

Deanna Troi  
by Carol Sandford

'It is so hard to watch you without being able to touch you. Watch you talk to me and not tell you how much I care. Hold you in my arms at night until you fall asleep. I miss that most. I miss it all.

I miss you, Deanna Troi.

I miss you so damned much it brings a tear to my eye, an ache to my heart and an emptiness to my soul. I can't bare feeling like this. I can't stand this agony.

I can't stand you not loving me, Deanna Troi

Seeing you everyday, your beautiful face, your eyes deep with feeling, but that feeling is not for me, not any more.

When you walk into the room, I die on the spot, I wish I could. Not being able to reach out and take you into my arms is like falling into a fathomless void, never ending and desolate.

I want you back in my arms, Deanna Troi.

I want you so close I can feel your sweet breath against my cheek. I want to hear your heart beating for me, and only me, in unison. In love.

And I do love you, Deanna Troi.

But you don't love me like I want you to love me. You love me with your heart, but not with words. You love me as your friend, but not as your lover.

Its not enough for me, Deanna Troi.

One day, maybe you'll see. Maybe one day you'll look at me and see the man that loves you and not the man who is your friend. A man that is prepared to wait until forever, even if forever is an eternity.

I'll wait for you, Deanna Troi.

...Count on it.'