

A moon and a memory
by Carol Sandford

Inch by inch, the sun descended into the sea. I watched its journey and my soul felt at peace. Because you were beside me, watching too.

The lap of the waves along the shore line was the only thing to break the silence. The sand beneath our feet, still warm from the day's heat.

We sat, side by side. No words were spoken, nothing needed to be said aloud. And as you smiled gently at me and settled your head against my shoulder, I felt a tranquillity settle over me and I couldn't help smiling as my eyes briefly flitted shut with the happiness that rushed through my being at having you with me.

It had been a long time since we had given in to our hearts and once more shared moments like this. United moments. Golden moments. As gold as the water that shimmered before us as the sun sank beneath the waves.

Mutually our lips met in a kiss that held more than friendship, but nothing less than love. I traced her lips with my tongue until she let me in and allowed me to drink her sweetness.

Her hand scorched a path up my chest to my jaw and she caressed it tenderly, like a lover. Like Deanna. Only she wasn't a lover, she was my Imzadi and the kiss was a reminder of what we could be if we wanted to be.

But we didn't, and as I broke away from her mouth, breathless and aching, I felt glad that her own face, body and mind mirrored my own.

Reluctantly, but together, I held her close as her head once more settled against my shoulder. Only this time, there was a sigh, but it was a sigh of gratitude, and understanding. And peace.

For one hour of the day we became closer than we'd been for a long time, thanks to a moon and a memory.