

Devotion

by Carol Sandford

She's my friend. She's more than my friend. Deanna Troi is my world. I sometimes wonder if she knows that. I mean, 'really' knows that. Days go by and our lives pass by along with them, but I still wonder if she truly knows how much she can depend on me.

I want her to know that she can always come to me for comfort. And I want her to look into my eyes and see trust. I want her to reach out for my hand and hold as an extension of that trust. Like we are one when we are joined by entwined fingers.

As much as I love her, and as much as she loves me, I hope she knows that deep in my heart that whatever she does, right or wrong, I'm behind her, all the way. Always.

I want her to cry on my shoulder when it gets bad, and I want her to walk with me, hand in hand when she simply wants some company. My company. Me that's happy to just talk. Me that's even happier when she wants more. And me that walks her to her door and whispers good night when she doesn't.

I want her to miss me as much as I miss her when she, or I are away. I want her heart to ache as much as mine does, just because we aren't together for a while. To know that my door is always open wide along with my arms, always there, always waiting.

I promised my life to her for eternity, and I devoted my soul to her for even longer. I hope she knows.

God, I hope she knows.