

Before you

By Carol Sandford

When I was young, before you, when my soul was still searching for - something, or someone, I often wondered if you heard me in your dreams or when I was weeping for an invisible saviour.

These days I like to think you were out there, guiding me towards you. Keeping me safe, and focused. Keeping my heart intact, ready for you to step into it. Keeping my soul empty ready for you to fill.

As soon as I saw you, I knew. The connection was so strong; strong enough to wipe out my past. I didn't have a past before you.

I think about how we met on that, now I know, fateful day. Destiny guided me to your planet, and you guided me to you. Every step I took, every road I travelled, led me right into your arms, even if you did make my final homecoming agony.

You tormented, you teased. You loved me and you broke my heart, just after I broke yours.

But I believe now that was all part of the master plan. Before you I had a dream. But I didn't include you in that dream, not for a long time. And then one day, out of the blue, my dream came true, only this time I felt complete. This time I had it all; My ship and you.

Some say I was biding my time, waiting for the perfect ship. In truth I was waiting for you, and I would have waited for you a life time if need be, because without you, nothing counted. Before you, there was no me, not the me I wanted to be.

Even before we made it, whenever I saw you, whenever I felt you in my mind, I always felt as though I was in your arms. I felt your warmth, I felt your love. I felt...everything. You surrounded me, and embraced me and made me 'feel'. No one else could do that. I didn't want anyone else to do that. Only you, Deanna.

When I was young, before you, I'm certain I saw you in a dream. I didn't see your face, but I remember how I felt and knew that one day, I would find you, and when I did, I would know you were the woman I was looking for. The woman I was waiting for.

Over the years I looked into so many eyes, and glanced into so many hearts, including my own, wondering why fate was taking so long. Why I couldn't find the happiness that I so craved, until one day it hit me; I had to stop looking because I knew that you would find me.

And you did. The day I met you was like being whipped up into a tornado, and I haven't landed since. I couldn't and I didn't want to. Nothing compared to the way you made me feel. Nothing compares to the way I feel when I'm with you, even when I'm not even in your arms. Because I am, I always am.