

Love doesn't run on a schedule, but it has a place

When it comes to Valentine's Day, there are usually two types of reactions: those who turn their noses up, and those who embrace it intensely. But for both, this date is a wonderful opportunity to talk about love. You can never talk about it too much.

And how good it is to talk about love...

Love doesn't arrive on schedule, nor does it respect agendas. It doesn't show up by appointment, it doesn't ask for permission, and it doesn't fit into rigid plans. Love is something that just happens. Simple, yet immensely complex at the same time. Sometimes slow, sometimes almost imperceptible. It begins with small gestures, with shared decisions, with choices repeated day after day. To love is this: a continuous construction, built on presence, attention, and time.

I'm not here to write about grand declarations or public performances. It's all about walking the path together, accepting the other as they are, growing beside them rather than ahead. It's learning to give without disappearing, to add without losing your identity. Love endures both easy days and hard days. It is companionship on the right days and silence on the wrong ones.

Loving also means sharing space, meals, routines, travels, decisions, tables, homes, cities, and laughter. Love in isolation withers. To love is to divide the world in two, yet live a single shared journey.

Love doesn't need a specific day to exist, but symbolic dates remain a good excuse to pause, be present, choose the right place, and share quality time. Valentine's Day is exactly that: a small pretext. The rest is life unfolding.

There is something else rarely said when we talk about love: knowing how to listen. Being a good listener is a form of care. In a restaurant, during a simple conversation, in a shared silence, on a long night or during a quick lunch. Listening without preparing a response, listening without correcting, listening to understand rather than to be right. Being fully there, present and available.

Love doesn't need beautiful words, it only needs someone who stays. Life is as brief as the life of a match. If it's to be celebrated, let it be like this: at Café Príncipe Real or at the Wine Bar & Terrace, genuinely, or with a view toward other promises.

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