

Holding on
by Carol Sandford

She was dancing. Her body swayed with the upbeat tempo and her partner was good enough to ride the dance along with her. I watched her from across the room and I knew I was smiling.

She looked good. She looked happy and she was loving the movements; Each one allowing her to be graceful and vibrant. Alive.

But I wanted to have a taste of that life within my own arms. I wanted to dance with her. I wanted her in my arms. I wanted her, just for a moment or two.

I didn't realise I had moved away from my spot. Nor did I realise that the delegate that I had been conversing with was now standing alone with a slightly bemused expression upon his face.

I had one goal, and she was still swaying with the heavy beat of the music. I wanted to feel those movements against my hands, my body. Just for a moment.

The music faded away and immediately drifted into another song. A slow song. A lovers song. Her companion briefly caught my eye, understanding my silent request, and without missing a heartbeat, he had swung her from his arms to mine.

She chuckled with happiness until she sensed my mood, and the chuckle hushed into a sigh as her arms circled my waist, her head falling against my shoulder as though it belonged there. Her body even closer.

My own arms snaked around her slender form and I breathed deeply, soaking up her very essence as the music began to take us over. The slow pulse of the song vibrated through our bodies, our heartbeats became one, in time, in harmony.

I felt her tremble as the words told us that we belonged together, until forever. If only. I felt her arms climb to my neck and I needed to look into her eyes as much as she needed to see mine. Her fingers danced behind my ears as I held her as close as I could against my loins, the intimacy shared and treasured.

It was a precious moment in time for us. A time for memories and desires. Desires that would maybe one day become a reality for us. But not yet. Not now.

Our hearts plummeted as the song began to fade away. By the time the last note had played, our bodies had separated, inch by painful inch, leaving only our eyes and fingertips holding onto the connection. Holding onto the dream.

Holding on to the memory.