

Eternal silence
by Carol Sandford

As much as we had - have, and as much as know each other, through good, through bad, especially the bad, did we ever actually say, ~ *I love you*~. Did we ever look into one anothers eyes - hearts, and whisper those words?

Everything about us conveys that we love each other; the way you speak to me, Deanna, I hear it in your voice. And the way I ache when you touch me. It doesn't need much, sometimes nothing at all. Sometimes I ache as much when you reach out and touch me with your mind.

I see the need in your eyes, even though you deny me - us, to satisfy that need, and I do need you, Deanna, more than you'll ever know. Its as clear as the want that you must hear in my voice when I have spent more than a heartbeat losing myself in your eyes.

I know you love me almost as much as I know the sun is going to rise, or the stars are going to twinkle at us tonight. But as sure as I know those, I know that our love will stay silent, unspoken, concealed and intimate. Just us. Just you and me.

I sometimes wonder why we put ourselves through this eternal torture, but being without your love would be like not being at all. I can't resist your pull and I have no defense against you at all, and I don't mind. Having invisible love is better than having none at all.

Many times you have stood before me and looked into my soul, as I have done to yours, and willed our hearts to open up enough to utter words that would break the spell that seems to have locked us into an eternal silence.

Three words. Three unspoken words that could change our destinies forever, but they remain locked away. But why? We have earned the right to utter an endearment that belongs to lovers like us. For we have loved, we have suffered, we are friends and we are together - kinda.

But still we are denied.

Here we are, entwined eternally together by a bond but silenced by a force that will set our words free.

I love you, Deanna Troi, but you know that as much as I know that you love me. Maybe one day those words will spill from my lips as they touch yours.

Maybe.