satisfactions, and odds we may not ever like the looks of. Love's erratic nature leaves us with one trusty notion: pain. Society leads us to believe the two are integrated and inevitable. We're constantly shown torrid affairs in literature, in cinema, in eighties rock ballads. Soap operas and twitter feeds condition us to value the kind of love that tears at our heart-strings. All we consume, everywhere we look, we're taught to seek out the kind of love that rips us apart and that love must demolish us if it is in fact true. But, there's danger in accepting a level of brutality from such a tender aspect of life. What does it mean to allow a cruelty inside? What are the effects? And what are the implications of telling ourselves "love hurts"?